America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

May
25c

Billie
Dove

FANTASTIC
HOLLYWOOD

De Luxe Gallery
of Stars' Portraits
by Cecil Beaton

...Gloria Swanson
Psycho-analyzed

PN1993
.S35

Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .

*W*HEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.

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and
CHARLES FARRELL
in the Musical Romance

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Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have a surprise for even their most faithful admirers in this tender musical romance bubbling with carefree youth, fun and melody and seasoned with the matchless wit of William Collier, Sr., king of high comedy.

A love story of great beauty is unfolded in words and music as Janet and Charlie, strumming softly on their ukuleles, provide their own accompaniments while singing "I'm in the Market For You"—"I Don't Know You Well Enough For That"—"Just Like a Story Book" and several other unusually tuneful melodies written especially for them.

WORDS and MUSIC by JOSEPH MC CARTHY and JAMES HANLEY

Directed by DAVID BUTLER from the story of DANA BURNET

MOVIETONE

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, *Editor*

May, 1930

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No. 1

WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY!

Here is sheer delight from first to last—a gorgeous, glittering, star-studded screen musical comedy with song hits galore, including "Sweeping the Clouds Away" and "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love," hilarious comedy bits, flashing dance numbers, dazzling Technicolor scenes . . . Paramount, with 18 years of supremacy, is proud to name it "PARAMOUNT ON PARADE" and send it to you as the world's greatest musical comedy!

CREAM OF SCREEN AND STAGE STARS

(Listed in alphabetical order. Read the entire list!)

RICHARD ARLEN ✧ JEAN ARTHUR WILLIAM AUSTIN ✧ GEORGE BANCROFT CLARA BOW ✧ EVELYN BRENT ✧ MARY BRIAN ✧ CLIVE BROOK ✧ VIRGINIA BRUCE ✧ NANCY CARROLL ✧ RUTH CHATTERTON ✧ MAURICE CHEVALIER GARY COOPER ✧ LEON ERROL ✧ STUART ERWIN ✧ STANLEY FIELDS ✧ KAY FRANCIS ✧ SKEETS GALLAGHER HARRY GREEN ✧ MITZI GREEN ✧ JAMES HALL ✧ PHILLIPS HOLMES ✧ HELEN KANE ✧ DENNIS KING ✧ ABE LYMAN and his BAND ✧ FREDRIC MARCH NINO MARTINI ✧ DAVID NEWELL JACK OAKIE ✧ WARNER OLAND ZELMA O'NEAL ✧ EUGENE PALLETTE JOAN PEERS ✧ WILLIAM POWELL CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS ✧ LILLIAN ROTH ✧ STANLEY SMITH ✧ FAY WRAY

Supervised by Elsie Janis

Dances and ensembles directed by David Bennett

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

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SMART?

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Many persons use *Murine* daily and thus keep their eyes *always* clear and bright. 60c at drug and department stores.

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Through the Federal course many have found fascinating careers. Hundreds of Federal students now earn from $2500 to $6000 a year. Learn at home in your spare time the Federal Way. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing.

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Federal School of Illustrating
5240 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarine

Impressions of Pictures Now Being Produced

As a rule, it is customary to end a tale with a moral but just to be unusual we'll start off with "New Morals." Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook are responsible for this change. We always approved of their old morals but, of course, we are always anxious to learn something new, so bring on your "New Morals," Miss Chatterton and Mr. Brook—we await them with much interest.

Which reminds us of William Powell and his film behavior. Bill was in pictures for years before he attained stardom. But no matter how small his part in a film, he managed to make his performance stand out —consequently he 'stole' many pictures. He 'stole' so many that the officials at Paramount could ignore it no longer so they made a film crook out of him and starred him in many underworld dramas. "Street of Chance" is his latest successful crook film. His next, however, will be the further adventures of *Philo Vance* in "The Benson Murder Case."

Those of you who found the stock market crash serious drama will have a chance to laugh it off because Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are making a burlesque of the perils of Wall Street.

It looks very much as if our two prodigal boy-friends will return. Meaning Emil Jannings and Adolphe Menjou. Jannings left Hollywood when sound pictures arrived. He went to Germany and made "The Blue Angel," a talker, under the direction of our Josef von Sternberg. An English version of "The Blue Angel" was also made which will be released in America soon and it is rumored that Emil, himself, will follow shortly. Adolphe Menjou went to France to make pictures. He, too, made English versions of his French films. Adolphe is a little homesick for Hollywood and is now on his way to these United States and we hope he decides to remain.

Clara Bow's next picture may be "True to the Navy." This is to be a companion picture to "The Fleet's In." Clara will play a drug-store cowgirl with a great, big heart. "The Humming Bird" has been postponed in favor of the gobs' circus.

Hungry movie fans please note: Nancy Carroll is making "Come into the Kitchen," retitled "Honey," and Mary Astor is already there "Cooking Her Goose." Yum, yum!

Jack Mulhall is making "The Fall Guy" from James Gleason's successful stage production. Pardon us, but we just couldn't help suggesting good old *He Faw Down and Go Boom* for a theme song.

Benny Rubin is sure of a 'hit' in his new baseball picture, "Hot Curves." Slide, Benny, slide, we're all rooting for you; but remember, Benny, over the fence is out.

Jack Dempsey's play "The Big Fight" is to be brought to the screen but not with Jack Dempsey. 'Big Boy' Williams is to have the leading rôle. Estelle Taylor's part will be played by Lola Lane. Ralph Ince and Stepin Fetchit will have important rôles, too.

Ben Lyon is at Universal making "What Men Want." The answer must be blondes because Mary Nolan has the feminine lead in this picture.

"Forever After" is to be remade into a talker with Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Remember Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes in the silent version? And so's "Charlie's Aunt" to be remade. This perennially successful laugh classic of the stage, written thirty-eight years ago and played in practically every language including the Chinese, will be filmed by Christie Films. Syd Chaplin was starred in the silent film a few years ago.

Mary Lewis, Metropolitan grand opera star, has entered into a talking picture contract with Pathé. This contract between the noted singing star and the film company is unique in theatrical history as the agreement was wholly made without signature, the arrangement being consummated before the microphone and cameras for recording on sound film. No other contracts or written agreements were made, Miss Lewis' verbal contract being as binding as if she had put it in writing.

Miss Lewis' first vehicle already in preparation, will be a story built around her own career. It should be interesting. Mary was glorified by Ziegfeld before she became a grand opera and movie star.

VITAPHONE

PRESENTS THE STAR OF "DISRAELI" IN ANOTHER AMAZING RÔLE

He had the manners of a Chesterfield—

His wit was as keen as his executioner's sword—his conduct as refined as his cruelty . . .

Dispensing barbaric vengeance in a dinner coat, he flicks a cigarette lighter as he mounts the altar to administer the ancient blood-rites of the fearful Goddess of his savage race . . .

And his phonograph furnishes the music for a tribal dance of death!

In portraying this amazing blend of civilization and savagery, GEORGE ARLISS in "THE GREEN GODDESS" matches the mastery of

—and the blood-lust of a Borgia!

his classic performance in "Disraeli", officially voted "the best picture of 1929" by the film critics of the nation.

Mere action could never convey the subtle shadings of this strangely fascinating character—despot of a forgotten corner of the world . . . But thanks to *Vitaphone* the famous voice of Arliss evokes every atom of the consumate cunning, sly guile, and polished perfidy that made "THE GREEN GODDESS" a companion masterpiece to "Disraeli" in Arliss' blazing stage career!

GEORGE ARLISS *in* "THE GREEN GODDESS"

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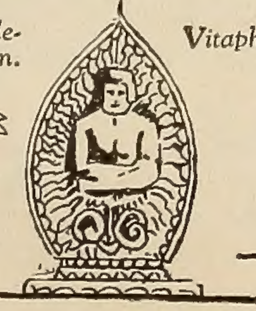

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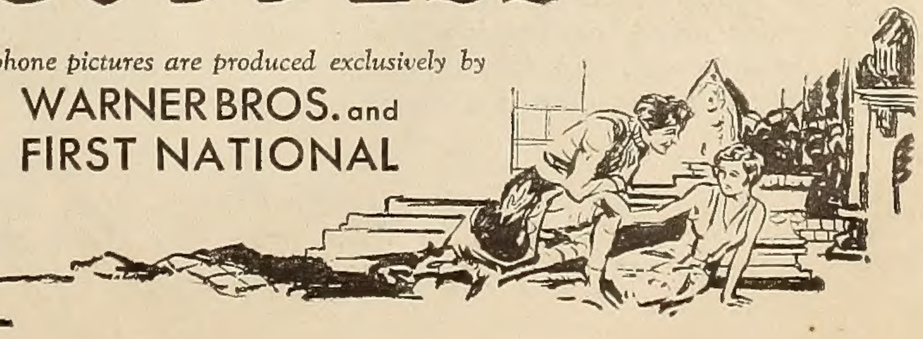


MOVIES *in the* AIR

Radio and Screen are Developing Artists on a Co-operative Basis

By Julia Shawell

IN THE old movie days when you had to read the answer in the hero's eyes or wait for the sub-titles, casting of pictures was a matter of visual appreciation. A producer looked once, and then if he were interested, he looked again. Now he glances at the prospective heroine and then he listens. For it is the ear more than the eye which must be satisfied in this audible celluloid era.

No longer is the fallible judgment of a man the deciding factor in an actress' feminine charm or in an actor's sex appeal. It is the little inanimate but unfailing microphone which tells the story. The same instrument which made and broke radio careers is the most important instrument in advancing the screen activities of the new recruits and of keeping the questionable places of those who got in before sound came to the film theaters. It is the microphone which is the unsympathetic, immovable bond between the radio entertainer and the flicker star. For now not only must the screen actor have talent, a figure and a face that will pass the casting directors but his voice must be one of the type that will take to recording requirements. And until a performer has heard the playback of his own voice in that exacting mechanism he cannot know whether he has a future in Hollywood or just a past in Iowa.

Because of this similarity of requirement in broadcasting and in talking pictures, the two industries will draw closer not only in a business way and in their mechanics but in their sources of talent and their interchanges of programs. We have been told that when television is an accepted commercial medium of transmission, talking news reels will be sent into the theater on wireless waves and that possibly some day while we are still going to the movies, feature productions, too, may be projected in the same amazing manner. That is a supposition for future fulfillment.

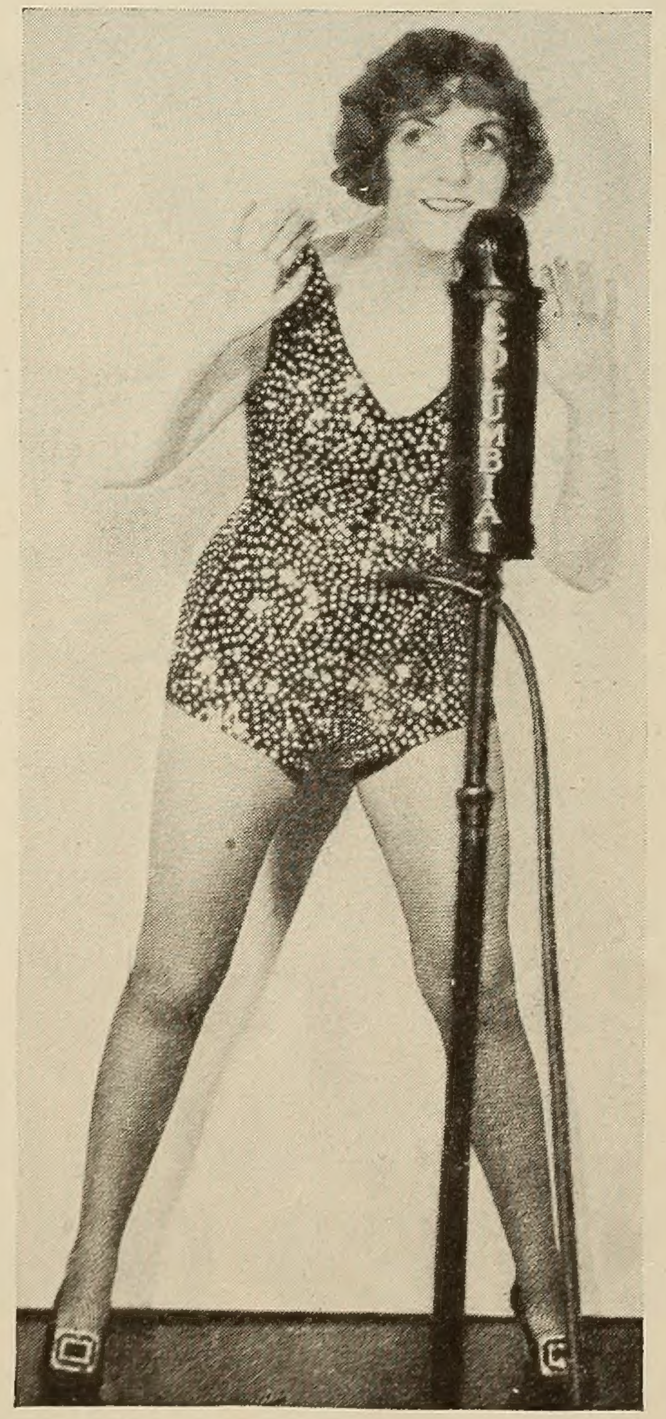
Already the radio broadcasting organizations are associated in a financial way with some of the movie producing companies. Paramount owns the powerful Columbia chain. Radio Pictures is controlled by the same organization which is also interested in the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, the General Electric Company and a score of other powerful units. Individual stations are owned or operated by movie concerns and every picture producer today depends for his equipment on manufacturing companies allied with the radio interests. So that financially and technically the movies are dependent upon radio.

But as both industries develop they will become more closely allied in their programs and instead of having two great fields of artists, independent of each other, names and figures in the two entertainment mediums will be developed on a closer co-operative basis.

The movie vamp of a few years ago never dreamed that to get a renewal of her contract she would have to show some radio sex appeal nor did the great lover of the talkless era think that a lisp or an accent would remove him from the sheik lineup.

Talking pictures have made emotion a matter of vocal control, laughs are all in the words and passion a trick of intonation. A player not only has to look that way, but talk it, and to get any conviction into his voice he has to feel what he is saying. Cameras and trick lights won't put illusion into a phlegmatic performance.

No silent player has caused more comment than Greta Garbo. Everybody has waited for her first words across the screen. Would she be a literal-mouthed person who would sweep away with her first utterance all the mysterious charm she had built up around herself? Or would she be the nice-voiced kind who would belie her realistic siren creation of pantomime? "Anna Christie" answers everything and what an answer! Throbbing, pulsating sounds that arrest the listener, that suggest everything but tell nothing.



Winnie Lightner, screen and radio star, has a talent all her own. Here she is broadcasting one of her songs over the Columbia chain.

Al Jolson didn't break box-office records in "The Jazz Singer" and "Singing Fool" on his face alone. Maurice Chevalier has mastered pantomime exceptionally well but he could never have vied with John Gilbert in the old days, but there is no comparison between the box-office possibilities of these two men for the next few seasons.

Pauline Frederick had a voice that thrilled stage audiences for years. It was deep and emotional but it was too much like thick rich cream to pass through the microphone and so although her voice was more impressive across the footlights than Ruth Chatterton's, the latter proved better adapted to talkie requirements.

Vilma Banky, the most exquisite blonde in pictures, has had her career seriously affected by the talkies. There is no consistent place for her Hungarian gutterals in a field that is being populated by purists in speech. Look what the microphones did to May McAvoy. Look what they are doing for such movie unknowns as Ann Harding, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, the Marx Brothers, Will Rogers, Lawrence Tibbett, Dennis King and all their Broadway friends and enemies.

Could Messrs. Tibbett and King have made a go of it without their songs to put them over? It is very doubtful. Would Winnie Lightner, who has a talent all her own for getting fun out of popular ditties, have ever won a chance in Hollywood under the old régime?

Every player who is under contract to any big company now and those who are making big money free-lancing have voices with 'It' or that or a something that sets them apart from the mob. This is a period that deals artistic death to the beautiful but dumb, that will keep stupid girls in the chorus and dull but gorgeous creatures away from Hollywood so that real talent will have a chance.

Talkies in their rapid development have been a mixed blessing and curse but they are bringing nearer to actuality a proper equation in the casting offices. There's many a leading lady who had her name in Broadway lights because her face and her contours made good camera material, who will be glad to make the Oshkosh and Reading circuits after she has opened her mouth.

Her Flaming Song Destroyed an Empire—and Her One Great Love!
Russia of the Czars . . . splendor . . . magnificence. Pampered princes and their perfumed gallantries—squandering a nation's wealth in riotous revelry! And then from the lips of a glorious girl pours a soul-stirring song to light the fierce flame of revolt and free her people from the yoke of fate! . . . What irony that the fire she kindled should sear the man she loves! What drama when the freedom she won for others makes her the slave of the man she hates! . . .
SONG OF THE FLAME
The Last Word in All-Color Spectacle—First Choice of Press and Public!
Critics and audiences everywhere have hailed "Song of the Flame" as the perfect talking picture—greater than the famous stage hit on which it's based! Gigantic scenes in gorgeous color vivify its sweeping drama. Thundering choruses set your senses tingling. A sumptuous revel with scores of sinuous dancing girls exposes the pleasures of nobility on the brink of doom! With ALEXANDER GRAY—BERNICE CLAIRE—NOAH BEERY—ALICE GENTLE.
Adapted from the operetta by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, George Gershwin and Herbert Stothart. Photographed by Technicolor Process.
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
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First National Pictures
VITAPHONE Picture

CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

I am practically sightless, and still enjoy the motion picture, deriving from it much inspiration, encouragement and sustained hope.

There are days when I become morbidly discouraged and feel as though it would be a blessing to abandon my work and fall beneath my despairing efforts; but instead, I choose the best motion picture in town for refuge.

There I find people battling with unthinkable complexities and discouragements, many degrees worse than my own. They are strong enough to stare failure in the face with undaunted spirits. They have the same ambitions, heartaches, hopes and the same emotions as I, and win.

And so for a brief period I live in my imaginary tomorrow. I begin to feel ashamed of my cowardice, and success for me seems less uncertain if I will only stick to it.

The advent of the all-talkie has proven a complete solution of my problem, but I still enjoy the silent picture with the help of a reader.

I never could do without the motion picture and my indebtedness to this source of inspiration can never be fully repaid.

J. Marshall Parham,
1032 Greenwood Cliff,
Charlotte, N. C.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

To educate the youth of this grand and glorious country is a paramount duty, and where can they receive a better education than from the movies? The sense of sight is the most poignant of the senses, and that which the sight registers on the brain is not easily forgotten. My two daughters, aged 13 and 14 years, both sophomores in high school, would rather attend a movie than the hottest high school party or dance. Any stray quarter they get always buys a movie magazine, and when they are reading this or seeing a picture, I at least know where they are!

They studied "Evangeline" in grade school and were delighted to see Dolores Del Rio portray a favorite heroine. They also saw "The Ancient Mariner" some time ago, and now they are studying this in high school; and how much easier and more interesting it is, having seen the picture.

Some of my friends do not approve of movies for girls. It brings them in contact with too much of life, they contend. Why not? The serious business of life is just around the corner for them, and they will surely profit by their make-believe experiences.

Mrs. Mary Redeker,
328 South State St.,
Springfield, Ill.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be Printed Contest closes May 10, 1930. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

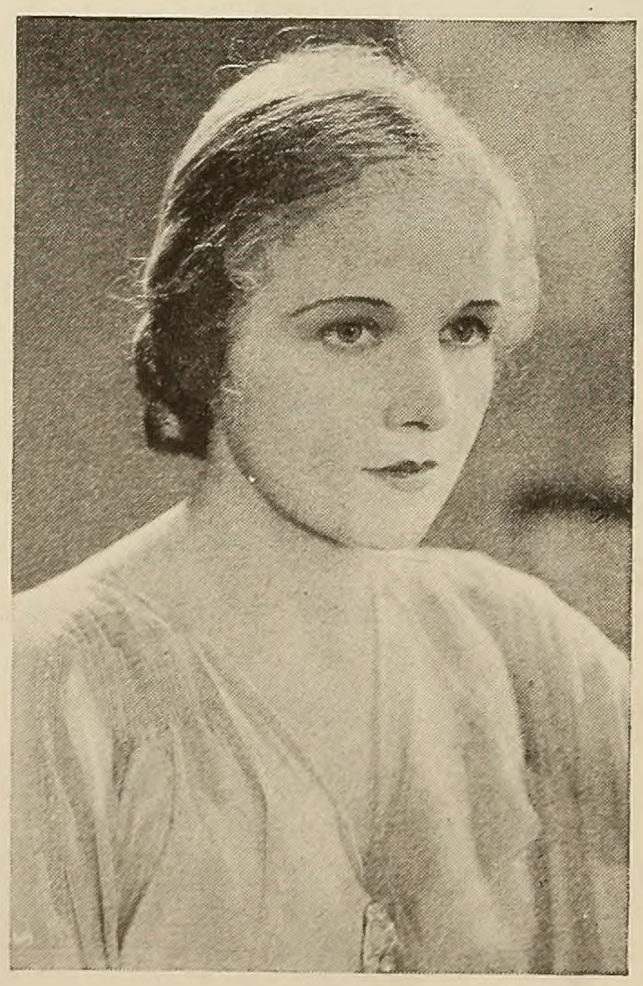
THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

To one like myself, who finds more pleasure in books and nature than in any form of social entertainment, moving pictures have brought complete enjoyment. In our town we would be without such mental stimulant—for we have no opera house—if it were not for the motion picture theater.

To those who can get away for an occasional diversion it is an enlightening experience to see the rapt expression on the faces of some women from the surrounding country who make a Saturday pilgrimage to town with the 'picture show' as supreme attraction. What a world of fascination is unrolled before their longing eyes! What magic of sound weaves its enchantment around them! If for nothing else but the happiness it brings to these beauty-starved natures, the screen should receive highest classification.

It first gave us inimitable pantomime; then, the dramatic charm of the speaking voice and the inspiration of music. Such perfect pictures as "Devil May Care," "Disraeli," and "The Laughing Lady" are the finest of the fine arts.

Lilian W. Carter,
Thornton Avenue,
Dalton, Georgia.



Ann Harding came to the screen with sound pictures and, like the talkers, she's staying.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

"Of what use is a book without pictures?" asked the immortal Alice just before she fell down the rabbit hole into a Wonderland of thrills and surprises.

"Of what use is a motion picture without being extraordinarily advertised?" asks the picture fan, and the answer to that question is immediately apparent. The companies vie with one another in taking beautiful adjectives and intriguing phrases out of the dictionary with which to embellish their advertisements. And, picture fans everywhere, the really amazing part about this kind of public promulgation is its truth.

Alice herself didn't get any bigger thrills in her wonderland of fiction than the picture fan gets in his wonderland of movies that talk, sing, and are presented exquisitely in natural colors, making the whole a pleasing and spectacular form of entertainment.

After one has seen such splendid productions as "Sally," "The Virginian," "Condemned," and "Rio Rita" he becomes convinced that pictures are all their advertisements claim them to be.

George Jackson,
211 Oak Street,
Ludlow, Ky.

Then and Now

After a hard day at school — one of those days when everything goes wrong—we are saved from a case of the blues by attending the local theater and forgetting Euclid and the kinetic-molecular theory in the fascinating characters of the silver screen.

As proof of the marvelous progress in pictures I recall a game of my early childhood. When my sisters and I were very young, our father took us to the movies on Saturday night as a reward for having been good during the week. Maybe one of us had been stealing cookies or pulling the kitten's tail and had to stay at home. So the fortunate ones, on their return, acted out parts of the play.

From this philanthropic practise came

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW . . .

AT the end of the rainbow, 'tis said, there lies a pot of gold. But just around the corner there lies happiness, which is much better. For in your neighborhood, as in all others, is a theatre where one of these clean, clever, amusing talking comedies will help you to shed your worries in a round of laughter. And laughter means happiness—and health.

No wild goose chase here! Just look for the show that includes one of these short feature laugh hits. It's sure to be a better show.

Watch especially for these . . . They're among the most popular short comedy hits of the season

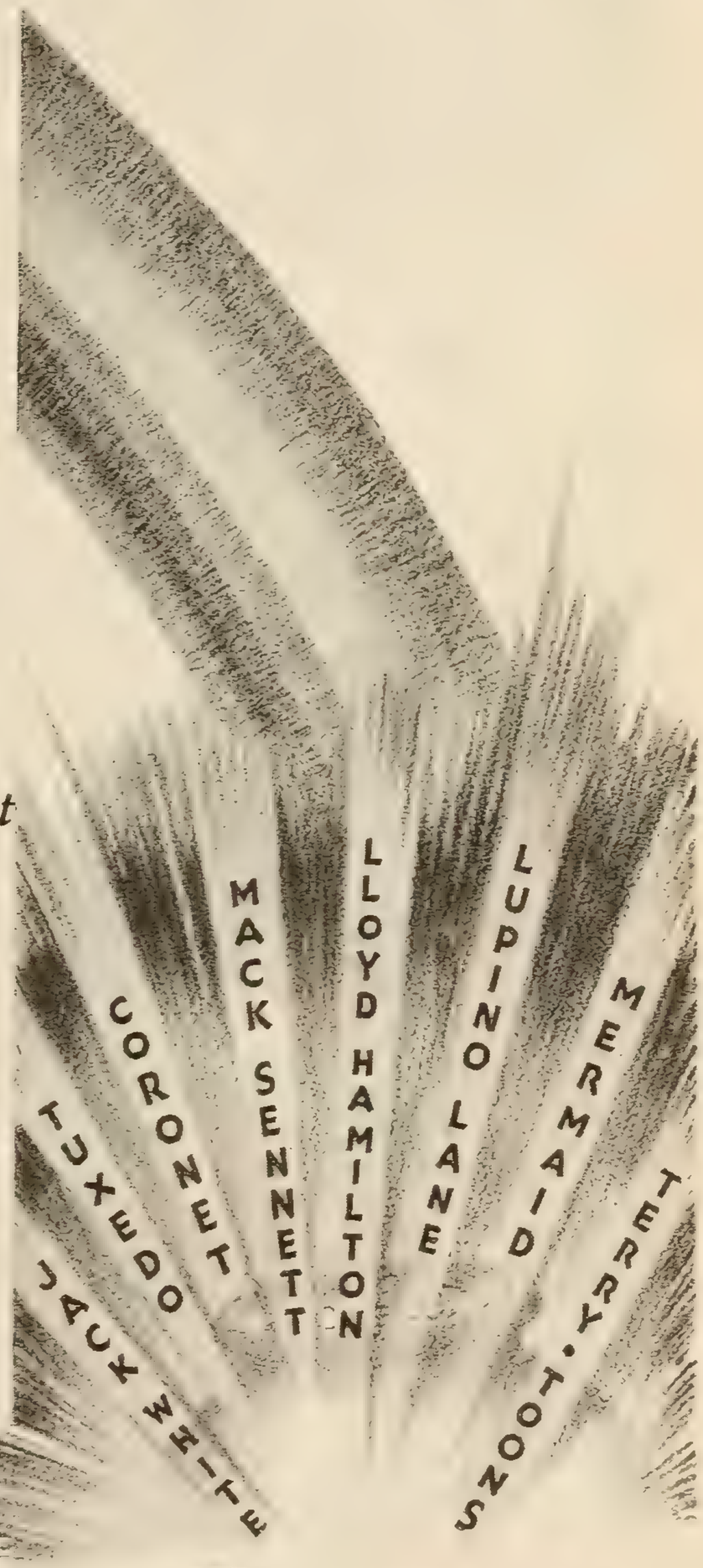
"MATCH PLAY"—The champions, WALTER HAGEN and LEO DIEGEL, with *Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe* and *Bud Jamison,* in a MACK SENNETT Short Feature Comedy of fine golf and fine fun. You'll like it just as much if you never saw a golf ball.

"DAD KNOWS BEST"—JACK WHITE knows how to bring out the best in laughter—and does it in this fast farce featuring *Taylor Holmes,* with *Helen Bolton.*

"WESTERN KNIGHTS"—*Eddie Lambert,* with his Yiddish dialect, and *Al St. John,* with his daring acrobatics, make this MERMAID Comedy a screamingly funny travesty on the western "mellers."

"PRETZELS"—Zwei biers and a lot of laughs at *Paul Terry's* clever cartoon capers in the latest of his new TERRY-TOONS.

"HE TRUMPED HER ACE"—Kibitzers and bridge fiends beware! This MACK SENNETT Comedy is a redouble in laughs.



Educational's Talking Comedies

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., *E. W. HAMMONS, President*

Executive Offices: 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The inimitable Douglas Fairbanks continues to lead in the field of good screen entertainment.

our game. During a meal, one of us would cry, "This is how they eat in the movies," and lift her food to her mouth in jerky motions. The same applied to turning the pages of a book, walking, or any action that was represented on the screen by unnatural, staccato movements.

It's interesting to note the contrast between such crude attempts and the glorious revues and dramas that today make us forget ourselves and our troubles.

Beatrice Slocombe,
16 Hancock St.,
Lexington, Mass.

The Mecca of Dreams

A wonderful dream of romance, success, joy, health, wealth, and happiness all come true. This is what movies bring before our eyes and make our castles in the air a reality.

Oh, what joy to slip into a darkened theater from a busy turmoil of a day and there, for several hours, let our tired minds drift with the beauty of love, be soothed with sweet melodies of song and uplifted to the very heights of happiness.

How wonderful that such an experience can be enjoyed by all of us, rich and poor alike; it is surely worth more than anyone can ever estimate. We leave the theater with uplifted hearts, with a light of happiness shining in our eyes, and a memory never to be taken away. How many times we live it over in days to come walking once more through the beauty of it all.

May movies live forever and even continue to bring the assurance to us all that dreams can come true.

Mrs. M. M. Swartz,
40 Wyard Crescett,
Rochester, N. Y.

Thanks to Douglas Fairbanks!

A few years ago my little brother was on the ebb of life. Naturally, we humored him in every way we could and when Douglas was to appear in our neighborhood in "The Black Pirate" I granted my small brother's wish and took him to see the picture.

He sat crouched back in his seat just a bundle of sore, achey muscles—his bright eyes riveted upon Doug as he swung from one scene into another. All he said was "Gee, Sis, I wish I could be like him!"

From that day on he worshipped Doug. He asked the doctors to let him walk in the fresh air and tried every possible way to help himself. Gradually, strength came back to him and he started doing the tricks he had seen his idol do. He built him a little hut and called it "The Gaucho Den." He organized a club known as "The Masked Riders." This club made startling and wonderful things—sabres, carved knives, guns and ropes. When Doug's pictures came to town they went in a group, then returned to try out the tricks.

Today my brother has a fine body and superb health. His idol and pattern is still Doug and to him we owe our undying gratitude.

Clara L. Woffke,
1230 North Temple Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

She Likes Gilbert's Love-Making

John Gilbert's performance in "His Glorious Night" was a supreme achievement in love making. How he managed to put so much beauty into those overused words "I love you" is beyond me.

Then came criticism about Gilbert's voice—and I wonder what the public wants. It's pretty tiresome to have all our actors singing, dancing and talking and hardly one attempting that most difficult thing, speaking love lines on the talking screen. So our brave hero Gilbert tries it and what does he get from his once adoring public? I ask you, is it fair?

Mrs. H. Sokol,
116 Oak Street,
Wilmington, Del.

Gary Cooper: A Rhapsody

The wide blue heavens—the vastness of out-of-doors—the graceful swaying of forest giants high up against the horizon—in all, the suggested strength of Gary Cooper!

As Gary strides into view he is "The Virginian." In his masterful, yet gentle way he runs away with the picture. His code suggests moral strength as powerful as those ranges out of which he came riding. Yet he reveals kindness and deep understanding in his dealings with the mountain people. He portrays the character with amazing completeness. The highest place of honor to the long, striding Gary!

H. Kling,
1119 Indiana Street,
Vallejo, Cal.

The John Gilbert voice has been the subject of much discussion—pro and con.

Barry Norton's friends will be glad to know that he has signed a contract with Paramount.

For Ann Harding

Thanks to the talking screen that has brought into prominence talent that many of us would never have known.

A type somewhat rare on the screen, I believe, is Ann Harding. She appears to refined, so cultured, and her voice has acquired such perfect diction that one would walk miles to hear her. Such naturalness of manner, and speech, such pleasing personality and rare beauty is seldom seen. She combines well all that is beautiful and best in pictures.

It is a real inspiration to see such talent as Ann Harding and Fredric March, who played with her in "Paris Bound," possess. May we see more of them.

Miss Jane E. Harrick,
510 West Madison,
Lansing, Mich.

A Barry Norton Fan

The ways of producers are beyond the comprehension of my feeble brain. It always struck me as weird that some company did not for its own profit as well as for the welfare of the cinema art, exploit the talents of Barry Norton. No player on the screen has received more unanimous and consistent approbation for brilliant work in minor rôles.

I have followed his career with vivid interest since his memorable 'Mother's Boy' in "What Price Glory." His marvelous work as *Lieutenant Dashwood* in "Legion of the Condemned" where he faced death before a firing squad appealed to me as being the finest single bit of acting I have ever seen.

Yet the producers do not recognize the potentialities of such talent. But, of course, they are men. That explains it!

Crocella Mullen,
1030 Echo Park Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Sensational Talking Picture TRIUMPH of the Celebrated Beauty

VILMA BANKY

By Special Arrangement With Samuel Goldwyn

Gorgeous, glorious, glamorous Vilma Banky, famous star of many notable screen successes, now brings the full flower of her beauty, the full mastery of her art—to this great talking picture written by the famous American playwright, Sidney Howard.

A LADY TO LOVE

Like a flame in the dark, her youth and beauty light up the lonesome years of a middle-aged, tender and romantic Italian. He represents to her a haven of refuge from a drab, poverty-stricken existence. Then Youth calls to Youth—and a tense, enthralling, heart-rending drama develops, laying bare the human soul as only the master hand of a famous playwright like Sidney Howard can do. A drama replete with tender love interest—a story you'll always remember! With Edward G. Robinson and Robert Ames, directed by Victor Seastrom.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

WINIFRED WESTOVER wins SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Above: the real Winifred Westover. Her brave Viking beauty reflects a serene soul. Her own life story is more dramatic than most motion picture plots; but her tolerance and understanding helped her to turn her trials into material to enrich her technique. She has matured artistically without losing a vestige of her girlish charm and quaint, naive sweetness.

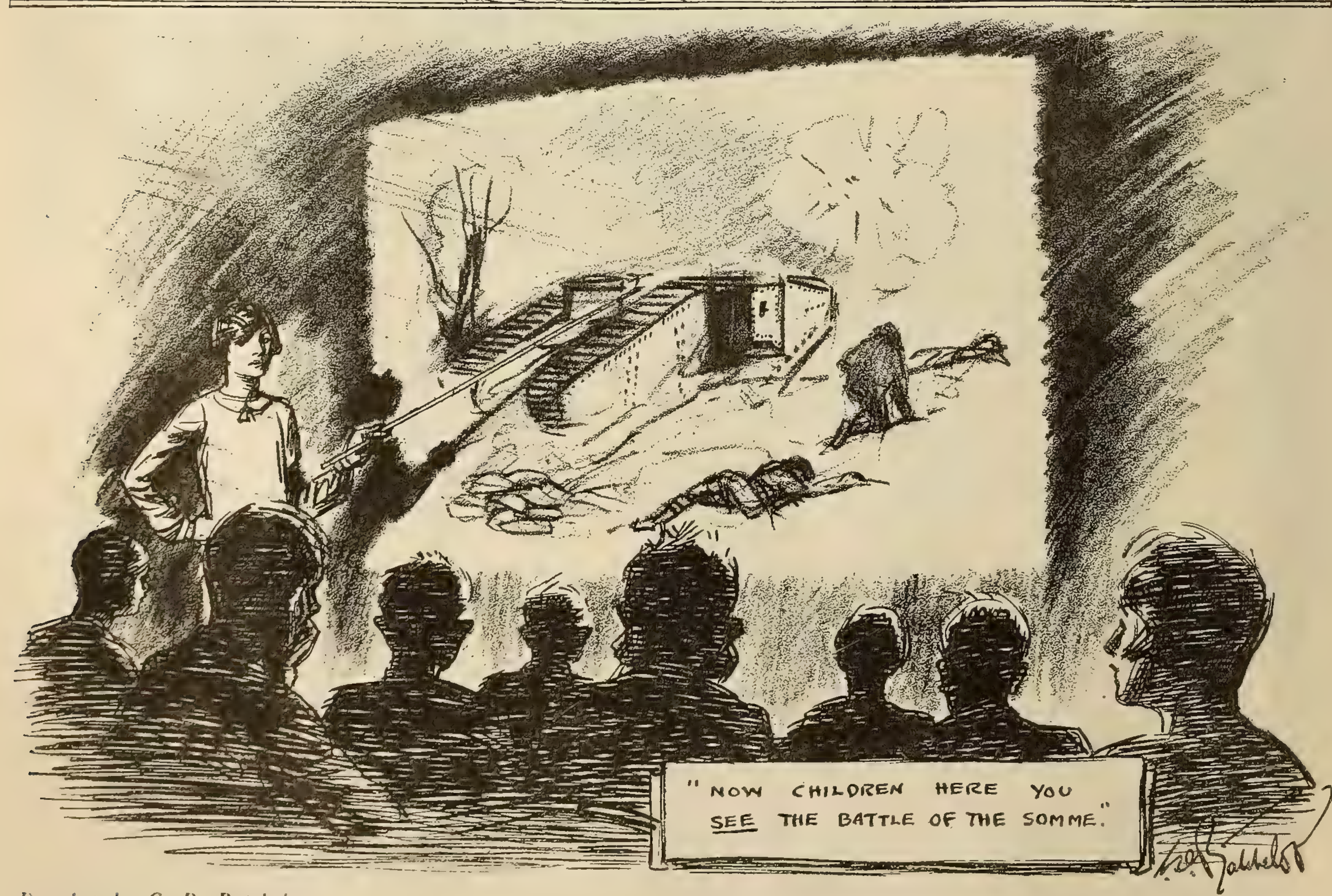
Right: Winifred is also a most modern young woman with a sense of humor; and a devoted mother to husky little Bill Hart the second. She has staged a great come-back and her triumph is all the more complete in view of the fact that "Lummox" is her first talking film. It is interesting to note that, like Greta Garbo, Winifred Westover is of Scandinavia.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl with golden hair and blue eyes. What? You've met her before? No, no; this is *another* little girl. Besides the golden hair and blue eyes she possessed something much, much rarer. She had courage, of a very remarkable kind. It may have been the beautiful hair and the wide blue eyes that put her into the movies; but it was her courage that kept her there.

Winifred Westover, a real-life heroine of motion pictures! A popular leading lady, she married the great big star, Bill Hart, and became the mother of Bill Hart, Jr. And her screen career seemed to be over. But that's where the courage came in! Winifred began a battle to win back her rightful place on the screen. And, after months of hoping and waiting and praying, she won her fight. The biggest acting rôle in years —the heroine of Fannie Hurst's "Lummox"—was hers. It was not handed to her; she went out and *got* it. She had to convince both Miss Hurst and director Herbert Brenon that she and she alone was born to be *Lummox*. She succeeded. Her performance is an artistic triumph. The little girl with golden hair and blue eyes, still young, still pretty, still sweet —is very nearly a great actress. May she win other rôles as great, and play them as beautifully!

Above: as Lummox, *the title rôle of the screen version of Fannie Hurst's impressive novel, Winifred Westover wins our Honor Page. She submerges her own character in that of the inarticulate, pathetic servant girl, who, despite her crudity, still has a craving for beauty in her soul. Miss Westover's performance in this film is one of the greatest ever screened.*

Left: Lummox, *an old woman now, finds her final happiness with a family of motherless children. The pathos of the yearning servant girl grown old, who has made so many sacrifices for her son, is fully realized by the actress, who disdains to depend too much upon her ageing make-up. Winifred Westover's* Lummox *will move you to heart-felt applause.*



Drawing by C. D. Batchelor

Education Made Painless

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

WHERE, oh where, are the screen lovers of yesteryear?

Will the talkers, "Stone Age of a new art," as William Bolitho calls them, kill off all our love scenes? Well, look around you.

¶ "Journey's End" is now being screened. If you saw the play, you know it is a womanless affair. No place here in the trenches for little blonde, or even brunette ingenues. Just stark realism, enacted by an all-male cast. Unless the screen version shows flash-backs to English gardens with wives among the hollyhocks, and they'd better not, you will see a screenplay without a love scene. "All Quiet On the Western Front" is being produced with painstaking fidelity to the book. You already have seen "Men Without Women." And the charming "Seven Days Leave" in which Beryl Mercer is the only *femme* in the cast—and doing very well, thank you. If you asked *me,* I'd rather see a single close-up of Miss Mercer, with sound accompaniment, than whole epic productions of other ladies mouthing their lines. But you didn't ask me, did you?

¶ Nevertheless, I do think something Should Be Done. It's getting serious. Can we get along without love? Don't answer. Let *me* answer. No, we cannot. Already the girls are beginning to cry about Gary Cooper keeping Mary Brian and Fay Wray and other lovely Paramount ladies waiting while he dallies with Beryl Mercer. Already I've had warning letters to the effect that if Jack Gilbert is kept off the screen very much longer, the writers will take it out on me. Me!—and I never did anything. Already several gentlemen fans have written to say that when they pay good money to see a movie they want a little something in the way of sweetness and light. I can only refer them to "The Love Parade," "Devil May Care," "Rogue Song," and "The Vagabond King," which abound in scenes of amorous dalliance. But it seems they want something more. It seems there is still a crying need for episodes in which two passionate puppets forget all about Will Hays and the censors and the old folks at home and their make-up and think only of each other—until the director signals 'Cut.' In other words, the public doesn't seem to be satisfied with the love scenes they are getting but they still want love scenes. Now, let's see. What can we do? Have Ernst Lubitsch direct all the pictures produced? No, that wouldn't do. Well, then, how about Jacques Feyder's suggestion of robot actors? He says: "It is not impossible that mechanical actors energized by electricity and controlled by a television apparatus will rule both stage and screen. People may laugh at the idea of a robot taking the place of an actor, but it is no more fantastic than other scientific developments of the last twenty years. In a drama a group of these man-machines, with faces moulded from plastic materials, could be moved from a director's switchboard, speak lines, do everything they would need to do. At first, plays will probably be built about such a device, like 'R.U.R.,' just as a novelty; but later they may be used for a whole cast."

¶ Let me hear from all who agree that robots, no matter how plastic, can ever take the place of Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Claudette Colbert, Richard Barthelmess, Chevalier, Dennis King—oh, finish out the list yourself!

¶ Speaking of Garbo, and we try to in every issue, Eddie Nugent wonders if all the girls who have been copying Greta's hair, her clothes, and her walk will now, after seeing "Anna Christie," practice talking in a husky voice and telling their fathers how bad they've been.

D. E.

JAZZ,

By Oscar Straus

"The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream" are among the beloved light operas of all time. Oscar Straus, their composer, is shown in the act of writing original compositions for the screen. His first motion picture operetta will be for Vitaphone.

"The present jazz craze is simply a fad. It reminds me always of fireworks being exploded under the eternal stars. Sometimes a flight of blazing rockets lights up the entire landscape with a dazzling glare; but when they fall the stars are still shining. I have never written jazz. I have no intention of writing it. It is not my music."

—Oscar Straus.

THE most interesting thing that happened to me in New York, on my way to Hollywood to compose Vitaphone operettas, was that I had the privilege of meeting George Gershwin.

I had heard of him, of course, and I had often listened with admiration to his music. And when we stood face to face, with clasped hands, I thought:

"This is a meeting of Europe and America—of Vienna and New York!"

For my music has always been, in its very essence, Viennese. Although for the past decade I have lived for the most part in Berlin and Paris, visiting the banks of the blue Danube only from time to time, I have always been and always shall remain, spiritually, a son of my native city.

As for George Gershwin—he is not merely a product of New York. His music, it seems to me, *is* New York of the present day.

We became great friends, though our time together was so short; and this, I like to think, is a happy omen of the future relations of European and American music. We met early in the evening, at the premiere of a revival of "The Chocolate Soldier;" and after the performance Gershwin took me to his very modernistic penthouse apartment, where we remained until half-past two in the morning, playing the piano and talking. First my host would play, and then I would play; and then we would talk about the things that are of eternal interest to men who compose music.

On many subjects we did not agree—nor did we pretend that we agreed. We were both honest—the very best, and indeed the only, foundation for friendship. And we both love music. It was one of the most delightful evenings I have ever known.

Gershwin's music is not my music, but he is a genuine artist. We understood each other. Therein, I believe, lies a symbol and a prophecy of the years to come. The typical music of the old and New Worlds will, in my judgment, prove to have much in common. They will continue to influence each other; stimulation and inspiration will pass back and forth.

This process has already begun. I see no limitations to its future development, now that the synchronization of sight and sound on the motion picture screen has opened to music the gates of a world-wide kingdom.

That is why I have come to America—to take part in the inauguration of the new era in which, I am satisfied, music is destined to an expansion hitherto undreamed of by its most ardent devotees.

For nowadays, the screen reaches all the world. From the palatial cinema theaters of London, Paris and New York to tiny movie halls in Asia, in Mexico and on the Gold Coast of Africa, this newest and most amazing of art forms may be seen at work, amusing and educating all mankind. No longer can it be truly said that there is no new thing under the sun; for in all the history of the human race there has been nothing like the rise of the motion picture to planetary omnipresence in the past score of years.

And now it will be able to carry the message of music everywhere.

GERSHWIN, *and* ME

The Famous Composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" Writes His Own Introduction to America and the Movies

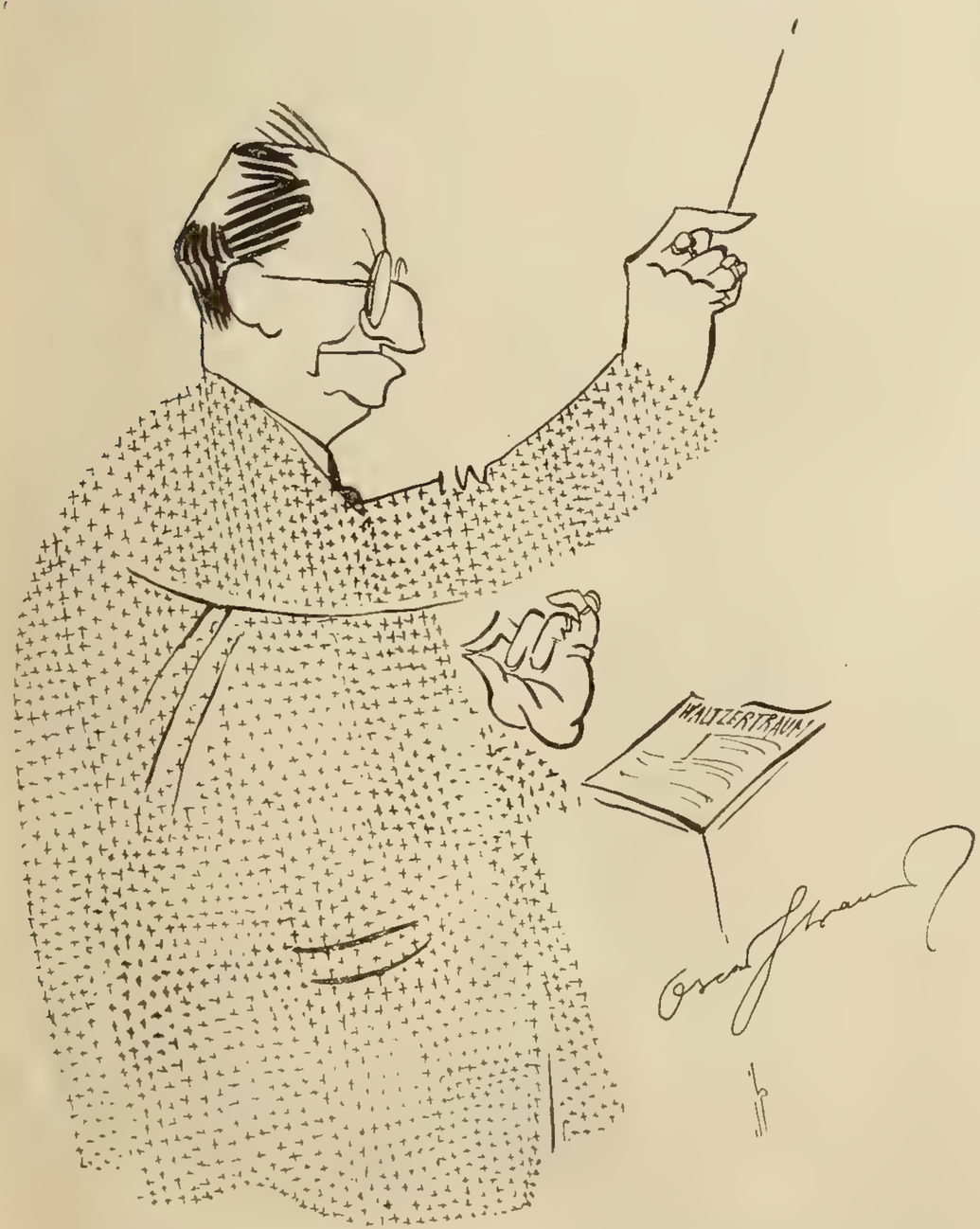
This will most certainly prove of incalculable importance in the evolution of the race. Music is of universal appeal; it is a language which needs no translation. And its message is a message of beauty, of harmony, which will inevitably contribute to the unification of mankind.

But I do not believe that the music of the future will be jazz.

To me, jazz is astonishing; sometimes it is distressing; often it is amusing, and sometimes it infects me with its wild abandon so that, for a fleeting moment, I can almost understand the extreme claims that are occasionally made for it. But such moods soon pass. The appeal of jazz is not lasting. It is virile, emphatic, strenuous; but those qualities are not peculiar to jazz. Its rôle in the music of years to come will, I feel sure, be a minor one. The present jazz craze is simply a craze, a fad. It reminds me always of fireworks being exploded under the eternal stars. Sometimes a flight of blazing rockets lights up the entire landscape with a dazzling glare; but when they fall the stars are still shining.

I have never written jazz. I have no intention of writing it. As I told Gershwin, it is not my music. But one of

Hollywood's most talented young singers hope to be cast in Oscar Straus' screen operettas. Bernice Claire, pictured here with the composer, will be one of the lucky ones.



Straus in action. An autographed caricature of the Viennese light opera king by Schreiber.

my sons is the author of a jazz operetta which is soon to be produced in Berlin.

Perhaps, he, too, will be in Hollywood ere long.

Despite my very limited liking for jazz, I have found myself fully able to understand it since coming to America. Life moves at a fast pace here. Now and then, the leisurely European finds it somewhat bewildering. Out of this swiftness of movement, this intensity and eagerness, has sprung the soul of jazz.

But can even the American people maintain this rapid pace permanently? I doubt it; and I think I can already discern signs of a reaction. Americans more and more are coming to realize the advantages of a calmer outlook. After hustle comes fatigue; after jazz, I am sure, will come a return to melody, to pure beauty, to the genuine art of music.

As the entire world becomes educated in music, the universal taste will be, I think, a refined and delicate taste. It will be—shall we say?—semi-classical. It will favor the music that endures; and in years to come, I have no doubt that successful Vitaphone operettas will be revived again and again just as operettas of the stage have been.

In my own work here in Hollywood at the Warner Studios, I am proceeding as I have done in writing all my former operettas. That is to say, I am writing for the screen exactly as I have written (Continued on page 127)

The HOLLYWOOD

Our Incorrigibly Witty Author, Mr. Cruikshank, Lets Himself Go and Makes Good Reading. But We're Not Sure He is Right—Are You?

Lillian Gish makes pictures in Hollywood, true; but she also loves her Manhattan and her Europe.

LIKE all Gaul, Hollywood is divided into three parts. First of these is the Native Sons. Meaning a lot of embattled farmers from Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska who have spent what may be called their lives acquiring a small financial competence and the rheumatiz. They've come to California to spend the one on the other.

Secondly, there are the Tourists. They are a sort of season. One speaks of the rainy season and the tourist season. The rainy season is preferable. As a rule they arrive during very unusual weather. In which event they return East to Omaha razzing the climate. Otherwise they may buy lots and ranches and groves upon which the mortgages are foreclosed shortly thereafter. Next to 'mo'om pitchers', the mortgage industry is one of the Coast's greatest main-stays.

But oddest of all sects in this sect-sy city, is the Bite-The-Hand-That-Feeds-You contingent. These are known as the Hollywood Haters. Many of them are New Yorkers. That is, in the same sense that a Cohen is a Kelly after the Court waves its wand and makes a turkey of a herring.

Your dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker may appear in the birth records of the vital statistics bureau of Shqipenie, Blgarija, Lietuva, Eesti or Suomi. But once he hits Broadway he's a New Yorker. Just like Alexander Woolcott, of Phalanx, N. J.; Ring Lardner, of Niles, Mich.; Theodore Dreiser, of Warsaw, Ind.; O. O. McIntyre, of Gallipolis, O.; Texas Guinan, of Waco, Tex.; George Jean Nathan, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Fannie Hurst, of Washington, D. C.; Marilyn Miller, of Findlay, O.; Peggy Joyce, of Alexandria, Va.; Thyra Samter Winslow, of Fort Smith, Ark.; Lila Lee, Union Hill, N. J.; J. P. McEvoy, of South Bend, Ind.; or Sinclair Lewis, of Sauk Center, Minn.

Not all of these representative New Yorkers are Hollywood Haters. Indeed, not all Hollywood Haters are New Yorkers either by birth or braggadocio. The sect is not limited by either geography or geneology. It is rather a mental condition. An evidence of the trend of the times. Times in which it is the vogue to be against things

A sophisticate of the screen, Constance Bennett, likes to visit France between pictures; but she always comes back to Hollywood.

HATERS

By Herbert Cruikshank

The cinema city is 'Home' to Joan Bennett, (left); but she also likes her New York vacations.

The eloquent and dignified silence of Max Reinhardt, the great German producer, (right) as he left Hollywood was more impressive than a theater-full of loud speakers.

Fannie Hurst (below) visited Hollywood to approve the screening of her book, "Lummox." But she hasn't been back since, has she?

rather than for them. Like the Irish used to be 'agin' the governmint.'

If one raves to Lillian Gish about the beauties of California in general, and Hollywood in particular, she may flutter at you and maybe run out to pick daisies. She may tell you that Hollywood is merely a place to go for motor rides and hear talkies. And the Duse's favorite drama critic, George Jean Nathan, may boop-oop-a-doop about schnitzels, sphygmomanometers and Mencken.

If one suggests to Lilyan Tashman that Hollywood is a pleasant place in which to have one's being, Lil'll gather the chinchilla closer about her blonde beauty, elevating the chin and giving out the chill-a. A place to work, Lilyan will tell you. That's what Hollywood is. For ought else—N'Yawk.

Joan and Constance, daughters of Richard Bennett, of the Shelbyville, Ind., Bennetts, will mentally class you with Harry Richman if you evince a love for the brown and boney (not bonny) hills of old Hollywood. These sophisticates may describe the old town that started the world's greatest industry in Jesse Lasky's barn, as White Plains upside down, or something of the sort.

If you ask Fannie Hurst about Hollywood, and she doesn't walk out on you, she'll probably just lift the eye-brows and tell you parables about how she believed the angels to be clothed in gold and found them—to put it delicately — *en dishabille.* It's all verra, verra dreadful, to hear Fannie tell it.

(*Continued on page* 112)

VIVE

Oh, Oui? Oui!

If we can't all visit the Rue de la Paix this year, we'll find a good substitute on the screen. For Fifi Dorsay brings all the chic, the perfume, and the joie de vivre *of her native France to our talking films.*

Fifi appeared in "They Had to See Paris" and "Hot for Paris." The screen, to say nothing of the audience, has never been the same. Somehow, we never before realized so clearly that we of America and we of France are just brothers—and sisters.

Messieurs et Madames, Another Invasion! Hollywood Opens her Arms to These Dear French

By Marie House

OOO LA LA, *mon Dieu, mon cherie, mon chou, chou, poof, poof-poof,* and a liberal sprinkling of *oui oui's.* A deadly barrage of Gallic expressions. *Z-z-zees, z-z-zisses* and *z-z-zos* buzz in our ears. A hail of shrapnel could be no more effective. Don't shoot. We surrender.

Vive la France!

Screen tests. Voice tests. Close-ups. Long shots, Still shots. High powered premieres; and another Frenchman has won the hand-painted wagon load of fan mail.

Cameras to the right of them! Microphones to the left of them! Directors at the heels of them! Foreign celebrities on the side lines, hoping they stutter! Nothing can stop them, these doughty French.

To the fan lines comes the smell of powder and grease paint. Through the trusty binoculars we see the clash of arms (a-a-aah), the roll of eyes, the brilliant flash of those Gallic smiles. Ooooooooooh la la!

Scaling the heights of the deadly Mount Microphone, that has sent so many accents floundering backwards into vaudeville, these clever French, with telling gestures and plenty of 'ça,' have carried the tricolor to the peaks of the highest Hollywood strongholds and there with true Gallic insouciance, sit practically on top of the world.

Others may hesitate to cross the Rubicon where voice and action meet. But not the French. *Mon Dieu!* But most certainly not the French. If they lack for a word, a shrug will do. What the tongue hesitates on, the eyes express. And the Parisian flavor of the songs they sing are more effective than they would be in untrimmed English. Because no matter what they are, we chortle blissfully anyway and suspect the worst. With practically no trouble at all, even, they have succeeded in feeding us whole spoonfuls of unadulturated foreign language with scarcely a wry face among us—scarcely.

Vive la France!

Maurice Chevalier began it last summer, probably in just a little "Innocents of Paris" fun—but it proved to be the shot fired that was next heard in "The Cock-Eyed World." But Will Rogers is really to blame: not that he started it exactly, but Will is always starting things so blame him anyway. Besides after "They Had To See Paris," everyone got the idea, which made the score practically unanimous in favor of the French.

LA FRANCE!

And now that the Battle of the Microphone is going so well, let's wipe a little of the smoke out of our eyes and see who's where and why not.

Now that dashing Jeanne D'Arc hopping over yon deadly parapet. There's a neat trick for you. Boy, our biggest telescope. We'll have a close-up.

Ah, *ah!* Slappie hannies! Boy, return that telescope!

Now I see. Hmmmmmm! One of the reasons why Will Rogers had to see Paris. It's Mademoiselle Fifi Dorsay.

Hoo, hoo, Fifi! Come on over, Fifi!

Fifi comes over, a vivacious Fifi with mop of black hair and large hazel eyes. A Fifi in a unique affair of tight-waisted black coat and black skirt with large white dots. No, not new styles, silly. Made up for her part. "Styles of 1915," she laughingly admits.

Two of France's most precious gifts to Hollywood: Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert. This is a scene from "The Big Pond."

How is the battle going today, Fifi? And what *is* that interesting looking parapet you've just been scaling?

"Oh, I am so fatigued. These movies! Just now I have lunch. See, it is 2:30. Terrible. My head is in a whirl. These lines! Over and over and over again, they play the scene until Mr. Korda says it is right, and then I can only see the lines still going around in my head." (Well-known and effective Dorsay gestures.)

"But now I do a *dramatique* part. That is what I have always wanted to do. More *dramatique* part. This time I am a song and dance girl in French Morocco. I am a bad girl but I love this soldier, a legionaire who is wanted by the law. I hide him in my room and help him escape. It is very *dramatique*" (more effective gestures.)

"Hell's Bells"—well, that's the tentative title of this new picture in which Harold Murray is the lead with Fifi co-starred. But wait until you hear those new songs she sings, *Good Time Fifi* and *Ce C'est Paris.* Now, be quiet. You'll just have to wait.

Fifi speculatively eyes the most glittering domes of stardom high up in gilded Hollywood. And why not?

"Ever since I came to America I have wanted to go on the stage. When I was a stenographer in New York I was not satisfied. Then I got a small part in the 'Greenwich Village Follies.' Will Rogers was there then. I liked working with Mr. Rogers in 'They Had To See Paris.' He is so bashful. It is nice to play a vamp part with Mr. Rogers." (Trills of famous Dorsay laughter.)

"You know," surprise struggling with pride in her voice, "I went to work very quickly after my test in New York. Very few get to work quickly after their screen test. Just three weeks after my test, I was working here on the Fox lot."

You see. That's the way the French work.

"Look! I do not say 'z' when I talk. Only in pictures when I must be a French girl. I must say 'zis' and 'zos' and everyt'ing. See, I can say 'thing.' Soon with a little, what do you say, a little concentration, I will play straight American parts. Then you will see. I can talk American. I will not have an accent."

Lily Damita lead the French invasion of Hollywood. She was made to feel at home and she can stay just as long as she likes.

What, no 'z,' Fifi? No accent? Oh, please!

"It is difficult to speak English with a French accent when it does not come naturally. So many girls tried out for these parts, but either they did not speak enough English or they were Americans who spoke fluent French, but their accent was not right. Marion Davies was one who did this well in 'Marianne.' She was splendid. If my English is as good as her French. I will be glad."

There's a *beau geste* for you.

(Cont. on page 119)

Nathalie Bucknall, director of research department, at her desk in her studio workshop. Mrs. Bucknall supervises the correctness of the many details that go into the making of pictures.

The GIRLS *Behind the* STARS

"Go West, young woman, go West!"

If Horace Greeley could have known the West of today, he might have added this afterthought to his well-known and much-quoted words to young men.

Of course, to modern youth, West means Hollywood. But Horace Greeley would not have been advising youthful and feminine America to go West to become movie stars. He would have realized that such advice was unnecessary. Every train which rolls into Los Angeles is loaded with its quota of such fame and fortune seekers.

He would have been talking to the energetic, intelligent young women who do not crave the thrill and glitter of screen glories, who are looking for other avenues to success.

The young women of the country don't need the advice of any man to show them the possibilities of the motion picture field. They discovered these possibilities all by themselves. Every morning hundreds of clever girls throng through the studio gates to hang their smart straw or felt hats, as the season may be, in hundreds of offices.

Every time Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson or any other glittering lady of the silver screen moves through eight reels of film adventure, a half hundred unseen and unknown young women have helped in the motion.

A wonderful thing about the behind-the-cameras activity of this movie game is that age, sex and looks don't matter. Only intelligence counts. The one great cry of the business is, "It *can* be done!" Nothing is impossible. Miracles are performed. It makes no difference who performs them, man or woman, oldster or youngster, so long as they are performed.

Each year finds more clever girls added to studio payrolls. They come from all parts of the world to try their luck in the West of motion pictures. They do all sorts of things. They are ready to give every ounce of their intelligence and energy to this fascinating business. They love the thrill of being a factor, large or small, in the making of pictures which travel into every nook and corner of the globe. They wouldn't trade places with any Garbo or Shearer or Swanson.

Above: Henrietta Frazer, designer, assistant manager of the studio wardrobe.

Upper right: Edith Farrell, competent manager of the script department.

Right: Josephine Chippo, script clerk, accompanies Director Van Dyke's company on location trips.

Above: Nathalie Bucknall has earned a special niche for herself in research work.

Below: Peggy Coleman, with a record for war service, capably directs the studio hospital.

These Girls Who Have Carved Their Own Careers in the World behind the Cameras Wouldn't Trade Jobs with the Stars

By

Ralph Wheeler

The research department of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. In this pleasant, book-filled room Mrs. Bucknall and her assistants determine the suave niceties of plumes, curtsies and costumes.

The public reads much about the actresses. It knows what they do, what they wear, where they go and whom they love. It reads, too, about the women who write the stories for the actresses. But the hordes of other girls, who play so important a part in the furnishing of amusement for the millions, go unpraised and unsung, except in their own circles.

Did you ever wonder, while you were watching the intricacies of some elaborate costume picture, the suave niceties of some story of foreign drawing rooms or the military paraphernalia of some war epic, who supervised the correctness of the million and one details? An amazing amount of research and study lies behind each plume, each curtsy, each uniform.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, a young woman is responsible for this very necessary phase of the making of the pictures. Her name is Nathalie Bucknall and her own history is as colorful as any story for whose details she delves into her research library. In a big, book-filled room, Mrs. Bucknall, with the aid of two young women assistants, determines what sort of boots were worn by seventeenth century soldiers and what kind of silver was used on Victorian dinner tables.

The brown-haired, brown-eyed young woman was born in Petrograd, then St. Petersburg, the daughter of a Russian father and an English mother. She served in Russia's Battalion of Death during the World War and was decorated three times by both the Russian and British governments. After the armistice she directed a hospital in Russia and later was affiliated with the English war department.

Three years ago she came to America to travel and to study. The movies fascinated her. She found a studio foothold as a reader. Then her knowledge of foreign modes and manners, of languages and history opened a place for her in the research department. As the director of technical research, she has carved her own little niche in the world behind the cameras.

After the technical details of the picture are arranged, after the sets are built on the stages, the picture rooms must be furnished, draped and (Continued on page 120)

Above: Blanche Sewell, another cutter, to whom belongs a share of credit.

Below: Vivian Newcom, who is secretary to Irving Thalberg, the boy executive, 'Mr. Norma Shearer.'

Above: Margaret Booth, film cutter, puts together some of the biggest films.

Upper left: Lillian Rosini, make-up artist, authority on photographic values.

Left: Margery Prevost, sister of Marie—and studio specialist in interior decoration. Clever!

A story conference in a film studio. First National producing executives decide the form "Mlle. Modiste" shall take in its screen version. Reading up the table: Paul Perez and Julian Josephson, scenarists; Robert Crawford, executive in charge of music; Robert North, producer; William A. Seiter, director; C. Graham Baker, chairman of the conference.

YES, IT'S A

They Really Do Have Business. Here You Are Learn What

By Brian

YES, it's a conference! Not a gathering of high-powered diplomats to decide on the peace of nations, nor the size of battleships, but a modern movie conference wherein is decided what you and I will see upon the screen when the motion picture in question is completed.

Movie conferences have been the butt of almost as many jokes as prohibition, but, in spite of the merry jokesmiths, these conferences have increased both in number and importance with the advent of the talking picture, of Technicolor, and the production in which singing and dancing and a horde of glorified merry villagers and celluloid gendarmerie abound.

Now, there are conferences and conferences, including the kind that an elusive official seems to be constantly tied up in when you want to see him on a question of—let us say, a rise of salary? But a general production conference prior to the filming of a pretentious musical production, such as Victor Herbert's operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," now facing the cameras and microphones at the First National Studio, offers what is perhaps the best example of a modern movie conference. And, incidentally, it is probably the first at which a reporter or interviewer was ever admitted or permitted to sit on the side-lines and take notes.

This gathering in the lion's den occurred in a luxurious office used expressly as a conference room. In fact, it was even labeled *Conference Room* on the door, and should

Reading right along, from the head of the table: Hal B. Wallis, co-executive in charge of production at the studio, and the husband of Louise Fazenda; Larry Ceballos, the dance director and his assistant, Carl McBride; Leo Forbstein, musical director, and his assistant, Leonid Leonardi. A conference to which SCREENLAND *was admitted by special permission.*

CONFERENCE

Conferences in the Picture Invited to Attend One and It's All About

Herbert

you want to call one of the inhabitants, you would ask the studio telephone operator for the *Conference Room.* Whether any one answered the telephone when you called is a question which I will not go into. This laboratory of disputes adjoins the suite occupied by C. Graham Baker, scenarist and producer, who with Hal B. Wallis is co-executive head of production at the First National production plant.

Mr. Baker, you will see, is chairman of the conference, at which Mr. Wallis presides as official arbiter of disputes. Their places are at the head of a long table, and William A. Seiter, who is to direct "Mlle. Modiste," is beside them. On the left side of the table is Robert North, the producer, then Robert Crawford, executive in charge of musical activities. Julian Josephson and Paul Perez, scenarists, come next in order. On the opposite side of the table are Larry Ceballos, dance director, Carl McBride,his assistant, Leo Forbstein, musical director, and Anton Grot, art director and set designer. At the end of the room stands a grand piano where Leonid Leonardi, assistant to Forbstein, is prepared to sing or play any parts of the score of Victor Herbert's original music, or new music written for the production.

There is no formal opening of the proceedings. The atmosphere is exceedingly cheerful as William A. Seiter completes a recital of the latest funny story which is going the rounds of the studio. Then Mr. Baker checks up on the personnel present and (*Continued on page* 122)

Alexander Phillips

GLORIA SWANSON
Psycho-Analyzed

A Penetrating Portrait of the Little Chicago Girl who Became a Marquise in Real Life and a Czarina of the Screen

By James Oppenheim

It is a curious fact that the two outstanding women of the American screen have Swedish blood in them. Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson. Of course, the Garbo was a recent importation whereas Gloria was American-born, and anyone who has seen the latter in "The Trespasser" knows that she can be American to her finger-tips, whether as private secretary, telephone girl, apartment-house mother, or millionaire's wife. But then, Gloria could be a veritable Queen or run a Paris *salon*. She could, likewise, be a 'moll' in the underworld. But, whatever she is, she is superb and aristocratic, which latter means that she goes her own way, whether against a barrage of criticism or lack of funds; and that she can be a stately hostess or fling herself down on a bed and play 'kids' with a child.

These Scandinavian women! Why do they fascinate hard-hitting, go-getting, down-to-earth Americans? Perhaps it is that no matter how hard-hitting and go-getting they may be themselves, they are also up in the clouds: Valkyries astride horses bearing dead warriors through the skies to Valhalla. There is poetry in them, and so a prose-nation is allured and fascinated. They give us dreams to dream and wonders to wonder at.

And yet, Garbo and Swanson are utterly unlike. Garbo seems like a captive princess in a tower, with the sea dashing below in moonlight, caring for nothing but something long-lost; whereas Swanson belongs to the great modern city: skyscrapers and windy sunny days, radio, motor cars, jewels, gowns and splendor—a woman of the world.

We begin to understand the difference (as well as the likeness) when we examine the questionnaire which Miss Swanson, with the help of an interlocutor, has answered for SCREENLAND. We know that Greta Garbo is a deep introvert, that she prefers the dream-world to the real world, that she is lonely, moody, aloof, and often sorrowful; that it is mainly in her art that she extraverts, that is, has a warm living contact with a world of people.

Miss Swanson sets herself down as extraverted, 55, as against introverted, 23. Turning the figures around we would probably get a picture of Greta Garbo. In fact, we might say that Garbo is more the artist, Swanson more the woman; Garbo is more a dream-figure, a night-star; Swanson flesh-and-blood, a powerful electric light.

Yet note the likenesses, Scandinavian, I take it. Miss Swanson says of herself:

I am a little self-conscious.
I feel very much misunderstood by most people.
I hate to be conspicuous, even in my own home.
I am self-centered, introspective; keep looking into myself.
I have deep moods that sometimes last for days.
I am very easily in a tense condition.
I am very often 'up in the clouds.'

One would imagine from this that she would have a hard time meeting the world, mixing in, getting things done, being practical; that like Greta Garbo, she would be tyrannized over by changing moods (introverted feeling); moods that she was acting in a screen-play or those inexplicable moods which, like fog, cut us off from the world and make us hide in a dingy corner of misery.

Ernest A. Bachrach

Gloria Swanson is a self-made woman. She is one of America's assets, for her art is superb and her life is a challenge to the rest of us.

But this introverted side is Swanson's shadow, whereas it is Garbo's self. For listen to these further answers:

I am a real go-getter, by nature.
It is very easy for me to order others around. (Imagine Garbo good at that!)
Life is a game to me, to be played through like a sport.
I'm a good actor in public, and a good mixer.
I am naturally very active and delight in doing things.
I like very many people.
I like always to be with them and on the go.
I am loving and affectionate.
I am a faddist, and take up with all the fads that come along. (Honest, that!)
I would be absolutely indifferent if the man I loved should flirt with other women.
I am very realistic and have much common sense.
I am easy-going as a rule.

In short, she is many sided, and the extraverted side is strong enough to win victory (*Continued on page* 112)

STARS *who never saw*

These Self-Made Celebrities Need No Plots or Props. They are Box-Office Attractions without Benefit of Bunk. This Story Tells You How the Great World Figures are Coaxed to Face the News Cameras

Do you realize that all moving picture stars do not live in Hollywood?

Did you ever stop to consider that there is one young man in America and another young man in England who separately can attract as many people into a moving picture theater as the combined charms of Ronald Colman, George Bancroft and Maurice Chevalier?

Would you ever think that a certain mature woman living in what we would call an outlandish country, shut off by mountains and hemmed in by boundless plains, actually has as much sex appeal in the eyes of the box-office world as Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Clara Bow, and that mean mama, Evelyn Brent, all rolled into one?

You don't believe it?

Well, it's a fact. And I can prove it.

One of the real romances of the present day is that we can step into almost any moving picture theater and rub elbows with the greatest men and women that exist in current history. At last there is real democracy!

Without any effort whatsoever, we can watch the richest man in existence—a man who has given more than seven hundred and fifty million dollars to charity and science alone—cut his birthday cake.

By extracting a small coin from our pocketbook and placing it on the sill of the box-office window, we can see the mystery Queen, the greatest woman diplomat on earth today, in the privacy of her home.

Kings invite us to their countries. Internationally celebrated writers tell us jokes. We glimpse the love making and wedding of one Prince of a noble house. And we sense the tragedy of another, who gave up his throne for love.

All this through the medium of that most important of present day inventions—the talking news reel picture camera.

Nearly every celebrated figure in America and Europe has talked for the Fox Movietone news: Lindbergh, the Prince of Wales, Shaw, and Queen Marie of Roumania—the four greatest drawing cards of all. Then we have John D. Rockefeller, the King of Spain, Mussolini, King George of England, Conan Doyle, Prince Humbert of Italy, Prince George of England, the Emperor of Japan, the Pope in his Vatican seclusion, Hindenburg, Clemenceau, Tardieu, Poincaré, the King of Italy, the King of Sweden, Prince Carol of Roumania, Edison, Booth Tarkington, President Hoover, ex-President Coolidge, Pershing, Taft, Al Smith, Governor Roosevelt, Mayor Walker, Andrew Mellon, Speaker Longworth, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, and many others.

But what money, influence, diplomatic pressure, cajolery, patience, and persuasion has been exerted!

However, no person in the United

The most famous, rich, and successful screen star of them all—John D. Rockefeller, who posed for the news cameras on his ninetieth birthday.

Queen Marie of Roumania.

Our own Colonel Lindy.

King Alfonso of Spain.

Bernard Shaw—that's all.

HOLLYWOOD

By Rosa Reilly

States was ever paid any sum of money for permitting a talking news reel picture of himself to be made. In Europe, many were compensated. But not all. In fact, Bernard Shaw was not given a penny. And yet more money was realized on his news reel than on any short picture which Fox has ever produced.

While I am not free to tell you the stated sums paid stated continental personalities, I can tell you quite a few received amounts tidy enough to keep the wolf from the door for many moons.

But if money was not paid to some, what months of strategy were necessary before the boys would step up and doff their hats and ear muffs before the microphone. And you can well understand it.

In ordinary life, you and I love to see our name in print and our photographs in the news reels. It is a normal ambition cherished by nearly every normal individual, if they will admit it.

But for a celebrity, placed high in the world, publicity is exceedingly dangerous. Ridicule and unfavorable gossip have ruined more careers than poison. Therefore, the average highly placed personality is extremely wary before he allows himself to be persuaded.

Take the case of Mussolini, who was the first big fish to be hooked. He is one of the most unapproachable of men from the viewpoint of the press. The Fox news would never have been able to procure him except through the kindly intervention of Ambassador Fletcher, at that time our representative in Rome.

Mussolini took the whole thing very, very seriously. First he gave his speech in Italian. And then in English. Very meticulous English which he had unquestionably memorized phonetically. When the finished record was given out, his voice had a most un-English twang.

And this un-English twang leads to another and very funny story. The Mussolini film was shown to Bernard Shaw, that august Irishman who recently turned out the far-from-light "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism."

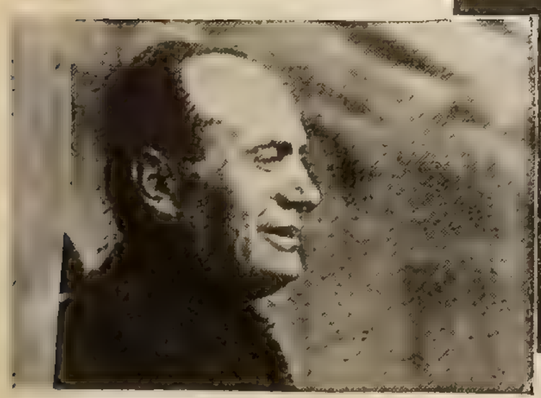
When Shaw saw and heard Mussolini's film, he said: "That is terrible. Mussolini is not making the most of his personality. I'll show him how it should be done."

With that, he turned around and put on one of the wittiest and most entertaining short features which has ever been made. And it did not cost William Fox a nickel.

With the exception of Shaw, of all the European celebrities, Lloyd George and Hindenburg were the only ones who did not cause the Fox Company many moments of anxiety and months of waiting. And at what expense!

Talking news reel crews are maintained in strategic points throughout Europe and Asia, just on the chance of something happening. And when a flood occurs or a King dies, the nearest unit is rushed to the scene. There are four of these camera crews in England, one in Spain, one in Morocco, one in Palestine, three in Rome, one in Czecho-Slovakia, and three in Paris. When you realize that the average salary of each of (Continued on page 114)

Genial Lloyd George is one of the most popular of the world figures who appear in news pictures. Here he is posing for Fox in his English garden.



Il Duce—
Benito Mussolini.

Sir Arthur
Conan Doyle.

Penrod's Papa,
Mr. Tarkington

Well, well,
Mr. H. G. Wells!

Chaney, 'Man of a Thousand Faces,' will Now be Known as 'The Man of a Thousand Voices.' He has fallen for the Talkers at Last!

CHANEY Comes Back

The Great Character Actor Breaks His Long Silence

By Bradford Nelson

"I WANT to play rôles in which I can use several voices in the same picture, so that people won't be able to really say which my own natural voice is, just as I have always used make-up, so that they don't quite know what my real face is like!"

That's Lon Chaney's idea of keeping up the singular mystery that surrounds him, now that he's going to talk for the screen. And incidentally, in doing it, he's going to dig up all the tricks from his old bag, when he played characters on the stage before he went into pictures. For, long before he was a 'man of a thousand faces,' he was really a man of a thousand voices, a utility character player ready to jump in and play anything from a college boy to a Methusaleh; from a Dutch comedian to an English chappie.

Lon Chaney held out against the talkers because he didn't want to destroy the mystery surrounding his characters. But he has finally solved the problem.

When audiences hear him use as many as five voices in a picture, they'll wonder, perhaps; but after all, when one considers his training, there's not so much to wonder at. In small traveling companies, an actor used to be ready to play anything, sometimes three or four parts in the same play. The old time stock actor learned make-up and dialect to hold his job; he had to be ready with his tricks at a moment's notice.

And that's the secret of why the man of a thousand faces will have no difficulty in becoming the man of a thousand voices, too.

This matter of using his natural voice was one of the things that kept Chaney holding out against the talkies for so long.

"When you hear a person talk," says Chaney, "you begin to know him better. And my whole career has been devoted, in my case, to keeping people from knowing me. It has taken years to build up a sort of mystery that is my stock in trade. And I wouldn't sacrifice it by talking.

"But the public, on the other hand, demands that we screen players talk, and so talk we must. And I don't want to talk and spoil any illusion. So, when I talked over the new contract with Mr. Thalberg, among other things I mentioned that difficulty.

"Thalberg saw the answer quickly. 'You've done all kinds of dialect and character stuff on the stage,' he suggested. 'Just use a couple of voices and let 'em guess.'

"And so that was the answer."

Chaney's many voices are the product of long years of toil. He began practicing them when, as a prop boy in a theater at Colorado Springs, he used to watch the great stars of the day such as Mansfield, Mantell, and others, make up and assume their different rôles. He used to watch Mansfield in "Ivan the Terrible" one night and "Beau Brummell" the next, noting how subtle changes in voice, carriage, and make-up changed the very soul, seemingly, of the man.

"Those old actors," says Chaney, "never showed the audience themselves, but literally donned the personality of the character they were playing. From the first, when I started to act, I resolved to be as like them as I could. Instead of being a type, and playing nothing but myself, I always wanted to try and play someone else, submerging my own personality.

"On the stage I had plenty of chances. One of the first shows I was in, I had to play an old hick sheriff, come in on the second act as the town drunk, and in the third act play a Dutchman, (Continued on page 116)

Fantastic Hollywood

Cecil Beaton's Impressions of Screen City

As Told To Rosa Reilly

The young English artist went to Hollywood to illustrate Anita Loos' new book about the movies and remained to make remarkable portraits of screen stars, a series of which comprise the de luxe rotogravure section beginning on the opposite page. You will wish to save and frame these Beaton pictures

"HOLLYWOOD is the most incredibly fantastic city in the world," said Cecil Beaton, famous young English illustrator, artist and photographer, who has just returned from his pulchritude pilgrimage to the screen city.

"Hollywood," he continued, "is a triumph of bad taste. And I never knew bad taste could be such fun!

"I went to Hollywood," Mr. Beaton went on, "primarily with a view to doing drawings and caricatures to illustrate Anita Loos' new book on this film town. But I also went to crash down the barriers of my illusions.

"On the screen in London, Paris, and New York I have watched my favorite cinema stars and even in this day of realism to me they possessed great romance and glamour. I knew if I went to Hollywood and saw these stars in person that the romance and glamour would fade away. And it was a terrific extravagance for me to go there for I have always held the theory that stage and screen personalities should never be seen by the public out of character. They should never mix with the world. They should live a life apart so that the millions of theater and cinema-goers might retain their illusions.

"But paradoxically enough, even though I realized the stars would lose their glamour for me if I went to Hollywood and saw them in person, and although I knew it was a mistake to go—I did go. And it was glorious fun smashing the last barrier!

"Hollywood is the most artificial place in the world. And because it is, I love it. I love the paradox that is Hollywood—the mixing of naturalness and artificiality. I hate the painted doll type of girl who looks like she wears a mask. But I adore a flesh and blood human woman who puts that sort of doll coating on herself. It is a delightful pretense. It amuses me to see her trying to clothe her face; to cover her naivete or her hard-boiledness, as the case may be, with this painted doll pretense.

"As a child and a growing boy I was brought up in a very social atmosphere. None of my people were stage people. And it was like flying to have suggested that I be allowed to go behind the stage. I was taken to the minimum amount of pantomimes but when I got old enough I ran off to the matinées whenever I could, pretending, of course, to be playing at home in the garden.

"Because everything artificial was kept so far away from me, I began to like artificial things more than real experiences. For instance, as a child when anybody asked me where I would like most of all to live I would say immediately, back-stage among the stage scenery.

"For the same reason in childhood, an artificial stage garden where the flowers were made of linen and flannel became much more desirable to me than a real garden. To see a stage tree—which has only one side—gave me more kick than to see a real tree.

"Those childish fantasies have stayed with me somewhat. Therefore, when I went to Hollywood my old childhood world of pretense was re-created. I found an artificial city—and because it was artificial I enjoyed it a thousand times more.

"Now, of course, you'll want to know what I thought of the Hollywood actors and actresses. Did they all disappoint me? To be candid, I must admit nearly all did. But there were a precious few who were more wonderful off the stage than on.

"Take Norma Shearer, for instance. On the screen you realize that she has a marvelous complexion and lovely hair. It is, therefore, an added delight to see that her

(Continued on page 128)

Meet Cecil Beaton. Only twenty four years old, yet already his work has attracted world attention. He contributes his clever articles, drawings, and portrait studies to Vogue *and* Vanity Fair.

Portrait by

Cecil Beaton

Anita Loos

Portrait by

Cecil Beaton

Gary Cooper

Joan Crawford

Portrait by
Cecil Beaton

Portrait by

Cecil Beaton

Alice White

Portrait by

Cecil Beaton

Portrait by
Cecil Beaton

Jeanette Loff

Portrait by
Cecil Beaton

Ramon Novarro.

Portrait by

Cecil Beaton

Corinne Griffith

Portrait by

Cecil Beaton

Clive Brook

Portrait by
Cecil Beaton

Edmund Lowe.

Portrait by

Lilyan Tashman

Portrait by

Anita Page

Portrait by

Gil Burton

Mary Briand

Portrait by
Cecil Beaton

Marion Davies

Portrait by

Buddy Rogers

Portrait by

Charles G. Buckford

Won By A VOICE

Charles Bickford is No Novarro in the Close-ups, but Vocally he is a Don Juan

By Keith Richards

Framed by a tawny mane of carrot-red hair, Bickford's strong features stand out sharply as he talks, his blue eyes crinkly with wit.

THE woman from St. Louis stifled a shriek.

"Gracious!" she gasped to her table companion. "Can Charles Bickford really look like *that*—hasn't he make-up on?"

Bickford wrinkled his ruddy countenance into a grin as he overheard the conversation.

"Funny, isn't it," he observed. "People can't believe a guy could have a map like mine and still live—let alone make money on it!"

Framed by a tawny mane of carrot-red hair, Bickford's strong features stand out sharply as he talks, his blue eyes crinkly with pools of wit. The very first thing you notice about Bickford is the blondness of his eye-brows, strangely contrasting the violent coloring of his complexion and hair.

A sailorman by inclination and temperament, Bickford presents an enigmatical figure in Hollywood. If he owns a Tuxedo he has it hidden somewhere. He goes about town in a pair of dungarees and a white sailor hat jerked over his eyes.

He towers better than six feet-one and tips the beam at 185 pounds and is bone and muscle all the way through. His fists resemble sledge-hammers and he perils the table as he thumps vigorously to add emphasis to his remarks.

When you see him walk with that rolling gait of his you are not at all surprised to learn he is more interested in his success at running a fleet of whaling boats out of San Pedro than his glowing record of stage and screen triumphs.

He goes about Hollywood in a pair of dungarees and a white sailor hat. And he's a handy man around a car.

Bickford, as you may know, was brought out from the New York stage by Cecil B. De Mille for "Dynamite." He followed this in quick succession with "South Sea Rose," "Hell's Heroes," and "Anna Christie." Some of his Broadway plays were "Chicago," "Gods of Lightning" and "Bless You Sister." Incidentally, he is now re-writing one of his own plays for the stage, spicily titled, "The Sandy Hooker."

This red-thatched giant confesses a perpetual stage of unrest. He always is seeking new faces and places to slake his burning thirst for high adventure and romance in the raw.

You become curious, as he talks, most of his conversation startling to one following a prosaic and peaceful existence.

"But why whales?" you ask.

"Greatest sport in the world," he says. "And they bring plenty of dough."

Ugly wounds attract your attention as he folds his hands before him.

"Oh, that's nothing," he explains. "Just some sea elephant nips. The cussed things were asleep in

(Cont. on page 118)

"For comfort give me the close bob, but for my work the neck-length," says Kay Francis (left), who is wearing her hair a bit longer.

"Short hair for me!" smiles Fay Wray. If a part demands long hair, Fay just wears a wig.

BOB *or*

What the Hollywood About the

By Helen

WOMAN'S crowning glory seems to be giving her a lot of trouble since the dressmakers decided to lengthen all the skirts. As Janet Gaynor says, short hair just doesn't seem to go with long skirts. And long hair doesn't seem to go with short skirts.

"What are you going to do? Long skirts are worn in the evening but short skirts are still the vogue for day-time wear," we asked.

Janet spread her little hands as though giving it up. "I'm trying to save the situation by letting mine grow long enough to tuck under for different types of dressing but still short enough to arrange so that it looks bobbed when I want it that way—the neck-length bob, I suppose you would call it."

Janet's hair is naturally curly, and just now she is wearing it in a flat coil at the back of her neck and pulled rather high on her head, as though she had an infant pompadour. She likes this new way very much. It gives her an appearance of dignity.

Most of the girls think the bob is about on its last legs as far as pictures are concerned, though they prefer it for personal comfort. As Gloria Swanson says, she couldn't think of bobbing hers because she likes to change her coiffure with each gown. To her way of thinking, a whole ensemble can be utterly ruined by the wrong line of one's hair-do. You see how 'up' we are on the latest terms. 'Hair-do' is Janet's, though, not Gloria's. At least, I never heard Gloria use it.

Ruth Chatterton enjoys the freedom of a bob which is cut just a little below her ears. Is short hair easier to care for?

Hedda Hopper, one of our smartest and most sophisticated players, is growing hers right this minute. "One has to, with the long evening dresses coming in," she sighed. "It will be a terrible nuisance and it breaks my heart to give up the bob, also, I think long hair makes a woman look older; but," she laughed gaily, "I must be in the fashion, darling! Fashion has decreed long skirts and long hair is a natural development —for the actress at least. If I were not on the screen I wouldn't think of growing it."

It was a surprise to find Norma Shearer's hair rather long. It had always impressed me as being short. I remember a picture made two or three years ago in which

Dolores Del Rio prefers suffering for a tradition—her tresses remain long.

Sue Carol believes the wind-blown bob, which she wears in pictures and out, is the most becoming coiffure she can find for herself.

GROW?

Girls are Doing Coiffure Question

Ludlam

she played a girl lawyer. It looked like a very sleek bob that she was wearing, but Norma told me her hair was very long at that time. She dressed it tight to her head with a little knot somewhere almost out of sight. She bobbed it shortly after that, wishing to make her head look smaller but curiously enough it had the opposite effect. Now she has almost a neck-length bob which she curls very tightly so that it can be arranged to look exactly as though it were bobbed, and yet, for evening wear she can wind the curls into a knot. Norma always likes to have her ears and forehead uncovered. She thinks women's faces lose character when their foreheads and ears are completely covered. But then, Norma forgets that she has the type of face that trying style of hairdressing particularly becomes. Her ears are small and lie flat to her head, and her forehead and face are distinctly classical in mould. Believe me, that makes a difference, Norma!

Greta has established the Garbo bob, as it was called, and then business demanded that she keep it that way. It was said that Greta chaffed at this at times because she wanted to crop it closely. But it seems to me that anything this young woman really wants to do, she does, and the studio can like it—or else. Greta went in one of her disguises to the opening of her first talking picture, "Anna Christie." For some strange reason Metro did not give this picture one of Hollywood's grand openings. Maybe they figured it didn't need the publicity push it would get by having an 'opening.' It gave the public a chance to see the show a day sooner than they would otherwise, and I guess the fans were glad of that. As many as could crowd into the theater were there and Greta was much amused to see what seemed to be dozens of Greta Garbos sitting all around her. "They look more like me than I do myself," she laughed. All of them had their hair the length and arranged in the style she wore it in "The Kiss." In "Anna Christie" it was different. "And now will the poor children have to get used to wearing it that way?" she wondered. In "Romance" she will do it another way, but she has not decided just how. I'll bet there will be a Garbo (Continued on page 125)

Short hair doesn't go with long skirts, decided Janet Gaynor; so she has adopted the convenient neck-length bob.

A GIFT *from* Joan and Doug, Jr.

The Famous Young Fairbankses Offer a Gift of their Own Choosing to the Fan Who Writes the Best Answer to Their Question: Do You Want Joan and Doug, Jr. to Play Opposite Each Other on the Screen? Give Reasons for Your Answer

Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the Sessions Westminster chime clock. It is a Model A, eight-day clock in a mahogany case with gold-plated sash and silver dial. Yours for the best letter!

THE Hey, Hey, girl is a home girl now! Joan Crawford has gone domestic and she loves it. She is interested in draperies, embroideries, furnishings and everything pertaining to the home.

The Sessions Westminster clock gift is definite proof of how thoroughly domesticated both Joan and Doug, Jr. have become. On the mantle at El Jodo, the Fairbanks, Jr. domain, there is a clock identical with the one they are offering to you for the best letter answering their question. And this same model clock is used in all the Sessions clock broadcastings. However, the chimes can be silenced, as you prefer.

Now, if you wish to win this gift clock write the best letter answering Joan's and Doug's question. By best letter is meant the clearest, cleverest and most sincerely written.

Joan and Doug, Jr. have discovered it's the key that makes the clock tick. The clock is warranted to be free from mechanical defects. With ordinary care it will give a life-time of dependable service.

The clock will play the well-known Westminster melody as follows: four notes on the first quarter, eight notes on the half hour, twelve notes on the three quarters and sixteen notes on the hour.

JOAN and Doug want to know if you think it a good plan for a husband and wife to play opposite each other on the screen. Do you think there is as much interest in a film when the leading players are really married? You saw Joan and Dodo in "Our Modern Maidens"—only they weren't really lovers in this picture; Rod La Rocque won the fair Joan from Doug. What were your reactions after seeing them on the screen together—favorable or unfavorable? Would you like to see them co-star in a film, this time with Joan and Doug, Jr. living happily ever after? Tell them; they want to know.

Joan and Doug have given this question considerable thought and are anxious to please you. So now they ask you to help them decide. To co-star or not to co-star, that is the question that is puzzling Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Make your choice but put it in writing and win the reward for writing the best letter.

The question you must answer: Do you want Joan and Doug, Jr. to play opposite each other on the screen? Give reasons for your answer.

Address — MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes May 10, 1930

MEET *the* KING

A new idol? See Dennis King in "The Vagabond King" and Polish Up the Old Crown and Sceptre

By Frank Vreeland

Dennis King is the latest stage star to enter the lists for screen supremacy. He has youth, good looks, and a Barrymore manner.

THE screen is in luck. It has not only captured Dennis King, glamorous figure of stage operetta and now newly acclaimed star in the film firmament with "The Vagabond King." But it is to retain his singing voice, while his speaking tones only will hereafter be given to the stage. King himself indicates that hereafter he will conserve his mellifluous vibrations for the recording cameras alone. In other words, his body may belong to Massa Broadway, but his lyric soul belongs to the screen.

Not many stars of the footlights are able to make this distinction, virtually insuring two different incarnations on stage and screen. None of them, so far, has been willing to make it, keeping their melodious vocalizings for one medium, their more prosaic tonsilizings for another. As anyone who has seen "The Vagabond King" will acknowledge, it is a happy chance for filmgoers that King, given an ovation which few stars receive upon their film debut, has made this unique decision in favor of the silver sheet.

It was a happy chance in the first place, that King became a singing star at all. In his early theatrical days he thought only of being an actor in speaking rôles. It might be the usual thing at this point to tap the hooey reservoir and state barefacedly that King had all along been nourishing grand opera dreams, and that his ambition is to flourish some day at the Metropolitan and La Scala.

As a matter of fact, King never had any such grandiose illusions. He used to sing in his dressing room for the best of all reasons—for the sheer joy of singing, and because he had to use up his surplus supply of abounding vitality. He gave impromptu concerts for the rest of the cast in his dressing room, just as he still gave them while in Hollywood making "The Vagabond King." The others in his various companies always gathered about and expressed great enjoyment of his robust runs and zestful crescendos, but King never took their appreciation seriously. Not that he wished to make a show of bogus modesty over it, but, by a strange quirk, it never actually entered his head that he might make some professional use of his voice.

Theatrical friends actually had to work over him to spur him into the new field. One of those who urged him on a vocal course was O. P. Heggie, with whom King acted in his early days in America in the comedy "Happy-Go-Lucky," and whom he met again after several years when Heggie went to the Paramount studios in Hollywood to play the rôle of *King Louis XI* in "The Vagabond King."

The star's diffidence is all the odder when it is considered that he came to this country from England in a production notable for its songs — the operetta version of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Yet, in the London troupe that sang it here King had a speaking part only, and its tunefulness did not seem to inspire him with any desire to have a singing rôle. It was only the insistence of friends that finally turned him to taking vocal lessons with the idea of making a profit out of what had been a pastime. It was sheer luck again that brought him his first opportunity in a lyric rôle.

"I had been taking lessons for a while," he says, "when someone told me that Arthur Hammerstein was looking for a leading man for 'Rose Marie' who could sing. My friend advised me to try for it. I didn't expect anything to come of it, but I just thought I'd apply, as a joke. Hammerstein heard my voice and engaged me, much to my own surprise."

It was fortunate for King that Arthur Hammerstein gave him his first test in his new type of performance. Hammerstein was associated for years with his father, the redoubtable Oscar, when the latter was making operatic history at the Manhattan, and he is one of the few Broadway producers who really knows a good voice on the strength of his own judgment, without waiting for others to pronounce it excellent. It was likewise a felicitous break for King that the producer was looking, at the time, for

a leading man with quality to his singing, but without a reputation which would detract from Mary Ellis, the star of "Rose Marie." Otherwise King, who had made his mark strikingly as the *Mercutio* with Jane Cowl in her presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" but had not had an important leading rôle on Broadway, might have had to struggle up along the discouraging road of minor rôles in his new lyric capacity.

As it was, he became a leading man in operetta at one bound. At one bound, also, he won recognition in his metamorphosed work. Broadway had heard vaguely that he was taking vocal lessons from a coach, but Broadway, as usual, set this down to the usual publicity *walla-walla*. Broadway got one of the surprises of its life when it found that Dennis King was not overshadowed by the unquestioned ability of Miss Ellis.

Still, nothing permanent in the new line seemed likely to come of it for King, and he was all prepared to drift back to speaking pieces for a living. But his vocal fervor had made a deep impression on Russell Janney. Here again, King had fortune with him. Janney was a young and venturesome producer, ready to take chances and without a big bankroll behind him. Had he been a more established manager, moving only by precedent and possessing a monetary supply enabling him to procure high-priced established singers, he would not have entrusted an important part like the title rôle of "The Vagabond King" to a comparative newcomer in musical shows, with just one such performance to his credit. But Janney was ready to take a chance, and as a result, made fame for King and fortune for himself.

King's first screen rôle is the colorful Francois Villon, which he played in the original version of "The Vagabond King."

He brings something new in romantic masculine charm to the movies. Like him in this close-up?

A singing lover: Dennis King says it with melody to Jeanette MacDonald, playing a proud, but not too proud princess in "The Vagabond King."

Now that King is firmly entrenched on both screen and stage, he wants to go on playing romantic costume parts in both mediums, with the aforementioned difference in song. It is the swing and dash of such rôles that fire most adequately King's own soaring spirit.

"I want to play such resounding rôles as *Hamlet, Romeo, Richard III, Cellini,* and *L'Aiglon,*" he said. "I have enough money now to live very comfortably. In future, either before the camera or the footlights, I want to do only the kind of rôles that have been tugging at my imagination for years. I think there is scope for them now. Few players are trained nowadays to get full value out of the sonorous lines. And it is only lines and parts with a sweep and spirit to them that really capture the mind and make the most lasting impression. And few players," he added with a smile, "know how to wear tights nowadays. I happen to have had experience at both."

Two other things he is (*Continued on page* 126)

HOLLYWOOD

Want to Crash the Screen Stars' Parties? Then Make the Rounds with Grace Kingsley

"THERE'LL be plenty of diplomats there, I'll be bound!" exclaimed Patsy, when I told her we were invited to the opening of the new Hollywood Embassy Club, where just everybody in pictures would be present.

Such a crush Hollywood has rarely seen as wedged itself into the beautiful French period ballroom of the Embassy. The furnishings are in exquisite taste, with much olive green set off by a little gold, and with rich curtains, carpets and French period chairs and sofas, with even the traditional crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

We were to go with just the nicest crowd — Natalie Kingston and her husband, a banker named George Andersh, a charming man and most devoted to his beautiful wife; Ona Brown and Harvey Barnes, and Ruth Stonehouse and her husband, Felix Hughes, the vocal teacher, who has dozens of picture stars under his tutelage.

There was an overflow gathering out on the roof garden, we heard, but it was so chilly out there that they had rapidly managed to find themselves places indoors.

Colleen Moore was one of the most prominent stars at the opening of the supper club, with John McCormick, her producer husband.

Ina Claire was at the opening of the new Hollywood Embassy Club—latest and most exclusive of movie gatherings.

"You merely go into a huddle on the dance floor," remarked Natalie. "You can't really dance, you know. But we Hollywoodites seem to love that. We flee from a quiet place as from the plague."

"Oh," exclaimed Patsy, "there are Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire, not looking the least bit divorced!"

"But you can hardly see the guests for the party!" remarked Natalie.

Louise Fazenda was there with Hal Wallis, her producer-husband, Louise wearing her hair in a sort of skinned-backed fashion, so that she looked more than usual as she does in pictures. Nobody ever knows Louise on the street, you know, and she can travel long distances on trains and boats without anybody recognizing her, since she is really a handsome, smartly dressed woman in real life.

"Oh, there are Catherine Dale Owen and Prince Troubetskoy!" cried Patsy. "I hear they are more or less engaged!"

"If there can be degrees in engagement—" suggested Natalie.

PARTY NIGHTS

By Our Party Reporter

Anita Stewart and her new husband, George Converse, Jr., from a flashlight taken on the roof at the opening of the smart new Embassy Club.

Blanche Sweet was there, looking much younger and prettier than she did ten years ago, accompanied by Danny Denker; and we caught sight of Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell; Edmund Lowe—Lilyan Tashman, his wife, was in New York; Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg; Charles Christie, Darryl Zanuck and Mrs. Zanuck, William Seiter and Laura La Plante, Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere, Elsie Janis and Edmund Goulding, Ruth Clifford and James Cornelius, Alice White and Sid Bartlett; Alice Day and her fiance, Jack Cohn, the broker; Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, Antonio Moreno and his wife, Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, Norman Kerry and Marion Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Tim McCoy, Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, Robert Edeson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards and Armida, Hedda Hopper, Buster Collier, and dozens of others.

Mervyn Le Roy just would Charleston, no matter who his partner happened to be, and no matter how long he had to Charleston on one spot.

Hedda Hopper smiled bravely, as she remarked from the crushing crowd on the dance floor—"Well, this is cheaper than Sylvia!" Sylvia, you know, is the masseuse who helps all the picture stars to get thin.

Buddy Rogers was there, but I don't know whom he brought.

Paul Whiteman and his band made an impressive entrance, very late. Paul, we heard, was a little peeved. He had asked for a table for some friends, and hadn't been able to get it. At any rate, he didn't play for the dancing, as we had expected, but he and his band played some selections, as only the Paul Whiteman can, and then left, covered with honors and great dignity.

That playing made us all feel so peppy that Ona Brown suggested we ought to have community singing! But she said she wouldn't be brave enough to start it.

Ruth Stonehouse said that the first time she heard Whiteman play he was great, even if he hadn't his Tuxedo technique then! (*Continued on page* 123)

Fred Niblo and his wife, Enid Bennett, were at the Embassy opening, too. Tony Moreno was in the Niblo party.

"I Knew Them When"

By Ronnee Madison

Nancy Carroll received more mash notes than Jimmy Walker when she was on the stage. Red-haired Irish Nancy, who knew what she wanted and went after it!

SHADES of the Caesars, chorus boys and Boston cream pie, who'd have thought it!

Quick, Cleopatra, the snake, this little girl's got to wake up.

Can you imagine it? The old gang's gone and done it! Yep, just what they always wanted to do. 'Gone movie.'

Look! I see the names of Nancy Carroll and Jack Oakie in lights a yard high, on dear old Broadway. And there's Raymond Hackett featured in "Madame X" and James Hall's face smiling out of "Smiling Irish Eyes." Oooh, and watch Joan Crawford packing them in at that big house up the street. My old working pals and associates, climbing the ladder of fame in dazzling rapidity, until this old cranium cries out for help.

What a grand bunch they were! Ah, give me an ear, old friend, and I'll tell you a story of the faces on memory's wall. Sad music, please.

It seems only yesterday that Nancy Carroll and yours truly were ducking rehearsals of a musical comedy and giving the stage manager the latest in alibis and horse-laughs. Nancy, the sweetest-faced Mick who ever ogled at the front row. She, who received more mash notes and gifts than Jimmy Walker and who sent back all the gifts except the candy. Whereat, the gang proceeded to go on a candy spree. And the day Nancy and I, feeling great on two orangeades, (believe it or not) held up one of the leading men in our show for three hamburger sandwiches and paraded the boardwalk in Atlantic City, looking for a poor, cold, hungry, cop to give the extra sandwich to. We found the cop but ate the sandwich ourselves after, he having informed us that he never ate onions while on duty. Gosh, and I remember the hot discussions that went on about the current movie stars and what we would do, if we earned their money and had their fame. Nancy's decision was to take care of all those she loved first, and then buy all the clothes in the world. Wonder what she thought the rest of us would wear? Suggestions to Nancy that she try the movies usually met with the same reply, "Well, you never can tell." "Who knows?" Ambitious Nancy, working night clubs after the regular evening show, rehearsing all day, taking care of her adorable wee home, and trying to match her hours to those of her husband's. Red-headed Irish Nancy, who knew what she wanted and went after it.

Jack Oakie makes everybody laugh. Here his mother is reversing the order. Tickle, tickle!

Jack Oakie! Whew, what a performer! A born trouper. Possessed three passions: cards, coffee, and the eternal feminine. His ruling passion, however, was his faith in himself. Assuring everyone that some day he'd be 'in the money.' Had a quip for every knock that life gave. Always borrowing but always paying back. A scamp who would kid the Pope himself, and give the shirt off his back to the first one who asked for it. When he met this writer for the first time, he had her blushing furiously within five minutes by insisting she never got the clothes she was wearing on her small salary. Decided he was going to the Coast to crash pictures, since the talkies were a success and he wasn't proud. Oakie the ir-

Reminiscences About Celebrities by a Trouper Who Knew Them Before They Were Famous

Joan Crawford, who was then known as Lucille Le Seur, the perfect showgirl because she never took a show seriously.

A chap with a twinkle in his eyes though never a crease in his clothes, always immaculate—Jimmy Hall.

Raymond Hackett always seemed to have an inferiority complex away from the stage, so retiring was he.

repressible! A divine sense of humor, a ready tongue, and a wit not always without its darts. 'A natural.'

Then there's Raymond Hackett, the nicest juvenile on the legitimate stage. The boy who, seeing this writer dressed in a thin spring outfit for 'art's' sake, shivering in the wings of a Shubert theater, insisted she put on her coat and 'art' be hanged. Raymond the imperturbable, who finally broke up entirely, when a dummy which was used as a dramatic highlight in a well-known play was revealed upon uncovering to be wearing a gorgeous red necktie and sporting a pair of rakish black sideburns, instead of the customary somber attire. The boy who loved dogs and always seemed to have an inferiority complex away from the stage, so retiring and unobtrusive was he. He knew he was going to Hollywood under contract for pictures, and yet he never told a soul. A lad with a sweet crooked smile, a kindly heart, and a charming wife.

Another old acquaintance! James Hall, alias Jimmy Hamilton. What a crush I had on him! 'Gorgeous Jimmy.' Always immaculate and the first to follow the dictates of 'What the well dressed man will wear.' With his pal Nat Nazzaro, Jr., he would come visiting the gang and bring with him pounds and pounds of grapes as a treat, and then eat them all himself. A lovable rogue always growing serious when women were discussed and insisting that although they were all (Continued on page 113)

MARIE DRESSLER

By Polly Moran

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, the one and only female

A Character Close-Up of One Great Trouper by Another

A portrait of the real Marie Dressler—charming, cultured, sympathetic woman of the world.

indulges in no professional jealousy. Marie

EVERY time I think of what a splendid actress Marie Dressler is I feel like hitting her over the head for doing these slapstick comedies. Honest to goodness, it makes me so discouraged. For years, I've been trying to make her behave herself and be serious, but what's the use?

And oh, what a grand woman Marie is! She has more good in her little finger than most people have in their whole body. She does more for other people than everyone else put together does for her. When Marie was slim, young and beautiful, she kicked her heels in the back row of the chorus before she moved up to row one, and before she made her first big hit in the old Weber and Field Show. She had a tough time, too. So now when she sees youngsters about to get in wrong she takes them to a quiet tea at her house and when the tea is over the youngsters find their troubles all ironed out. And when we go into a department store, you ought to see the shop girls gather around to wait on Marie.

And it's not only youngsters who are crazy about Marie Dressler. A lot of people who come out to this Film-land-by-the-Boulevard expect to find sweet sixteen sitting on top of the world. But when it comes to real popularity not even the snappiest profile or pair of legs stand a chance against our Marie. She doesn't bother her head about face-lifting or mud-packs or beauty parlors and the passing of that girlish figure doesn't worry her a bit. But, by actual count, she gets more invitations than any three of the most beautiful flappers of filmdom lumped together. And I happen to know that a (Continued on page 111)

POLLY MORAN

By Marie Dressler

One Half of a Comedy Team Tells on the Other Half in Fun

comedy team on the screen. And here is one team that and Polly are pals, on and off the screen.

I WOULDN'T want Polly Moran to know it for the world, but I think it's a crime the way she clowns all the time and makes a fool of herself—and such a clever actress. Why, Polly was a sensationally successful single in vaudeville from the time she left high school. She did her act in America, Europe and Africa. She knew more stage doormen by their first names before she was twenty-one than the modern movie youngsters will ever know. She really is capable of serious things, you know. And to think she would choose slapstick comedy as a life-long profession, and throw custard pies and let Billy Haines kick her and all that. It's quite too much for me!

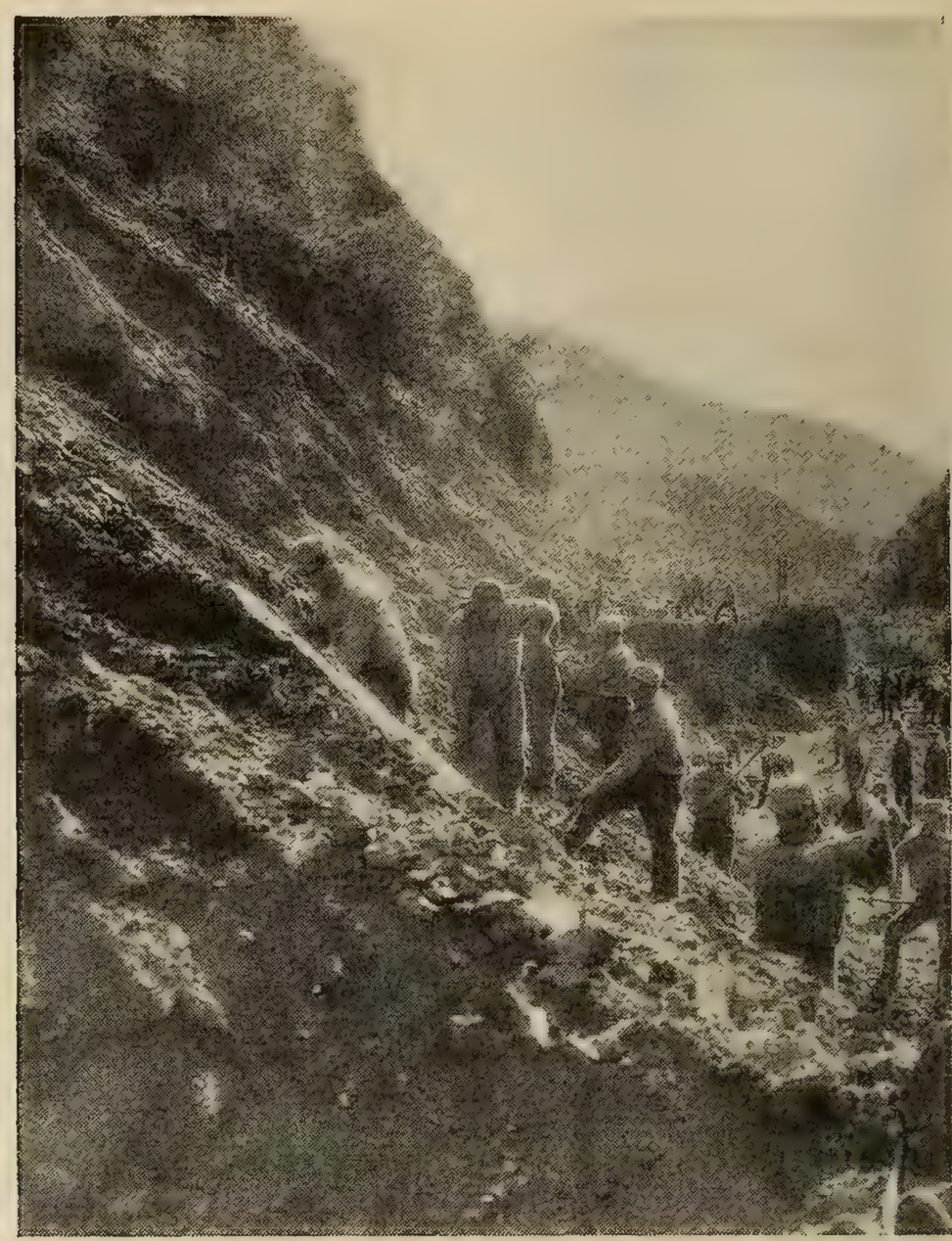
For years Polly and I have been inseparable chums on and off the screen. Perhaps we are the only two women ever to form a lasting comedy team—I don't know about that. I do know that for years we have worried about each other, our indispositions, families, income taxes and appetites.

Polly is like my own flesh and blood. I don't know what we would do without each other. Our affection for each other makes our working hours together a joy. There's not the slightest particle of jealousy between us, as there almost always is in teams. Both of us have lived long enough to know better than that. We have tried a little of everything—love, life and the stage. Now, after all these years, we find ourselves in something else again—talking pictures. We are starting all over again. We believe there is no such thing as age or poverty, for one is old and broke only when health (Continued on page 111)

Polly Moran as she really looks. She is Billy Haines' best friend as well as Marie's.

ON LOCATION *with* "Numbered Men"

By Helen Ludlam



The scenes for "Numbered Men" were made at a
The 'prisoners' in this shot are hard-

WHEN I heard this location was to be in a prison camp I was so thrilled I didn't even mind getting up early in the morning. It was my first meeting with a prison and I thought I might see old friends there. One can never tell in these days of prohibition and alimony just where lightning will strike, which for no particular reason reminds me of a story.

A motorist was getting a great kick out of breaking all the Los Angeles traffic laws. When the traffic cop finally caught up with him an explanation was demanded. "Do you think," the cop wanted to know, "that this city was built just for you and your kiddy car?"

The motorist's wife leaned toward the irate policeman and said soothingly: "Don't you mind him, officer. He's just been drinking!"

I didn't happen to know any of the gang at the camp but one of the actors recognized a familiar face. Out of the fifty-six prisoners forty-two were in for non-payment of alimony. "Say, you needn't laugh," the prisoner said to the actor. "You may be married yourself some day!" which isn't much of a compliment to us girls.

At that, it didn't seem to be such a hard life. In fact, it made men of two or three imprisoned for acute alcoholism. The camp was miles up in the mountains beyond Saugus and the location, on the road half a mile above the camp. The prisoners were working some distance ahead of us. They couldn't be in the picture because it was against the state or prison rules but they had to walk through our midst on their way to and from lunch and seemed to be very much interested in movies in the making.

The nice-looking boy at the left is Mervyn Le Roy, the youngest director of successful screenplays. Next, Helen Ludlam, our Location Lady, Conrad Nagel, and Raymond Hackett.

It wasn't a comfortable location, but there was plenty of fresh air. The view was gorgeous and the company was swell. There we sat on a road nearly a mile above sea level with mountains towering above us on one side and a deep ravine on the other. We were surrounded by the sound trucks, the busses that brought the extras who acted as prisoners, the studio cars, location chairs, the radio equipment for Mervyn Le Roy to direct through, and all the rest of it. They had four or five loud speakers stationed nearly a quarter of a mile apart so that the men down the road would know just what was going on and could follow direction.

Everyone was bundled up in heavy coats; in fact, I wore two. When it's cold

Mervyn Le Roy, the Boy Director, Puts Raymond Hackett and Conrad Nagel Through their Paces for New Talker Drama of Prison Life

prison camp miles up in the California mountains. working extras from Hollywood.

Mervyn, Helen and Ray survey the location scene. Note the long line of sound trucks and studio cars.

in sunny California there's no foolin' about it. We were all asking each other what time the snow fall was reported due.

"Don't you want to talk to our rising young juvenile until we get set?" asked Mervyn Le Roy. "You'll be warmer in the car, too."

"Just a moment till I get my mouth on," laughed Raymond Hackett who was balancing his make-up box on his knee while one hand held a mirror and the other guided the grease paint in the way it should go.

Ray has been on the stage since he was knee high to a grasshopper, but "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was his first picture. He didn't know at first whether he liked it or not. "I had an advantage over the rest because I had played the piece on the stage and knew my lines, but they all knew picture technique so we were about even in the end."

He told me about a party he went to shortly after "The Trial of Mary Dugan" had been released. He still felt like a stranger in Hollywood and not at all sure of himself in his new medium of expression. He was, therefore, surprised and touched when John Gilbert, whom he had not met up to that time, walked across the room, shook him by the hand and said, "I just want to tell you how very much I enjoyed your performance in 'The Trial of Mary Dugan,' Mr. Hackett. It was excellent work." John Gilbert was on top of the world then. It was before the microphone had cast its shadow over his brilliant career. "I thought it a very friendly and gracious thing for him to do," Ray continued. "It was as though he understood exactly what I was feeling and wanted to make me feel at home and welcome. He hadn't a thing to gain by it. He was the biggest star in the studio in which I had a doubtful future. And a few months later when our baby was born Jack heard about it and sent an armful of flowers to my wife, which was certainly a very charming gesture from a busy star to a newcomer on the lot."

But now Ray is all set, with one of the brightest of futures dangling well within reach. And he adores pictures. "There is so much change, never any monotony. I used to get frantic after a play had run a few weeks. Sometimes I'd be in a cold sweat before I went on for fear I'd forget my lines. Did you ever know a thing so well that you *don't* know it? That's what happened to me. You never have to worry about that in pictures."

That's an old trick in the theater. I heard that it happened to Edwin Booth after his one hundredth performance of "Hamlet." Toward the end of a scene the lines completely left his mind and they had to ring down the curtain. (*Continued on page* 108)

Conrad Nagel, Raymond Hackett and George Cooper as "Numbered Men" in a sound scene directed by Le Roy.

Joan Bennett is one of the daintiest, sweetest and most demure girls on the screen. But she is really practical, poised, and independent, a true Bennett.

'GALLY' GROWS UP

Richard Bennett's Pet Daughter is Now a Great, Big Screen Star

By

Will F. Portman

UP until three months ago, the famous stage star, Richard Bennett, always called his third daughter, Joan, 'Little Gally.' Those were the first words he tenderly whispered into her baby ears and he might have continued using the term of endearment indefinitely had she not paid him a flying visit after spending fourteen months in Hollywood. After he saw the graceful woman who glided into his arms, it seemed ridiculous to address her by the childish title so he dropped the 'Little' and substituted 'Big.'

It is truly astonishing what one year of Hollywood will do to a girl. She may arrive green as the proverbial grass only to have her color complex completely changed within a few short months. She may also come loaded with laudable ambitions and quickly lose them in the mazes of cabarets and night clubs where world-famous orchestras dispense jazzy sophistication. There are a few who retain their ambitions, thereby rapidly achieving success, and to this class belongs 'Little Gally.'

As James Cruze aptly puts it: "There's no half-way station in pictures. Either you go up or down," meaning, of course, that it is impossible to straddle success. One must keep climbing else some other person will occupy the spotlight. Fortunately, 'Little Gally' held the same viewpoint as Cruze and did no straddling. All of her time has been devoted to climbing and she is very near the top.

Joan takes no interest in the night life of Hollywood. Her dad warned his 'Little Gally' against such things and she has paid strict attention to his advice. Sometimes she goes to the Roosevelt or Montmartre for dinner, but that is the extent of her rambles after dark. Studio officials almost had to use force in order to get her out to see the premiere of her first picture. Once she attended an Embassy Ball as an invited guest. While this is considered a great honor by actresses, it made no lasting impression on 'Little Gally.' She would much rather play bridge with a few congenial friends than spend the night dancing even if it was at an Embassy Ball.

Night clubs are Joan's pet loathing. She cannot understand the attraction they have for some people. Mentioning the name to Joan is like shaking a red parasol at a bull. Only once has she visited such a place and cares for no further introduction.

"Why, the very title is misleading," declares Joan. "I will admit it has a certain fascination, but why call a place that never closes a night club? My daddy tells of a Westerner who came to New York for business and pleasure. His first act was to send for a guide who knew the town. When that worthy arrived, the visitor said: "I'll be busy until evening. Then I want to go places."

"Righto," answered the guide. "We'll start with a night club."

" 'Night club?' shouted the Westerner. 'Say, fellow, I'm an all-day sucker. Show me some place I can keep going for twenty-four hours.'

"From all I have heard, Hollywood is not half so bad as it is painted," continued Joan, "but its night life is better publicized. The public keeps an eye on its amusement center. Stage actresses on (*Continued on page* 121)

Portrait of LUPE VELEZ by G. Luhrs, Screenland Magazine insert for May, 1930

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

A SCENE of young love and springtime that makes us want to grab our hat and rush out into the country—somewhere, anywhere!—to some such babbling brook as this. But could we find it? And when we got there would it look so tempting? Somehow, the location men of the film companies have a talent all their own for tracking down beautiful brooks and majestic mountains and restful rivers. They never look the same when you are face to face with them as they look on the screen. It may be because the film version always includes a handsome young couple like Catherine Dale Owen and Paul Cavanaugh of this little idyll from "The Circle," and they are difficult to duplicate!

Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD as the spirit of spring. Open your windows, everybody, and take long deep breaths of the brand-new air, and then perhaps you may look out on the world with some of the zest and the enthusiasm of young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Anyway, isn't it worth the effort?

Elmer Fryer

ST. MARY of the Angel's, Hollywood's 'Little Church Around the Corner,' offers the actual setting for this inspiring camera study. The rapt expression of Alice White as she poses here transports her far from motion pictures and studios, and carries us back to the Easter Sundays of childhood.

We started out to say something about these pictures of Walter Pidgeon being uniformly excellent; then we thought better of it. After all, anyone can pun; the art is in resisting the temptation. Besides, you can all see for yourselves that Walter cuts a dashing figure in "Bride of the Regiment," and you can just write your own fan letters!

Elmer Fryer

It's about time Mr. Pidgeon is given an opportunity to sing and swagger his way through a real part. He has one of the most expert voices in all Hollywood; and he has had surprisingly few chances to use it for the singing screen. But now that he has won a rich rôle we may expect to see and hear him at regular intervals. We won't complain.

Elmer Fryer

VIVIENNE SEGAL brings one of the best voices on Broadway to singing pictures. She has long been a favorite figurine of the more important musical comedies in Manhattan; and if her opportunities in the films are equal to her abilities she will soon rival her own stage success. Just another case of "Good-bye, Broadway—hello, Hollywood!"

IN "Bride of the Regiment," as in "Song of the West," little Miss Segal is surrounded by uniforms, sung to by bold, brave warriors, pursued by gold braid. Her dainty charm is enhanced by ermines and silks and satins, and she wears them in the most approved musical comedy manner. Each new musical romance seems more elaborate than the last.

DON'T take Charlie Farrell's dreamy look too seriously, young ladies. It is more than likely that he is only wondering how much longer his current picture will take in the filming so that he can go for a cruise on his yacht.

JANET GAYNOR is really much happier than she looks here. She has just been slated for the leading rôle in "Liliom," in which she will have her greatest acting opportunity since her memorable *Diane*.

HARLEM HONEY

UP IN Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" there are many interesting types. That's why tourists consider no visit to New York complete without a trip uptown to Harlem. There they can see the dusky spirit of the dance in its native habitat. There they can hear the primitive music that passes as 'blues,' and sometimes dance to it themselves. Lila Lee, out in Hollywood, has evidently heard of Harlem.

Presenting Lila Lee in a New Rôle, That of a Particularly Tempting Chocolate Confection

All photographs by Preston Duncan

LILA LEE is a real actress. Personally one of the most demure and dignified of all screen girls, she has the artistry and the imagination that enable her to play any part and play it well. Here she submerges her own soft and sweet beauty in the character of a seductive Harlem night-club queen, stomping and strutting her way through the steps of a primitive dance. Thanks, Lila, for these studies.

Gene Robert Richee

STANLEY SMITH in "Sweetie" stopped the whole screen show. In his nice boyish way he caused a polite sensation as a pleasant juvenile who could really sing and not make faces while doing so. With Nancy Carroll in "Honey."

STARS may come and stars may go, and it's no secret that they do, but Jack Holt rides on forever. He is no longer a western star, but has proved his ability by playing a variety of rugged rôles in the more or less audible drama.

Hurrell

THE real, off-the screen William Haines, not the Billy of the smart-aleck movies; a clever young man who sometimes speaks without wise-cracking, and whose best friend is Polly Moran.

May we meet this Haines in the movies!

Ruth Harriet Louise

NORMA SHEARER will make one more talking picture before leaving Hollywood for a European vacation. She has been making pictures, and good ones, for five years, and has earned her rest. But don't stay away too long.

Beauty and the Bunny

It just happens that her best friends call Bernice Claire 'Bunny' —probably because it rhymes with 'honey.'

Right: Alice White may be trying to solve the old, old riddle: which comes first, the chicken or the egg?

Below: Bernice Claire reminds her pet rabbit that he'd better be good or she won't take him Easter-egg rolling.

Alice is just telling the Easter rabbit, a sort of spring Santa Claus, that she'd like a Rolls Royce, please.

Somehow we never suspected that Easter rabbits and things could be so much fun!

You Know It Must Be Spring, When Lovely Movie Ladies Dress Up Like Babies!

All photographs by Elmer Fryer

This picture proves conclusively that Bernice Claire has other talents besides her very beautiful voice.

Left: bringing home the bunny. He has partaken not wisely but too well of the tempting carrot, says Alice.

Alice White, below, devotes herself to her art. We have just discovered we have been awfully artistic all the time.

Anyone who doesn't feel young and spry after this is just an old meany!

Above: we hope Rolf Armstrong won't mind if we admit that Alice White is positively our favorite artist.

Russell Ball

BLANCHE SWEET was the original screen "Anna Christie" of the first, the silent version in the days before Garbo and sound. Blanche is now using her voice to advantage, winning new friends and laurels

Left, James Corbett and right, Walter Catlett in the minstrel scene from "Happy Days."

From "Happy Days":

Walter Catlett: "Well, Mr. Corbett, to tell you the truth I'm feeling very spiritualistic this evening."

Jim Corbett: "How's that?"

Walter Catlett: "Just medium."

Walter Catlett: "Pardon me, Mr. Corbett, would you mind telling me why in the world they call you 'Gentleman Jim'?"

William Collier: "Because he's so polite —why, he never raised his hand to his wife once in his life without lifting his hat first."

BEST LINES of the MONTH

From "Not So Dumb":

Gordon (Elliot Nugent): "Oh, now, Dulcy, dear—I know how tender-hearted you are, but to have this man here with Forbes coming——"

Dulcy (Marion Davies): "Oh, but mistakes will happen in the best ventilated families."

From "So Long Letty":

Grace (Patsy Ruth Miller): "They didn't used to be this way."

Letty (Charlotte Greenwood): "Oh, men are peculiar. They spend their courting days telling us how unworthy they are, and their married life proving it."

From "Burning Up":

Ruth (Mary Brian): "All our industries are marked here. Now this is the peach cannery."

Larrigan (Richard Arlen): "I'm not so interested in them—canned!"

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald in the gorgeous musical, "The Vagabond King."

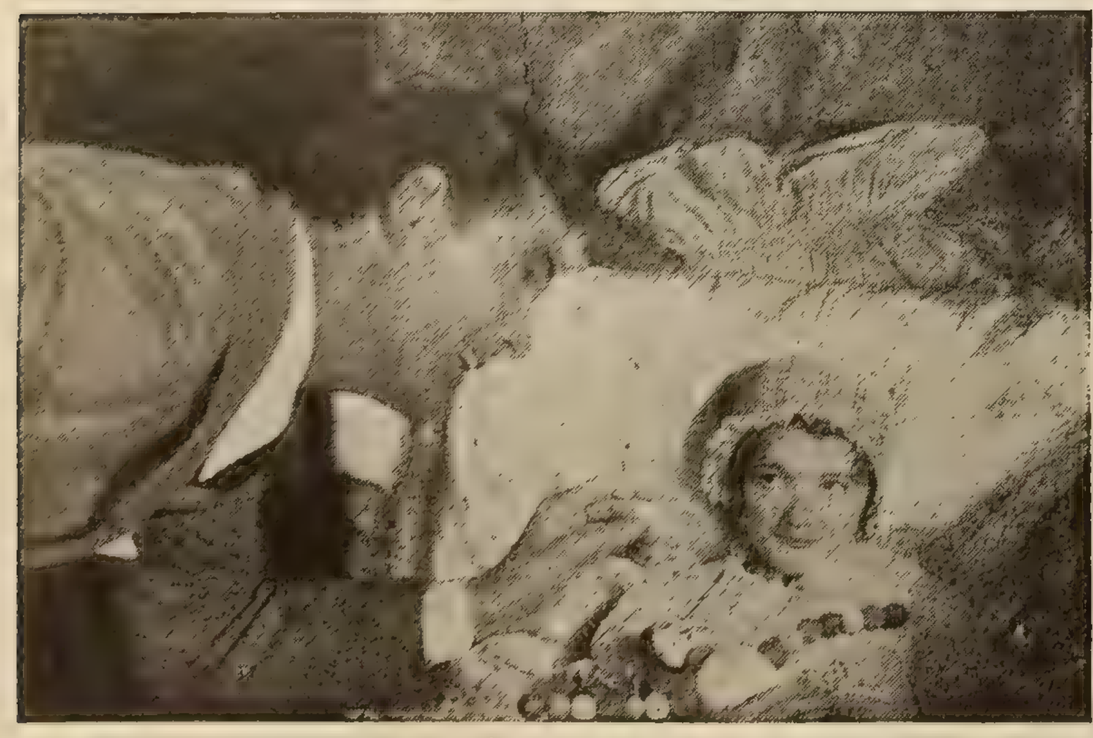
The Vagabond King

COMPULSORY! It may be that I have let myself be carried away by the sheer beauty of some of the scenes in this all-Technicolor screen version of the stage musical success. Or it may be Dennis King's voice. At any rate, I am the best little press agent for "The Vagabond King" that you could hope to find. I really enjoyed myself. It is a gorgeous affair, and I want to take off my new spring chapeau right now—it's a little copy of a perfectly sweet Reboux model, my dears, with one of those brand-new scoop brims, and—but as I was trying to tell you, I'd take it off and make a long, low, sweeping bow, right in tune with the times of Louis XI., to the director responsible for much of the grandeur: M. Ludwig Berger. He rates next to Lubitsch in swank and spirit, and I can't pay him any higher compliment. *Francois Villon* as the hero makes any picture practically sure-fire for me, anyway; and I never met a nicer *Francois* than Dennis King. What a voice! Jeanette MacDonald is sweet. O. P. Heggie is perfect.

A scene from "Lummox," directed by Brenon, with Ben Lyon and Winifred Westover.

Lummox

DEDICATED in all sincerity to the inarticulate souls of the world, this picture directed by Herbert Brenon from Fannie Hurst's novel is a significant drama. I do not recommend it to one in search of light and frothy entertainment. It is as slow, heavy and yearning as its heroine, the lumbering servant girl called the *Lummox*. But it is also a picture well worth seeing. "Lummox" is the saga of a peasant soul, striving for expression, hungry for love, who finds solace in service. The rise and fall of *Lummox*—from slavey in a sailors' boarding house to cook in a mansion, where she becomes at once the victim and the inspiration of the young master of the house, through a series of domestic jobs until, in her old age, she finds a little rest—is a moving and a sincere story. Winifred Westover gives a performance so real as to be almost painful; yet there is beauty in it, too. Dorothy Janis is the other outstanding member of the cast, very, very good.



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in their number from the Movietone revue, "Happy Days."

Happy Days

WELL, "Happy Days!" Happy days to *you*. This Fox Movietone extravaganza produced on the new Grandeur, or wider film, has no drinking songs to illustrate its title. But it has a cast to make you gasp. In other words, it is Movietone's "Hollywood Revue" or "Show of Shows." Marjorie White and Richard Keene, the young lovers of the story, can boast the most expensive supporting cast in existence; one member of it alone justifies that assertion—Mr. Will Rogers. Will chews gum and a few words and then strolls away. But his place is quickly filled by those excellent comedians, Walter Catlett, William Collier—yes, Buster's dad—George Jessel, James Corbett, and Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. There is a song number by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in which these poetic young people are called upon to impersonate a couple of babies. I suppose it was cute; the woman sitting next to me said so. Marjorie White is a preposterous and engaging young cyclone who sings, dances, and wise-cracks in the Broadway manner.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the Six Most Important Films of the Month

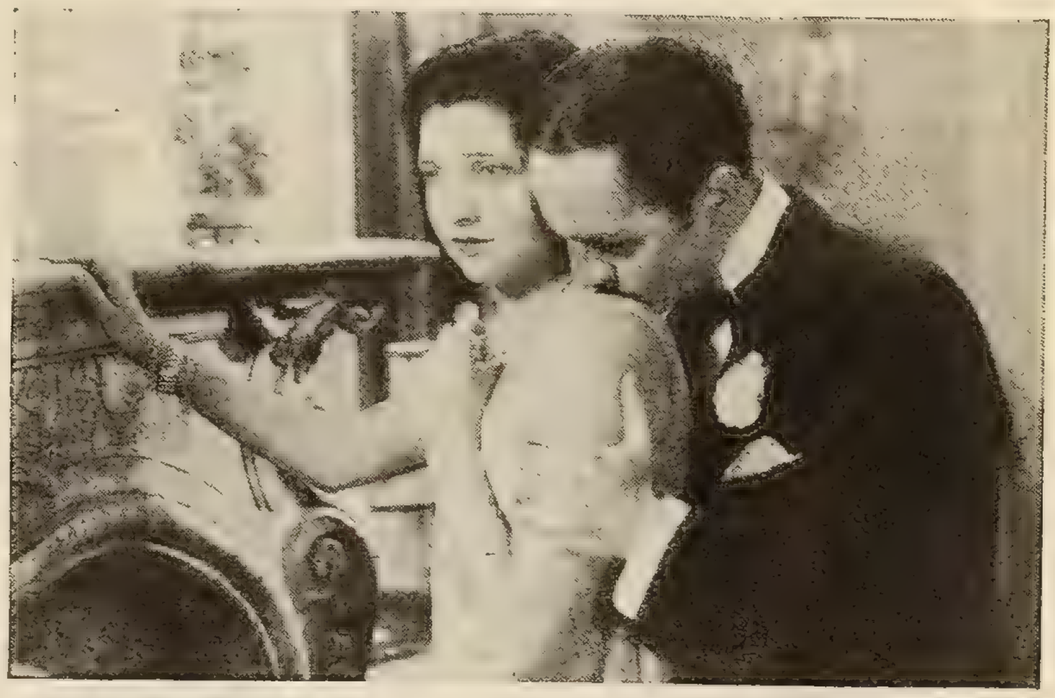
The Green Goddess

ANOTHER picture to put on your 'Must' list. You'll have a perfectly grand time if you approach "The Green Goddess" in the proper spirit, which is a cross between the hilarity you feel upon going to a circus and the reverent air you assume when setting out to see a little Shakespeare. "The Green Goddess" is melodrama of the most rampant kind; but it stars Mr. George Arliss, which lifts it into the platinum class immediately. For Mr. Arliss could play "The Cohens and the Kellys in Antwerp" and make it a high-class entertainment. You can go right ahead and enjoy this thrilling meller of the English lady, her husband and her admiring but respectful friend precipitated by an airplane inadvertence into the little Himalayan kingdom of the very sinister and very charming Rajah, who makes them feel at home in his own special way. Alice Joyce is the lovely lady who says "No, no, you beast" to the delightfully humorous Mr. Arliss; while H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes and Ian Simpson are corking.

"The Green Goddess" is an enthralling melodrama with George Arliss and Alice Joyce.

Street of Chance

WHAT with the vogue for biographies of the more important gangsters and the haughtier and high-class criminals, "Street of Chance" is timely. It is right in line with the present policy of letting the public in on the 'inside' goings on of crookdom and gangland. There is really nothing censorable about these fictional revelations; you may as safely permit little Willie to attend "Street of Chance" as the current release of his particular 'western' favorite; because the villain gets his with a thoroughness and inevitability seldom if ever realized in more polite screenplays. Somehow, the suave presence of William Powell in the leading rôle of the gentleman gambler in this film lifts it above the ordinary run. Mr. Powell is a superb actor and he plays in this instance a pretty exemplary character—who sacrifices a blissful future with Kay Francis to save his 'kid brother.' If I'd been consulted the sacrifice would have been the other way around.



Kay Francis and William Powell, two superb actors, make "Street of Chance" worth while.

Song of the West

IF it hadn't been for those swell 'shots' in Technicolor of the covered wagons winding their way across the plains, I don't mind telling you that "Song of the West" would never have made the "Six Best Pictures of the Month" grade in SCREENLAND. But there's something about the sight of the good old covered wagons of my ancestors that stirs my better instincts; and I am right away in the proper mood to appreciate the gentleman gambler played by John Boles, the Colonel's daughter as sung by Vivienne Segal, the comedy mule-driver of Joe E. Brown, and other appurtenances of the period of 1849 in American history, perhaps more than the occasion actually warrants. From the stage play, "Rainbow," which had good music and good ideas, "Song of the West" never really comes off in its screen version. It is laboriously directed, and the song numbers are interpolated in the good old "Ah, here come the boys now!" school. But it is all lavishly produced and cast; and the admirers of Mr. Boles will glory in his singing and love-making, see if they don't.

"Song of the West" is a musical of the days of '49 with Vivienne Segal and John Boles.

Critical Comment

Roadhouse Nights

THIS picture had a narrow escape from being included on our list of the six best. It didn't get in because SCREENLAND is pretty fussy about its six best, believing it should include if possible only those films which the whole family may see—in a body. Speaking of bodies, there are so many in "Roadhouse Nights" that Aunt Ella and Grandma might become confused. And the fair lady of the film, played by the glamorous Helen Morgan, wins back her boyhood sweetheart even though she has been a roadhouse hostess. So you can see the position SCREENLAND is in! Enjoying "Roadhouse Nights" as we did, and admiring Miss Morgan and her co-star Mr. Charles Ruggles as we do, all we can advise you is, see it by all means but don't say we didn't warn you it is just a slice of life in the rough. It's exciting, funny—Jimmy Durante is in it—and sophisticated.

Puttin' On the Ritz

HARRY RICHMAN'S screen debut, which you will want to attend if for no other reason than to see the man who made a hit with our Clara. Mr. Richman is well known in New York, where he appears as a musical comedy and night club star. It remains for him to make a hit with other audiences, and if an ingratiating voice will do the trick, Harry is already an established film star. His singing is a good reason for his appearance on the screen. Harry is no mean vocalizer. Every chance is given him to make good in his screen debut. His leading lady is Joan Bennett. Lilyan Tashman and Jimmy Gleason are present. Settings by W. C. Menzies. Music by Irving Berlin. *Puttin' on the Ritz* and *There's Danger in Your Eyes* are good tunes. An "Alice in Wonderland" number is exquisite. Good entertainment, whether you're just wild about Harry or not.

A Lady to Love

SHE'S Vilma Banky, playing her first all-talking rôle. I wish they had selected a more glamorous part for Miss Banky's audible debut. I always think of her as the fair, proud princess in the tower. Here she comes down to earth as a lonely little waitress. Well, it's a good acting part, and the star gives a fine performance; but she should have made a more auspicious entrance into the exacting realm of the microphone. Victor Seastrom's direction of this speaking screen version of "They Knew What They Wanted" is intelligent, with Edward Robinson and Robert Ames supplying more than adequate support. Vilma's accent is no handicap; her voice is quite all right. But she is no longer the remote lady of mystery; she is robbed of all her props of gorgeous gowns and stunning settings. She makes the most of a difficult assignment and deserves a better part next time.

She Couldn't Say No

DO you like Winnie Lightner? If you don't like Winnie Lightner, then I advise you not to read this review but to skip on to the next one. Because "She Couldn't Say No" is all Miss Lightner. You remember her in "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway," of course: her mean-mama voice, her comedy falls, and her generally raucous behavior. You have to like Winnie a lot to like this, her first starring film. It's another racketeer plot, with occasional sobs by the star, assisted by Chester Morris in another one of his familar characterizations. When Winnie sticks to her expert clowning, the picture is amusing, although not as frisque as its title insinuates. Winnie is never as gay and abandoned as in the memorable supper party scene in "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway" in which she falls into Albert Gran's lap; but then, ho-hum, life's great moments don't happen every day.

on Current Films

Not So Dumb

THIS seems to be the time and place to tell Marion Davies' classic line when called upon to make a speech before a woman's club. Marion stood up, smiled, and said: "I can't make a speech; I'm just a dumb-bell!" and sat down. Since then Marion has been making speeches right and left before the microphone and making better ones as she goes along. If Marion is a dumb-bell I wish more movie stars were dumb. Her latest comedy, "Not So Dumb," was adapted from "Dulcy," the stage play; and it is wholesome fun, from start to finish. Marion plays a well-meaning but vague young woman whose idea of 'helping' her hard-working fiance is to interfere in his business deals, annoy his guests, and otherwise behave moronically, all with the best intentions. But as Marion plays her, and it's her most difficult rôle, you like *Dulcy* so well that you wish she'd keep on being a nuisance.

The Melody Man

IF you are not too proud to have your sentimental moments you may enjoy this picture. It has an idea that may yet, more ambitiously handled, be used to make a really imaginative musical screenplay. A musician of the old school and a young jazz band leader clash over the trend of the times to dethrone the old masters and enthrone the new blues. Think of the possibilities here: Wagner versus Gershwin, symphony against saxophones—with sound accompaniment. Some day it may be done. As it stands, "The Melody Man" is a charming little drama of a Viennese composer exiled to Manhattan, of his daughter's love for a Rudy Vallee played by Buster Collier, and his conversion to modern music when he hears his pet symphony ragged by daughter's boy friend, believe it or not. John Sainpolis is admirable as the composer, and Alice Day is competent and pretty as the heroine.

Dangerous Paradise

THIS title inspires me to deliver a little lecture, not intended by Messrs. Paramount when they titled their picture. The dangerous paradise of the motion picture industry is stardom. Yes, stardom, I say; and I stick to it. Before Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen were stars, they were given interesting parts to play; parts they could revel in. But now that they have been promoted, now that they have been exalted to stellar billing, their personalities become pegs to build plots around; and such inantities as "Dangerous Paradise" result. It's another South Sea story, and everything that always happens in South Sea stories happens all over again. Except, I beg its pardon, there is no villainous pearl-trader. No, but there are five other villains to make up for it. Of course, I like Nancy Carroll and Dick as well as you do; but I'm sorry they are now officially 'starred.'

So Long Letty

YES, the same old *Letty* who was the belle of musical comedy quite some spell back. It has taken her a long time to reach the screen; and I can't help thinking she should have hurried. Because she seems to be just quaint old stuff today, even if Charlotte Greenwood does play her. Miss Greenwood starred in the original musical comedy "So Long Letty" on the stage; she is one of America's premiere comediennes. But she could have made her screen debut in a more modern piece. There is nothing new in the exchange of wives idea, as the more tolerant of you will admit; so what snickers there are in this film will be derived from the amusing Miss Greenwood's inimitable antics. Grant Withers and Patsy Ruth Miller 'play straight' and it's quite a strain. The only innovation in "So Long Letty" are some new songs, which may or may not make up for your evening.

REVUETTES *of*

Cameo Kirby

When in doubt, do "Cameo Kirby." This is the third screening of the good old play, though the first audible version. Dustin Farnum starred in it in 1915. John Gilbert did it some years later for Fox. Now J. Harold Murray speaks and sings the colorful rôle of the Mississippi river gambler to good effect. Old man plot just keeps rollin' along, in the serene manner of the old south, which may seem a little slow to you youngsters. J. Harold is convincing not only vocally but romantically. He's a *Cameo Kirby* you can believe in, even when he holds everything to burst into a love song. The outstanding musical number is entitled *Romance,* and not bad. Norma Terris is the girl. Stepin Fetchit is also present, singing a ditty called *Peaceful Man.* Stepin is either awfully peaceful or just plain lazy.

Second Wife

Just another case of good actors struggling with mediocre material. Conrad Nagel and Lila Lee do ther best in their respective rôles of *Walter* and *Florence,* but nobody seems to care. We like Conrad and Lila but *Walter* and *Florence* are just a pair of sillies. Lila reveals a very pretty singing voice, besides looking even lovelier than usual.

Let's Go Places

All right, let's. Who wouldn't like to go places with Dixie Lee, Lola Lane, Joseph Wagstaff, and Ilka Chase? All about two youngsters who crash Hollywood and eventually make good, with amusing interruptions of songs, dances, and (sometimes) funny sayings. If you don't like Ilka you'll like Dixie; and if you don't like Dixie—but don't be silly!

Undertow

All the tried and true ingredients, including very blonde heroine, very black villain, very virtuous hero, and the child, can't put "Undertow" over. Johnny Mack Brown, Alabama accent and all, plays a light-house keeper who marries the fair Mary Nolan, though the villain still pursues her. Johnny is pretty convincing; Mary is—just pretty.

Troopers Three

A nice little picture about three actors—now, now, wait a minute; this isn't another back-stage yarn; don't walk out on us yet. These three actors join the army to eat regularly; and one of them, played by Rex Lease, falls in love with Dorothy Gulliver; while the other two, Roscoe Karns and Slim Summerville, your old friend, supply the comedy.

OTHER PICTURES

Chasing Rainbows

Chasing that elusive "Broadway Melody," they mean. My, my, what havoc that innocent hit picture caused. Just a deluge of imitations; but most of them far, far behind. They've tried everything, even co-starring Bessie Love and Charles King all over again; but there is only one "Broadway Melody" and "Chasing Rainbows" proves it. We meet again that game little trouper (cheers) who sticks to her naughty partner through it all. We have another scene of hysterics by Miss Love—just as good in its way as the famous bit in "Broadway Melody" but, after all, a second run. Charles King sings capably; Bessie does a nice tap dance; Jack Benny is amusing; but guess who save the show? None other than those grand girls and inveterate picture-stealers, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran!

Burning Up

Any picture starring Richard—Dick to you—Arlen, with Mary Brian as *vis a vis*—trick for heroine—is all right with us. Dick has had bigger and better rôles but he is excellent as the racing driver who is driving to win—the race *and* the girl—despite crooked efforts to stop him. The story may be old, but the co-stars are young and snappy.

Slightly Scarlet

Goody, goody! Here are Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent playing together again. They meet on the Riviera and there's a moonlight love scene and—oh, the pearls; almost forgot the pearls, without which there would have been no plot and no picture. But what do mere baubles matter when the elegant Evelyn and beau Brook meet again? Ah, what?

Loose Ankles

Lovely, demure Loretta Young and the poetic Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are out of place in this farce. Not their fault, nor the story's; they just aren't made for each other. The comedy required flippant interpretation, while the young stars are of classic calibre. Inez Courtney from Broadway, supplies pert vocal talent in the proper places.

Officer O'Brien

With William Boyd, Ernest Torrence, Dorothy Sebastian in the leading rôles, any film is sure-fire, especially when it's a crook melodrama. Nothing original about this gangster plot but Tay Garnett's direction is fresh and the performers are splendid. Torrence and Boyd are two he-men who have their audience right with them all the way.

Above: Helen Kane, back East to work in "Dangerous Nan McGrew." Welcome home, Helen.

Right: Norman Foster, the "Young Man of Manhattan" and husband of Claudette Colbert, the star.

Below: Jillian Sand from London, and her dog, Christopher Columbus, discover America.

IN NEW

When West Meets East on Broadway

At midnight, a few weeks ago, Constance Bennett stepped off the steamer *Bremen,* fresh from Paris, with a divorce decree from Philip Plant in one hand, and a new movie contract in the other. Constance also brought over with her one secretary, one maid, two gramophones, five boxes of gramophone records, twenty-five trunks and—one baby, aged twelve months.

No, Constance hasn't been holding out on us — the baby's not hers. His real name is Dennis Armstrong and his real mother lives in London. But Constance, the orchid of the screen, the last star you would think of as cherishing maternal instincts, is going to adopt this baby as soon as she can unwind some of the immigration red tape which at present only allows little Dennis to remain in this country a scant six months.

* * *

"I call him Christopher Columbus because he discovered me!"

Speaker—Jillian Sand. The new Fox talkie actress just brought over from London to play in Beatrice Lillie's musical picture. She was speaking of her Pekingese.

The Peke lay curled up in Jillian's lap as she sat in a big chair in front of a sunny window at her suite in the Hotel Warwick.

"I never liked little dogs," Jillian continued, "but one day in London, I went into an animal shop just to have a look around. This little fellow followed me all over the place. When I started out, he was at my heels, so I had to buy him."

To describe Miss Sand is extremely difficult. She is British to the core but sprinkled all over with a fine Gallic coating, perhaps due to the fact that she polished off her education in Paris.

Jillian will either be another great dramatic actress like Garbo or she will be a complete washout. There are no half-way measures in the girl. She isn't pretty exactly, but she is one of the most individual, original movie players I've ever seen.

She was playing in an English picture, "To What Red Hell" with Sybil Thorndyke, when Joe Pincus, Fox's English representative, let it be known that he was calling for volunteers for a talkie test.

"I wandered over, but there were simply scads of girls,"

Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc., N. Y. C.

Above: Louise Dresser was welcomed by old friends when she came East for a visit.

Left: Stuart Erwin, the new laugh man of the talkies. Remember him in "Sweetie?" Of course!

Above: Constance Bennett, fresh from Paris with a quarter million dollars' worth of clothes.

YORK

By Anne Bye

Jillian said. "I didn't think I had a chance but I took the test. Put on a simple little sketch, part comedy, part tragedy. It was a rather subtle bit in which I didn't tear my hair out or rock with laughter. When I finished, they took my name and address, and I thought, 'that's that,' and went for a holiday in the south of France. When I returned, I was offered a contract and here I am."

Jillian never wears a hat, hates to be called Jill, has lovely manners, likes cigarettes and parties, reads a lot, and never travels without the inevitable phonograph. She's extremely popular here already. Men call her up, it seems, nearly every five minutes. She has blue eyes, old gold hair, and thinks the greatest thing in acting is mobility. "Feeling must play over a screen actress' face like clouds float over the sky. That's why Greta Garbo is great."

Miss Sand is a personality. And if Fox tries to whittle her down into an average ingenue, it'll be just too bad for Jillian—and for Fox. For the girl has the makings of something verging on real dramatic talent.

* * *

Helen Kane is one of the swellest screen stars I've ever met. She reminds me of a robin; she's pretty and plump and good natured, with a round little face, round little hands, and beautiful thin sleek hips and legs.

She's over at the Paramount studio on Long Island making "Dangerous Nan McGrew." She wears a cowgirl outfit of brown chamois, with a fringed skirt, big silk bandanna handkerchief around her neck, a ten gallon hat, and high laced boots.

Helen's natural, homey, business-like. Her speaking voice is exactly like her 'boop-a-doop' singing voice.

"I don't know who started this baby way of singing," Helen said. "I was the first one I ever heard but there may have been others around. However, I think one reason my stuff has gone over is because my singing voice is my natural voice. And when you say sophisticated things in a high, innocent, natural voice—why, people are bound to laugh. It's such a contrast.

"When I first went to Hollywood, I was terribly lonesome. My sister and her little five-year-old boy went with me. We all felt strange. Even the child when he went out to play came home and (Continued on page 118)

Come *into the* Kitchen

In the evening when the servants are gone, Lucile and Jimmy Gleason repair to the kitchen and have a doughnut party for two.

Not Only is Lucile Gleason a Famous Cook but Jimmy is a Seasoned Chef, Too

"Deep-fat frying is an art," warns Lucile, "the temperature must be 'just so.'" "I know it," says Jimmy. "I've made doughnuts before."

WHEN you go into the kitchen with Lucile Gleason you always come out with a sheaf of delicious new cooking recipes and a conviction that domesticity may be glorified equally with a career. Mrs. Gleason has succeeded in doing just this thing.

As the wife of James Gleason, Lucile is rated as one of the most capable home makers in Hollywood. During the more than twenty years since she and James Gleason won their parents' consent to marry before either was of age. Mrs. Gleason has been actively engaged in household activities. At the same time, she developed a stage career that promises to have an equally brilliant parallel on the screen.

"When I went to school at Polytechnic in Pasadena, I specialized in domestic courses," said Lucile. "It interested me and, besides, my mother believed that every girl should know how to manage her own home competently. Neither of us dreamed then that my home for years would be hotels and Pullman trains! I think this is the reason that this home of ours in Hollywood is such a precious thing to Jim and Russell and me. We waited so long for it."

Mrs. Gleason is *not* a 'kitchen dabbler.'

When she pushes open the swinging door into her big white tiled kitchens—there are two of them—she does so with the firm step of one who knows how many table-

JIMMY GLEASON'S DOUGHNUTS

Beat four eggs and one and one-half cups of sugar together for five minutes. Add four tablespoons melted butter or substitute, one cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon powdered nutmeg and mix well. Add sufficient flour sifted with one teaspoon baking powder to make a stickish dough. Set dough in a cold place over night. In the morning, set in a warm place for two minutes. Roll on a floured board and cut with a doughnut cutter. Fry in deep smoking fat. Let drain on brown paper and roll in powdered sugar.

with Lucile Gleason

By Sydney Valentine

Lucile Gleason has two big, white-tiled kitchens and evidently, two cooks. Such a lucky lady! Most people can't keep even one.

The finished product. How we would like to get in on one of these doughnut parties! We hope you roll 'em in sugar, Jimmy.

LUCILE GLEASON'S HASH

Buy four pounds of round steak and have it ground. Cook this in a small amount of water for ten minutes. Add eight medium sized potatoes, diced, one-half of a large pepper, a medium sized onion, a few stalks of celery, chopped fine, a bit of garlic, salt and pepper to taste. Make a thick gravy of the water the meat was cooked in and add to this mixture. Stir well and put in a roaster. Cover and bake two hours, stirring occasionally. A slow oven for two hours is preferable to shorter time and intense heat.

spoons of this and cups of that are required for a perfect dish of something-or-other.

It was the Gleasons who did hash a good turn—the sort of a good turn that has raised that questionable entrée to a place where it is now mentioned by our best people in drawing room gossip!

"There is no reason why hash should not have a recognized place on the menu," declared Mrs. Gleason firmly. "Yes, I know it has always been a dish open to ridicule and jokes. But I knew I had a recipe that would make a lot of people change their minds about hash. When Jim and I first came to Hollywood we started giving hash parties. People loved it. I'll bet that recipe has as wide a circulation now as the current Book of the Month volume!"

The baked beans and brown bread suppers at which the Gleasons officiate are becoming as popular as the hash dinners. Some one said the other day that to see Paul Whiteman enjoying a huge plate of Gleason beans is to satisfy one that American jazz is on a sound basis.

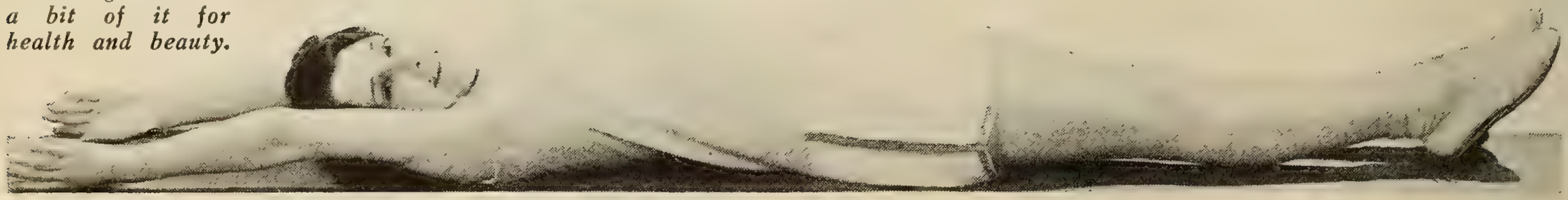
Margaret, the plump and good-natured cook, has been with the Gleasons since they first came to Hollywood with their stage play, "Is Zat So," several years ago. She and Mrs. Gleason exchange new recipes regularly and go to cooking school together each week.

Whenever Lucile Gleason has a longing to get out in the kitchen among the condiments (*Continued on page* 114)

KEEPING FIT

Spring, Gay Challenge to Faces and Figures! These Beauty Recipes will Help You to Live Up to the Season

Dorothy Sebastian advocates correct and intensive stretching and does a bit of it for health and beauty.



WHAT is it about spring that starts poets to singing of love and all the rest of us seeking restlessly for something new? The desire to 'stick a feather in our cap and throw the spade away'—an overwhelming desire to play hookey, to make rest and change an important part of everyday living.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," sang or perhaps we should say emoted, a well-loved, though sentimental poet long years ago.

Personally, I have always been a bit uncertain of the poet's meaning concerning that word 'lightly.' Did he mean that only at this season do men make love lightly? Or did he mean that everything, including love, is to be taken lightly in springtime? I suppose he knew what he meant and being a man knew that other men would know. Anyway, ever since, men, young and old, have been following their version of this immortal line.

After all, spring means the same to all of us only in a different way. True to youth and the poets the young man senses spring; every saucy, scarlet mouth, every pair of pretty eyes intrigues his fancy. The older man hears spring, too, and looks up long enough to sniff its fragrance, sigh a little, and wonders vaguely if he doesn't need a new necktie or two.

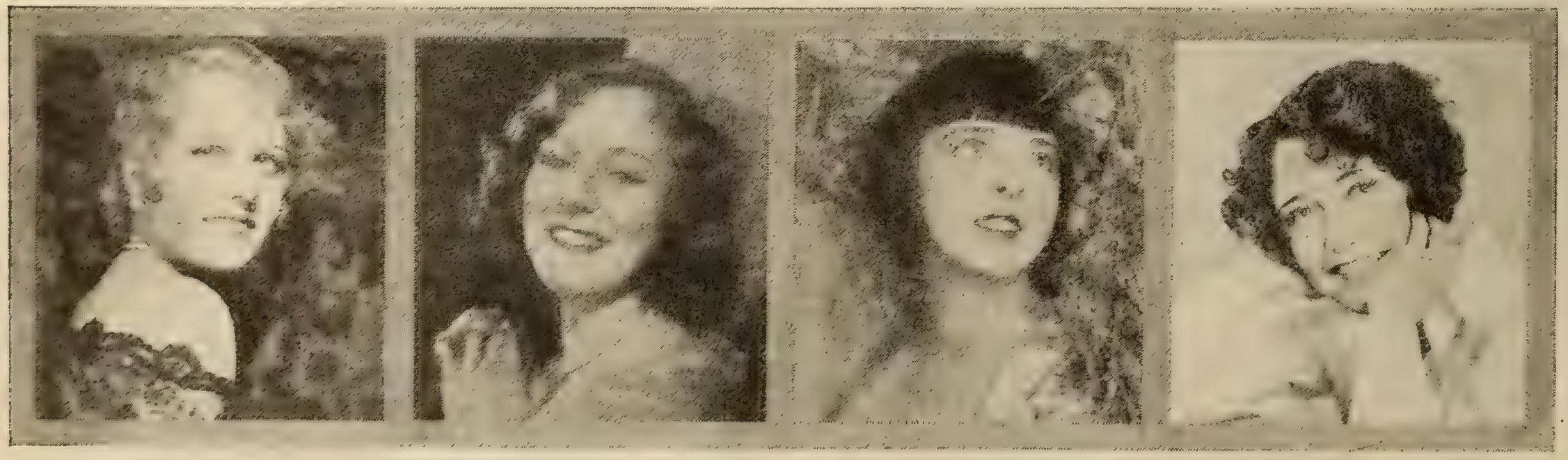
Mother at home, busy with fresh curtains and new color schemes for the bedrooms, hears it. She wonders if a pretty house is ever as important and exciting as a pretty woman and decides straightway to buy a big jar of that fragrant cream cousin Molly had when she came to visit, a tiny pot of rouge like big daughter's, and yes, a new, becoming and expensive hat in the very latest mode.

The young girl—close to her heart is spring. She doesn't dream much about it, but like mother, she acts. To her, in a very definite sense, spring means beauty. New wispy clothes with the color and rhythm of spring. A face fresh as April rain; eyes clear as May skies; a personality as vivid and radiant as a daffodil. That is what every girl wants—in spring. And if she doesn't have them she goes right to work to acquire them. That's the modern girl for you!

The accumulated wear and tear of winter is manifest in dull, sallow skins, dry, lifeless hair. Lack of exercise, indulgence in rich heavy foods and general inactivity show in figures that bulge-where-they-shouldn't or have taken on unnecessary weight. Back of us is winter with its sparkle and busyness. Ahead is summer with its sports and relaxation. How to attain the lovely skin and sprightly body that goes with the season—ah, that is the question!

Well, first the skin, hair and body must come alive. It's a bit hard in this changing season to keep fresh and bright looking; but if you find yourself on a sunny spring day a bit sallow and sagging and unbeautifully revealed, don't be discouraged, girls; take your time and don't worry. There's one blessed thing about Nature. She doesn't leap from one season to another, but gives, always, a lovely interlude in which we may adjust ourselves beautifully to the change.

If your skin is very dry as many skins are in spring, give it plenty of oil. At this season it is well to lay aside heavy creams and use warm facial oil for both cleansing and nourishing the skin. It's delightfully restful and



Anita Page has the dainty, pastel coloring that goes with spring.

One of our most interesting and charming new girls —Kay Johnson.

Colleen Moore with eyes of spring — bright, clear and shining.

Dorothy Sebastian. Mark the dazzling beauty of her perfect teeth.

BEAUTIFULLY

By Anne Van Alstyne

Don't be in a hurry to jump out of bed in the morning, says Dorothy. Stretching brings you alive.

soothing to dry, tired skins and is much favored now particularly for spring and summer use. Dip your fingers in the smooth oil and smooth it all over your face and neck. Whenever you can, use this at night and leave it on all night. Put on a bathing cap or pin a small towel around the head to protect the hair. When you have covered the face with oil rub some over the hands and in the nails and a bit into the elbows. Hands and arms need attention, too, in spring.

If your skin is dull and sallow, use a bleach. Don't use a heavy bleach and if the skin is very tender, use a cream or oil before and after the bleach. Or use a circulation cream or lotion which is both stimulating and bleaching in effect. Use this about three times a week. Apply cream or oil first and if the skin is tender it may be well to mix the ointment with cold cream. Be very careful not to use this where veins are close to the skin, but apply it to the throat and chin, around the mouth and along the jaws up to the ears and over the forehead. Don't let it get close to the eyes. Leave on until the skin is softly glowing, wipe off with cleansing tissues and apply a soothing cream. Leave on ten minutes and take off with skin tonic. This treatment should be given at least an hour before going out as it is likely to sting a bit and to make the skin red. But when it is over, your skin will have a warm natural glow and will be thoroughly alive.

Going back to facial oils, girls with oily skins may use them, too, but should use an astringent afterward. Don't get the idea that you can't use creams and oils because they cause blackheads. If you use them properly and take them off properly you will have no trouble. Wipe off the cream or oil with absorbent cotton pads, dipped in hot water. Dry and pat a few moments with tonic or astringent.

Oily skins, and dry, too, occasionally—can always use bland soap and water at night with a cold rinse afterward. But in spring no one should wash and then go out in the drying winds this season specializes in so ruthlessly.

If the hair is dry and lusterless, give it a series of treatments at a good salon where they give a good scalp massage and have a few oil treatments. If you can't do this, take a little time off from pleasure or business and give them at home. It's more trouble, of course, but it can be done. And give your hair a rest from curling irons, marcels and 'permanents' until it comes back to normal. Cultivate a plain coiffure for a month or two; it will be good for your hair and when summer comes your hair will be in condition for the permanent wave so many of you look upon as necessary to happiness and peace of mind during the summer months.

Out of bed, wide awake now, stretch—and stretch again on your toes to the very ceiling. Good work, Dot!

Eyes of spring should be lovely, too, bright, clear and shining. Don't think that because your eyes are tired and

(Continued on page 106)

Lillian Roth, comedienne, is as pretty as she is funny. Enough said!

Thelma Todd, one of the few girls who can show her ears becomingly.

Louise Fazenda, loved comedienne and a smart, well-groomed woman.

Dixie Lee, one very good reason why poets sing of love—in spring.

The STAGE

Looking Over the Broadway Plays Before They Reach the Screen

"The Apple Cart"

THE Theatre Guild produced the far-famed latest play of George Bernard Shaw called "The Apple Cart." It is the first Guild production of a new Shaw play since his "Joan of Arc," some years ago.

"The Apple Cart" is the name given to the British Empire and the attempt of the Prime Minister and the Cabinet to upset and nullify the last few prerogatives of *King Magnus*. The time is about 1990, and the first act is laid in the Royal Palace. This act, which occupies over an hour, is totally devoid of action and is occupied in a discussion between the King (played suavely by Tom Powers) and his Cabinet Ministers, dressed in grotesque (to us) costumes of that period, as to whether or not he should give up the right of veto and other small privileges.

Right: Katherine Cornell and Fortunio Bonanova. As the "Dishonored Lady," Miss Cornell does very fine work.

Above: George MacQuarrie, Corinne Ross, Donald from "Rebound." Hope Williams, a talented

"June Moon" is a Lardner and Kaufman creation, with Linda Watkins and Harry Rosenthal.

The second act is a scene between *King Magnus* and his mistress (played by Violet Kemble Cooper with vivacity) in which the lady tries her best to seduce *Magnus*, with the result that they both roll around the floor struggling and laughing like big kids.

The third act is laid on the terrace of the Palace, where the King is going to give his ultimatum to the Cabinet, or, rather, where he will receive theirs—sign on the dotted line or a revolution. The King offers to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales, but the Prime Minister (played in a fiery manner by Claude Rains) will have none of that. The King wins; but before he wins the American Ambassador (played strenuously and laboriously by Frederick Truesdale) bursts in and says we Americans have torn up the Declaration of Independence and have voted to go back into the British Empire. The King says no to this, also.

The play ends with the King and Queen (played naturally by Marjorie Marquis) in one another's arms, with both the Cabinet and the American Ambassador beaten. Ernest Cossart, Helen Westley and others of the Guild players appear in this play.

"Dishonored Lady"

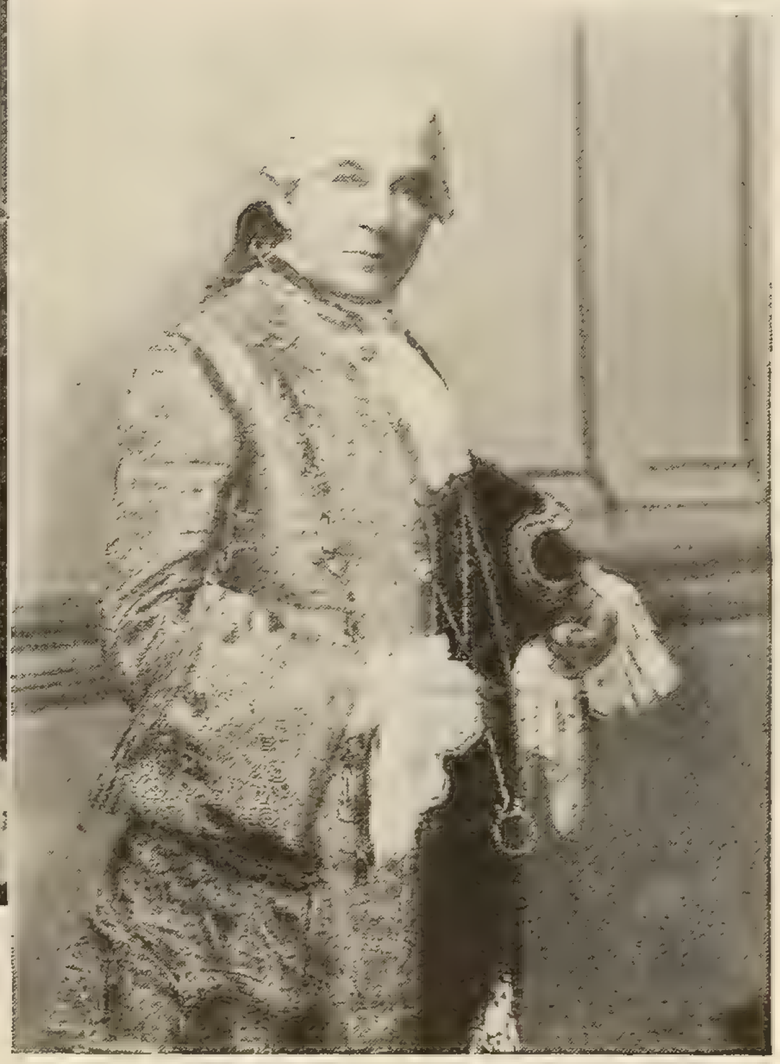
It was not a play that I saw called "Dishonored Lady," by Margaret Ayres Barnes and Edward Sheldon, which Gilbert Miller and Guthrie McClintic produced at the Empire Theatre. What I saw was the gorgeous and exotic Katherine Cornell.

It is La Cornell that will fill your eye, fill your ear,

in REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

Ogden Stewart and Hope Williams in a scene and beautiful young woman, is the whole show.



Maurice Muscovitch, a newcomer to the Ameriacn stage, plays "Josef Suss" with eloquence and dignity.

fill your brain, tickle your nerves, move your blood and fill you with a strange and heady intoxicant and a perfume blown to you from a South Sea island not on any map.

Katherine Cornell has every requisite for the making of a great actress: voice, movement, facial flexibility, intelligence and tragic beauty. She is both antique and modern, classic and romantic, Aeschylean and Ibsenish—above all, the eternal Serpent of Sin.

The play is melodramatic rubbish, about as old a piece of hack-and-saw work as ever got catapulted out of its pre-McKinly tomb. In fife woids I tell it you: a girl kills her lover who is about to expose her on the eve of her marriage to a British millionaire socialist. She is acquitted because all her friends commit perjury. You will see it, hear it and smell it later on.

But forget the play. Go to see Katherine Cornell if you like fine acting by a fascinating woman.

"Rebound"

"Rebound" is a play on a brand-new theme, the sex-relation in marriage and the ensuing triangle. You would think after seeing these interminable discussions on the stage of modern sex-piggery and libido-swinery that they were something that had just been discovered by the author. But there is never anything new in them. Same old speeches, same old situations, same old lounge embraces and the same old "By God, Madeline, I'm not blind!"

Donald Ogden Stewart hath done this latest piece of fancy, high-toned *bric-a-brac* in which two couples go through the usual hunting the It troubles accompanied by a run of Winchellings and nifties when the 'plot' gets thin and the 'theme' gets choked with static.

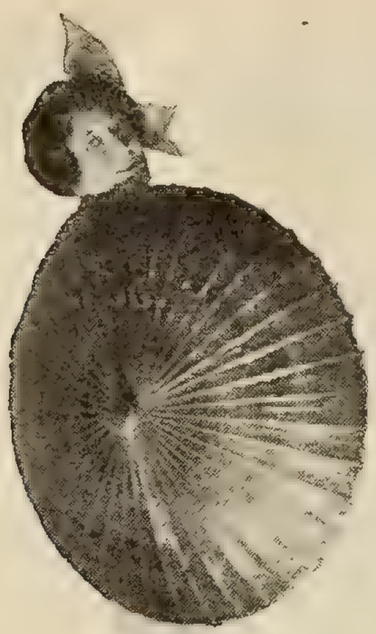
But there is Hope!—I mean Hope Williams, who is the whole show. This talented young woman can put over the most enormous cynicisms with an air of an old lady reading the Bible. Her swagger is a form of acting—and conveys an earful.

In "Rebound" she plays a kind of deserted wife who gets her sap back at last; but no matter about this — Hope Williams is an artist, odd, curious, with a head like some beautiful strange bird. (If I can no longer enjoy the plays, I can at least rave over our actresses.)

"June Moon"

When I heard that the hardest-boiled dramatic critics in New York had laughed from (*Continued on page* 110)

Helen Westley, George Graham, Rex O'Malley, Tom Powers, Thomas A. Braidon and William H. Sams in George Bernard Shaw's latest play, "The Apple Cart."



No, this is not a circus or any part of it. It's Dorothy Sebastian walking a tight rope over Hollywood to see what she can see and hear what she can hear.

HOT from

All the News from the West Coast Studios

An executive wanted Jim Tully to write the dialogue for a picture. A member of his staff was doubtful; "Jim's pretty caustic, you know," he replied. "I don't care what it costs—get him anyway!" snapped the executive.

* * *

Warner Brothers gave the Calvin Coolidges a decent break on the day they 'did' Hollywood. They let the newspapers get what they wanted and then turned everyone out so the distinguished guests might have an opportunity to see how pictures were made just as anyone on the set every day is accustomed to see them. They remained for about two hours escorted by Will Hays and Mary Pickford also was with them all day.

After the Coolidges had met Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal who were playing in the scene from "Viennese Nights" that they had been watching, they were introduced to Jean Hersholt, Bert Roach, Dick Winslow and Norwood Penzer, the last two being children. Then they asked to meet Louise Fazenda whose work they both admire, and fortunately she happened to be working on the lot.

At United Artists they were entertained by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, having luncheon in Mary's bungalow dressing-room. They were treated as friends, not celebrities. No photographs were taken and the ex-president and his wife were allowed to get what enjoyment the lot afforded without being molested. It was extraordinary how many people having entrée to the studio had business there that day! But they behaved themselves. After a ride through Fox Hills the party wound up at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where a number of photographs were taken and where a crowd followed them about from place to place.

I'll bet they were ready for bed that night because they had been guests of the Breakfast Club and that ham and egg breakfast is served at eight sharp. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang two songs and when she arose Mrs. Coolidge also arose, went over to the smiling, white-haired singer and kissed her. The Duncan Sisters did their burlesque of "Rigoletto," George Olsen's Band offering the accompaniment.

On their way from home that morning the girls had made up a new verse fitting the occasion to the tune of their own *Rememb'ring*. It ran:

Dear Mr. Coolidge, we like to do our parts,
We'll cherish this early morning, forever in our hearts;
Remember, Calvin Coolidge, the long ages through,
We'd get up every morning to eat ham and eggs with you!

* * *

Corinne Griffith has three ambitions. One is to own a chateau within five hours of Paris; the second is to play the Empress Josephine, and the third is to win a set of tennis!

* * *

Gary Cooper is learning to play the banjo and Lupe Velez is brushing up on the art. An instructor, a native of Mexico who can speak no English, comes to Lupe's house three evenings a week to give them both lessons. On one of these evenings Gary arrived dead tired from the studio and said he had almost gone home and not appeared at all. "You lie down, darling," Lupe said, "and get a little nap before you take your lesson." And after dinner

Dorothy Sebastian with the movie world at her feet makes the most of this grand vantage point to observe what's going on and toss us the most important news.

Hollywood

Latest Gossip about Plays and Players

Gary stretched out on the sofa while the musician played on the banjo and Lupe with two or three guests played bridge. The first thing any of them knew it was twelve o'clock. Gary was still asleep; the poor musician was still playing! Everyone decided it was time to call it a day.

* * *

Hollywood isn't what it was, my dear. Here's Richard Dix and Lois Wilson just finished playing together in "I Love You," and not one buzz about linking them up with the title.

* * *

Porter Emerson Browne and J. Warner Bellah have been signed by Doug Fairbanks to work on his next picture in collaboration with Lotta Woods who has adapted every Fairbanks story, with the exception of "Taming of the Shrew," since "The Mark of Zorro." Doug's next, according to present plans, will be a talking version of "The Mark of Zorro," but by the time those four have finished with it you won't know the old yarn. The ability of Porter Browne in the way of dialogue and dramatic situation is an old story to the New York stage. "A Fool There Was" is an early effort and "The Bad Man," his last, has been sold to Warner Brothers for enough to keep its author in luxury for the rest of his life. J. Warner Bellah has been plastered all over *The Saturday Evening Post* for several years. And as for Mr. Fairbanks—well, this is how they work.

Porter and Jay have taken a 'single' in one of Hollywood's smart apartment hotels where they get service and everything included in the rent. One wakes up, oh, along about six in the morning and says to the other, "Hey, out of it!"

"What's on your mind?" yawns the other.

"How's this—?" and he elucidates.

"Rotten," says the other. "But that gives me an idea—how's this?"

"Terrible!"

"Oh, is that so? Well, what about this?" And they're off. For breakfast they go to a little ham and egg joint around the corner. Their 'phone is shut off to all the world except the Fairbanks Studio. Doug will call: "How would it be if—?" starts Doug. "Well, come on over and let's talk this out." Doug has a whale of an idea, Jay told us. The hokum is to be practically eliminated, which is good news. The comedy is to be honest comedy, not forced.

* * *

Dolores Del Rio thought she was all through with "The Bad One" and was dating herself up for a few informal dinners. What was her surprise and embarrassment to have a messenger arrive from the studio just as she was seating her guests, with a note from her director, George Fitzmaurice. "Dear *Chequita,*" it read: "Please be a good girl, stay at home this evening and learn the enclosed few lines. Be at the studio at the usual time in the morning for this retake." The 'enclosed few lines' covered seven double spaced type-written pages.

"What could I do?" asked Dolores. "We had planned to have a picture shown afterwards in my living room. I had to excuse myself—it was a funny thing to do but you must expect anything in pictures."

* * *

Joseph Cawthorne, famous stage comedian, entertained John Barrymore at dinner and gave

him a drink! And what's more it was served in a bucket! Yes sir, and the bucket was dipped from a well of—oh, darn it all! What's the use? This story started out so swell, and why is it all good stories have to be hampered just because conscience steps up and demands that you out with the truth. Well, here it is. It was an old oaken bucket Jack drank from, and the draught it held was pure spring water dipped from a well on the Cawthorne estate.

* * *

Estelle Taylor is back from her jaunt around the country on a vaudeville tour, and in spite of the success she had in her new medium of singing, her head is as squarely set on her shoulders as it always has been. She had been in town only a day or two when she was offered the lead in Cecil De Mille's forthcoming musical play "Madame Satan" and asked to go to the studio for a voice test. Estelle didn't like the idea of it. "I need more seasoning. My voice is much too new," she protested but did promise to make an audition. What was her consternation to find instead of just people concerned in making the test, there was Mr. De Mille and all of his staff, about thirty-five people. For a minute, Estelle thought she would fall through the floor. Then she began to search her memory for something that would give her courage. She recalled an incident on the road when a little dog was trying to wriggle into a stage dressing-room. She could just see it out of the corner of her eye and figured it would be her luck to have some one shut the door on him before she got through. Sure enough, just as she started a crescendo the door shut on the pup's tail and his howl blended with her top note!

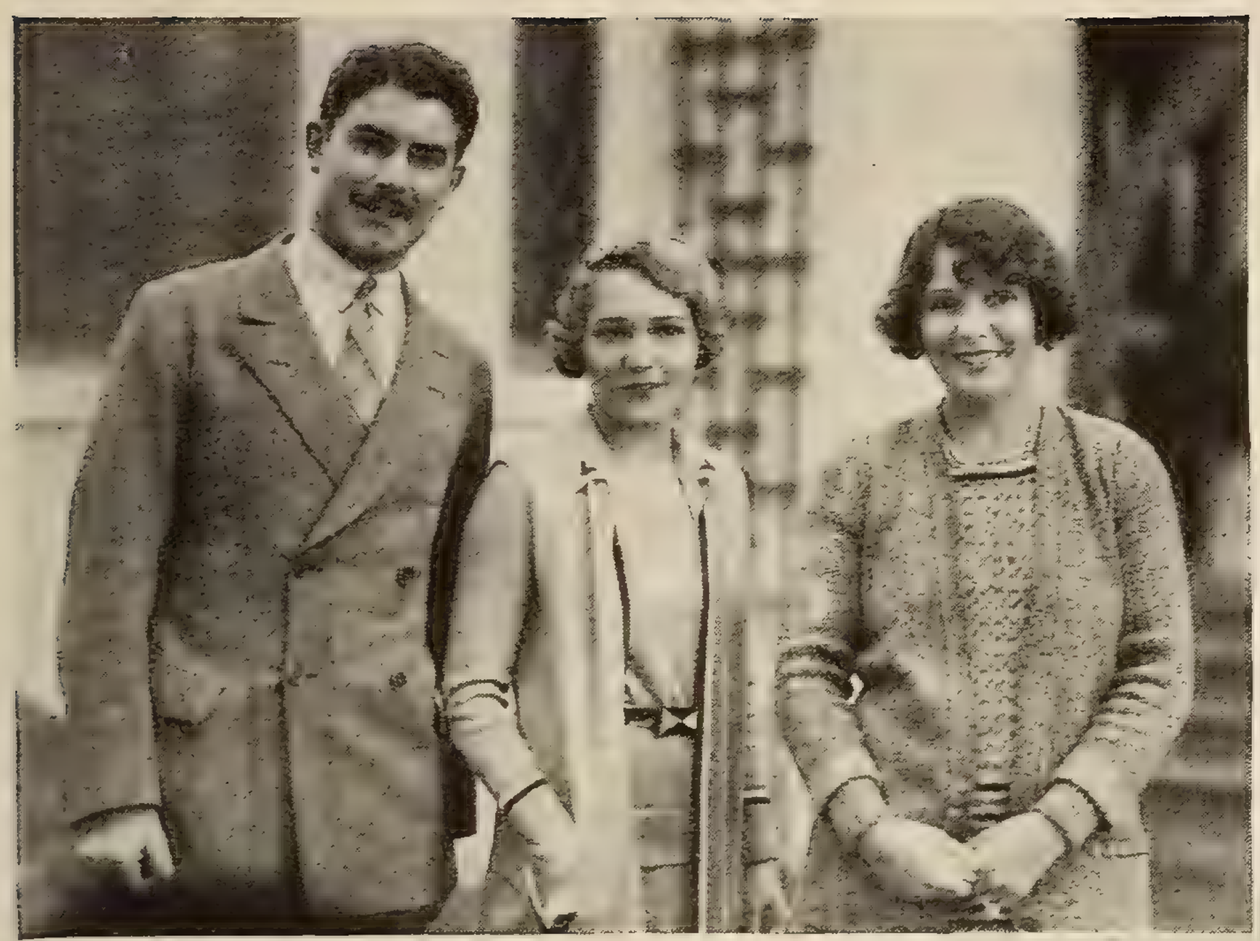
"I thought surely the house would burst into a roar of laughter, and if they had I should have died right then and there. Instead of that, not a soul moved. If anyone noticed the duet they never let on and when it was over they fairly cheered. So I thought to myself in this moment of need—well, if I could hold twenty-five hundred people over the howling of a dog I should worry about Cecil B. De Mille!"

Afterwards, Mr. De Mille complimented her very highly and gave her the part to read. That night she turned it over in her mind. "My first talking picture. My first singing part. The first time I have used a French accent. All these new things at once and my voice is new, too. No matter how many times I add it up I can't seem to get the right answer." The part had rather a peculiar situation. She was

Ruth Chatterton, (left), as she appears in "Paramount on Parade" with Victor Schertzinger director, and Elsie Janis who supervised this all-star frolic.

Mrs. Smith and her little boy, Stanley. He may be the hottest juvenile lead in Hollywood but he's only 'Stan' to her!

Ex-President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge witness the filming of a scene from "Viennese Nights." With them are Alan Crosland, Jack Warner, Mary Pickford, and Mrs. T. G. Winter.



Two American queens, Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, greet Allister MacDonald, the son of Britain's prime minister, on his visit to Hollywood.

supposed to go to a party masked, and her husband doesn't know her. Mr. De Mille thought this might not be easy to make convincing because Estelle has such a short upper lip. He asked her if she could hold it down a little. Estelle thought to herself, "Along with my French accent, my new voice and my first talking picture I am to hold my lip down." She reached for the script and handed it to Mr. De Mille. "Here, take it back. Life is too short," said Estelle.

Kay Johnson was finally cast in the part and we have a hand for Kay any old time she wants to speak a piece, but I'll wager that Estelle Taylor is just about the only girl in Hollywood who would tell such a story on herself.

* * *

Cliff 'Ukulele Ike' Edwards was sitting on the stone wall outside the M.G.M. commissary with a disgusted look on his face and a letter in his hand. When asked what had caused this disgruntled state Cliff replied, "I just got one of those chain letters from Doug Fairbanks, darn it all." Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind on some point. "I'm going to send it to my horse!" he declared.

* * *

Fifi Dorsay and Greta Garbo have struck up a great friendship. They are seen about together

Barney Fagan, world's oldest dancer, demonstrates his favorite steps on his eightieth birthday to Sammy Lee and a bevy of Sammy Lee girls.

a lot and it is amusing because Greta is shy and hates to mix and mingle, and Fifi is the most convivial soul imaginable.

* * *

There is a young chap on the First National lot who is quite a man of business. He is nine years old and his name is Larry Hickenlooper. His regular business is selling papers but once in awhile he bursts into celluloid; he played the powder monkey in "The Divine Lady!" He gets toys and clothes from almost every star on the lot. Corinne Griffith gave him a toy airplane which Larry will tell you is 'slick. I can make her loop now!'

Larry has saved up $270 toward a real airplane and not all the accidents in the United States can turn him from his purpose, " 'Cause I'm going to be a *good* pilot, and I'm going to take good care of my plane—like Lindy," he stoutly avers.

* * *

Irving Asher tells this one on Lupe Velez. Fitzmaurice, who always called Lupe 'Madame Mex' was the director and Irving was his assistant. In those early days of her advent to the States Lupe got everything twisted up. She rarely said what she meant; it was always backwards.

John McCormack, Charles Farrell and Victor McLaglen hold a conference of the Mutual Admiration Society on the lot. John's a good actor, too.

One of Billy Bevan's hidden charms was his infectious laughter until the talkies broke his silence. Now he can laugh out loud.

So when Lupe told Irving that she had lost the dressing room for her key, Irving immediately instigated a search for the key to Lupe's dressing-room. None could be found. "Never mind, Lupe," said Irving, "I'll send for the pass key."

"Pass key," stormed the little tamale, "what for I want pass key for, so and so and so and so! Here is key. Lupe has lost dressing-room that fits it!" And she meant just that. There were so many long halls and twists and turns she couldn't find her way.

* * *

Here is Jetta Goudal right back on the job in the French production of "The Unholy Night" and on the lot where all the row went on between La Goudal and Mr. De Mille! And Pauline Garon, whom everyone had marked for the shelf, just waved a couple of French sentences in front of the producers and they grabbed right and left. A girl who knows picture technique and who also knows French is welcome in these parts. Lionel Belmore, the only member of the English speaking cast retained for the French version because he can speak French too, heaves a sigh of relief after each scene and says, "Well, I got through *that* one all right." It's puzzling when you have learned lines in English to say them in French.

The dashing Andre Luguet, famous star of the Comedie Francaise, was brought to Hollywood especially for the lead in this picture and Jetta plays opposite him.

* * *

An amusing thing happened during the filming of Corinne Griffith's "Back Pay." The script required furniture which would be a throwback to the Victorian period. Walter Morosco explained what was wanted and a few days afterwards the property man said to him, "Now, we've got the furniture, the phonograph, lace curtains and all for that set, but we can't find that 'throw' you were talking about, and we figured that if it was one of those early American towns a silk crazy quilt might do just as well."

* * *

We were lunching with Frank Albertson whom Fox declares to be *the* find of the season and who has won the much talked of rôle of the son in Will Rogers' next, "They Had to See London," now in production at Fox Hills.

There was someone in the restaurant laughing very boisterously and attracting a lot of attention. Frank ground his teeth and made all the motions of one person strangling another. "Gee! I hate to hear anyone go on like that in a public place," he said. "A pal and myself were at the Grove one evening during the stock market excitement. Some man began blowing about how much he had made and how easy it was. We stood it as long as we could and then I bellowed forth, 'Well, I'm in the picture business and I—so on and so on.' He got it, too. Shut up like a lamb."

We asked Frank whether this was his first season in pictures, and were surprised to find that he had been in them off and on since he was thirteen years old. Just bits and atmosphere when he could manage it with school. "Oh, yes," he laughed, "I've been in pictures quite a long time—but pictures didn't know it!"

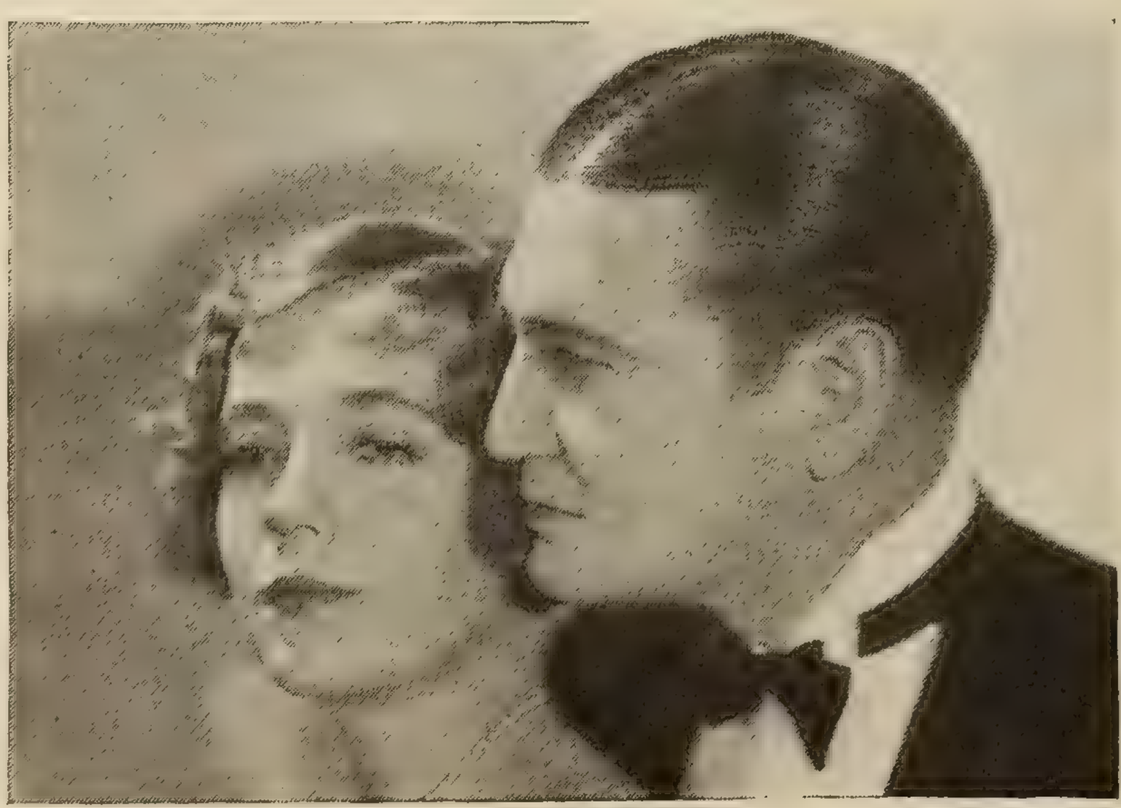
Frank Albertson gets the only kind of air Hollywood will give him since he became a favorite screen juvenile.

* * *

We have been told that the two cannibals who were brought over from Africa by Director W. S. Van Dyke to finish scenes in "Trader Horn" and who can not speak a word of English were asked by an interpreter what they thought of Greta Garbo. They dismissed the Swedish siren with a shrug and the words, "Stomach too flat."

* * *

And now we have an assistant director, the first of her sex to attempt this harassing job. Her name is Winifred Laurance. Her mother was a Russian, her father an Englishman, and she has had altogether a very exciting career and interesting background. She was script girl for Ernst Lubitsch, Ludwig Berger and other foreign directors and now she has taken this last strenuous task upon her slim young shoulders. She is assisting Fred Zelnik who will direct the foreign versions of "Rio Rita" and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."



Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are reunited. No, not really. Just for Richard's new picture, called "I Love You."

Both at Home and in their Studio Dressing Rooms

9 *out of* 10 *Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap*

Hollywood — then Broadway — and now the European Capitals acclaim it

NO MATTER how perfect a girl's features, she lacks the power to attract romance if she hasn't charming smooth skin.

"Lovely skin is absolutely essential for that attractiveness which touches hearts." This is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors. For the close-up, with its revealing blaze of light, a smooth skin is essential, they say.

And so, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. They use this white, daintily fragrant soap not only at home, in their own luxurious bathrooms, but in their dressing rooms on location, as well.

All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap official for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures shall have the very smoothest skin!

The Broadway stage stars, too, have long been using Lux Toilet Soap. And now the continental screen stars—in France, in England, in Germany — are just as enthusiastic about it as are the American stars.

You will love its caressing lather, always so very generous even in the hardest water. And the delicate care it gives *your* skin! Order several cakes—today.

Photo by Bachrach

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious bathroom especially designed and built in Hollywood for her dark beauty. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Photo by H. D. Carsey

Above—DOROTHY MACKAILL, First National star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin a beautiful smoothness. I certainly enjoy using it."

Photo by C. S. Bull

Left—BESSIE LOVE, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says of Lux Toilet Soap: "It leaves my skin as softly smooth as the most expensive French toilet soaps."

Photo by C. S. Bull

Above—ANITA PAGE, young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has the softest, smoothest skin imaginable. She keeps it at its best with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap! It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . NOW 10¢

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Evelyn Brent holds the record for being the most popular girl of the month in Miss Vee Dee's Department.

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

BUNNY S. of Medfield, Mass. What a breezy letter you do write. You wish heaven would send a wild wind storm and blow all the stars you don't like out of Hollywood. My dear, what a suggestion; but I'll not breathe it to a soul! Thelma Todd, Neil Hamilton, Robert Frazer, Danny O'Shea and Cornelius Keefe all came from your state. Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1902, at Onset Bay, Mass. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, La. in 1897. Her real name is Leatrice Joy Zeidler. She has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. She appears in "A Most Immoral Lady."

Lois B. from New York. Take your time; stop crowding. There's plenty of time for discussing, 'why is a mustache?' I'll appoint a committee of three "Ask Me" departments of which I'm all of them, to ask the male stars just why they have to adorn their otherwise good-looking faces with that bit of fuzz. Here is where you'll help me start something good. Conrad Nagel is the first on the list. Now that the campaign is well launched, we're off. Conrad was born March 16, 1897, at Keokuk, Iowa. His wife is Ruth Helms and they have a daughter, Ruth Margaret.

Dorothy of the Bronx. Would I advise the 18-day Hollywood diet? I'm not knocking the pineapple and lamb chop growers association but I don't follow it myself. I'm just a sylph. You can reach Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Lupe Velez at United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Johnny Walker is a free-lance player and I have no permanent address for him, but you might try sending your letter to him addressed just Hollywood, Cal., as he is very well known there.

A Blonde from Racine, Wis. How do you get that way? Never mind, don't tell me. How do I pronounce Marie Prevost's last name? Drop the last two letters, make the *o* long, then snap into and accent the *Pre* and you have the charming little lady's name. As far as I know the film you ask about is no longer in circulation.

Betty from Pittsburgh. Just drop another quarter in the gas meter and get the latest news about your screen favorites. Billie Dove appears in "Careers" with Thelma Todd and Antonio Moreno. Billie is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She was married Oct. 27, 1923, but is separated from her husband, Irvin Willat. You can reach Billie at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Clive Brook and Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Milton Sills at Fox. Larry Kent is a free-lance player.

Buster Brown of Muskegon. So you want to sell me a lot, do you? That's fine, but what do you mean, a lot of what? Several screen players were born in your birth-month, October: Jean Arthur on the 17th; Marjorie Beebe on the 9th; Gladys McConnell on the 22nd; Carol Lombard on the 6th; Jeanette Loff on the 9th; Janet Gaynor on the 6th; and Sue Carol on the 30th. Colleen Moore was born Aug. 19, 1902. Her latest picture is "Footlights and Fools" with Raymond Hackett and Fredric March, a combination of personality that's hard to beat. Barry Norton was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentine.

Donna of Milwaukee. Your one weakness is my department in SCREENLAND. Am I your slave? You've proved it. You can write to Grant Withers at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Loretta Young at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Nils Asther and Robert Montgomery at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Robert's fan mail is not to be sniffed at since he is going over so big in his celluloid releases, "Untamed" with Joan Crawford and "Their Own Desire" with Norma Shearer.

H. M. from Ragoon. A call from far-off Burma for Ruth Dwyer. Take your bow, Ruth, while I tell your admirer what I know about you. This charming little lady will be known in the future professionally as Betty Strong. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and began her career in musical comedy under the direction of the late John Cort. She later entered motion picture work and played opposite Benny Leonard of pugilistic fame in several serials and was featured with Reginald Denny, Johnny Hines, and other popular male stars. She played in a number of British film productions for a prominent London producer for a year or more but is now doing picture work in the U. S. A. as Betty Strong.

Lena G. from Dushore, Pa. Send your request for a picture of Lloyd Hughes to First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., where he is under contract. Two of his latest pictures are, "The Mysterious Island" and "Where East is East," produced by M-G-M. His next film will be under the RKO banner, "When Love Comes Along" with Bebe Daniels.

A Puzzled Fan from Chattanooga. No, I'm not a myth but a real lady I hope. You're not the only admirer of Clive Brook—he has millions of 'em. He was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds. His wife, Mildred Evelyn, was an English actress. They have two children, Faith, who is eight years old, and Clive, Jr., two and a half. Mr. Brook's latest picture is "New Morals" with Ruth Chatterton.

Edna from New York. Of course, I won't mind answering your questions—I don't mind anything. Sally O'Neil's real name is Virginia Louise Noonan and Molly O'Day's is Suzanne Dobson Noonan. Sisters? You bet! Claire Windsor was born in Coffee City, Kansas. Her real name is Claire Viola Cronk.

V. J. H. of Swansea, S. Wales. You think SCREENLAND is a great magazine from beginning to end—far be it from me to contradict you for I'm a bit so-and-so over it myself. Elizabeth Edna Murphy was born in New York City. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 101 pounds. Her husband is the well-known director, Mervyn LeRoy. Doris Dawson was born April 16, 1909, in Goldfield, Nevada. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 103 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, on July 20, 1906. She has ash-blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3

(*Continued on page* 128)

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils... the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten
BERLIN

Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin... one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe... located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,000 famous experts agree

In this shop... in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals... the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives... no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of these oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation ... keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time – over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

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Keeping Fit Beautifully—*Continued from page 95*

dull that you need to fly to an occulist and have them treated. If you put on glasses you may see better but your eyes slowly atrophy. In many cases, a good occulist is necessary. But first, try treating your eyes to more rest, and exercise. There are exercises and remedies that help bring back strength and beauty. I have written about this before and offered the exercises. Well, they're still available if you want them!

And now, about figures. During winter you have eaten too much and exercised too little. That's why you're dull, 'logy,' lacking pep and ambition. We have talked about waking up the face and hair; we must now wake up the body, get it into perfect line, no thickness anywhere, no little humps — the slim, graceful body that goes with the sea season and can wear the new clothes becomingly.

Some time ago, the famous Mr. Ziegfeld who, it is said, forecasts our national ideas of feminine pulchritude with an almost uncanny accuracy, decreed that the members of his chorus henceforth be other than slatlike in outline. Then came the rumor that Hollywood had given its approval to curves, and this met with the approval of both doctors and dressmakers. Personally, however, though the health experts have a right to rejoice that women have gotten over their craze for super-slimness, I believe that Mr. Ziegfeld, Hollywood and the fashion arbiters are the real authorities for the change.

That the present trend is back to normalcy is a credit to our national sense. And this trend doesn't mean that all the attention which has recently been paid to problems of diet and exercise will go by the boards. Indeed, it will have more value now that it is to be applied with common sense. To some, it may seem as hard to become gracefully slim as it was to become stylishly flat; but anyway, building up by exercise, attaining the slim roundness the new clothes require, should be neither difficult or unpleasant.

There is one form of exercise that I especially recommend in spring; not the jerky, unimaginative movement kind of exercise, but the fundamental things that animals do instinctively to keep themselves fit. The one exercise I would advocate, if I could choose but one, would be stretching!

These exercises have much to recommend them because they may begin before one is out of bed in the morning. Most of us do a bit of involuntary stretching upon awakening, feeling perhaps that there must be something wrong with us because we don't feel like jumping blithely out of bed the moment we are awake. The fact is, we shouldn't jump suddenly out of bed. The body should be awakened slowly.

Stretching brings you alive. It keeps your poor body, bowed with responsibility, from settling that way. It awakens the entire body, sending the blood coursing through the veins as Nature intended. Upon waking up in the morning and before going to sleep at night are the best time for these exercises. Between each stretch, relax completely for a moment to allow the blood to race through the worked muscles.

Certain parts of the body don't get any exercise at all. Stretching gets at these parts. You don't really have to be told how to stretch; the impulse is inside us, born there. But just to start you off I'll give you a few instructions to go by. But when you have followed them, don't stop there, but just stretch—and then stretch again to the limit. And if you want further instructions about exercises just write to me and I'll send them.

1. Lie flat on your back with arms above your head. Gently stretch your whole body, making each limb feel as though it were trying to reach something beyond its length, legs stretching downward and arms upward. Relax. Stretch again a little more vigorously. Repeat from two to six times.

2. Let one arm lie at your side; drawing up the knee on the same side, rest the leg on the foot. This relaxes the muscles on that side of the body. Stretch the other arm and leg as much as possible. Relax and stretch the other side in the same manner. Repeat exercise two to four times.

3. You'll feel alive now, so jump out of bed and standing straight, stretch the arms up as far as possible. At the same time stretch the leg muscles and rise on the balls of the feet, head stretching up, chin held straight, not sagging. Relax, letting arms fall down, then stretch the arms up once more. When you feel that you have stretched the limit, drop all of a sudden toward the floor—arms, head, shoulders limp. Do this several times until you are all loose and your blood racing.

Dorothy Mackaill, the model of health and good grooming which spell beauty, consults her trusty barometer to see if she works today or stays home at Malibu Beach.

Stand now, before an open window, and with hands raised, palms outward, inhale deeply, counting ten. Hold, count ten, exhale, count ten and repeat. Do this several times—breathe deep, stretch—it's a superb tonic. Keep your shoulders soft, not tense.

Now your shower, and you're ready to dress. And all this has not taken nearly as long as it has taken me to tell you about it. But it was time enough to add to the length of your days, and to the loveliness in the world.

Would you like to know more about beauty care for the days when winter's gone and summer beckons? More about keeping beautifully fit? How to attain popularity and charm? After all, good looks depend almost entirely on whether you are able and willing to make and keep yourself fit. It's all in your own hands!

WHEN BEAUTY BECKONS

Do you read Anne Van Alstyne's beauty department? Every number contains valuable information on beauty care. How to attain a lovely complexion, beautiful hair, a lithe, graceful body; all the details of good grooming that make for individual charm. For personal advice on beauty, write Miss Van Alstyne, at 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing stamped self addressed envelope.

"A drop of it...so! and ten years slip away!"

says VIRGINIA VALLI

"You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes? ...putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too...But we like to turn back the clock...and play we're our younger selves! Hats...frocks...often I buy them, to encourage that mood... And now...And now, I've a perfume... an ever so much quicker way...A breath of SEVENTEEN *upon me...and I'm joyously in the role...playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!*

Breath of the Modern Spirit
a new perfume...SEVENTEEN

Young...with eternal youth...Sophisticated... as whispered repartee...Naive...daring...

Soul of the modern woman...part of her vivid personality...breath of her *different* charm...

Seventeen comes like a crisp, fresh breeze, after all the cloying perfumes you have known. Seventeen — like you — dares to be *different*...new!

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today...you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons ...the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings...the *Toilet Water,* like a caress...the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury...the *Talc*...the *Sachet*...two kinds of *Brillantine*...and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold...like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

On Location with "Numbered Men" — Continued from page 65

Ray isn't so keen on the night and day shifts sometimes required in studio work. "But then I think of the week or two of rest that we get with pay between pictures and that cheers me up. Of course, the freelance players haven't such a good job of it, because when they take a rest the money stops."

Ray loves to travel and he loves garlic in his salad. Whereupon, I asked him if he had ever had it in artichokes and proceeded to give him my favorite recipe which he declared he was going to try out.

By that time the 'mike' was waiting for him and we trudged up the line.

"Look at Conrad (Conrad Nagel) taking a snooze in his car," laughed Ray. There was the dignified Mr. Nagel, oblivious to the world or what it was doing, as snug as a bug in a rug in his little Ford coupé which he had driven up himself.

Irving Asher told me an amusing thing that had happened at the studio the day before. Irving is Mervyn Le Roy's second assistant and for awhile he had been General Manager of the British Line pictures in England. "You know how young Mervyn appears," he said. "After he has had a hair cut he looks about nine, and people go about giving him sticks of candy —well, yesterday someone from the publicity department brought a lady on the set and when she was introduced to Mervyn she beamed upon him and said, 'And what is *your* job on this picture?' "

"Tell her about Ah Yet," grinned Mervyn over his field microphone.

"See that Chinaman over there?" asked Irving. "He worked with the gang in the studio and for these scenes up here Mervyn wanted another face. His name is Ah Yet. I told him he was through and asked the casting director to send me another Chinaman. He sent Young Foo. When Young Foo appeared it was Ah Yet! 'How's this?' I asked. 'Young Foo was engaged for this location.' Ah Yet grinned broadly. 'Me Young Foo. Me have two names—get plenty work that way!' "

Mervyn and Ray and the rest of the troop were on their way down to the bottom of the ravine where a couple of parallels had been erected for lights to help the cameras do their stuff in a shady place. The job was for the prisoners, at a given signal, to run up the steep two-hundred-foot bank.

"Say," puffed one of the men after the fourth sprint, "a little of that goes a long way. I won't get my wind back till next year."

The next shot was of Ray driving a pair of mules down the road and Conrad Nagel checking up on each of the gang who were working with pickaxes. Conrad was already on the job, having sensed, like the good trouper he is, that his scene was approaching. "Mervyn," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "you're going to have Coop carry that boulder up the hill, aren't you?" 'Coop' being George Cooper, who plays *Happy*.

"Sure thing," grinned Mervyn. "Right up to that tuft of sage on the top of the hill, George, see? Be careful not to let it roll backwards on you."

George Cooper put the little red danger flag he was carrying under his left arm and started flexing the muscles of his right. "Mr. Nagel, I take it, picked that job out for me," he threatened darkly.

"I presume you picked out the job of carrying the little red flag for yourself," razzed Conrad, "when all your friends were laboring with pickaxes and shovels."

"Why not? I have always been told to use brain instead of brawn!"

It really was the craziest location I have ever been on. Because of the narrowness of the road, chairs were balanced on the very edge of the ravine and the camera parallels were built two or three feet out

Bernice Claire in a tense scene from the prison drama, "Numbered Men."

beyond it. My chair started a downward trip and while a couple of boys made a grab for it Irving Asher shouted, "Never mind if you do go over. The quicksand is nice and soft below!"

"What! Do you mean to tell me you have quicksand up here?" I screeched.

"No foolin'! There's a rift fifteen feet long and ten feet wide right down there."

"But it's only three feet deep," smiled Carleton B. Scott, assistant Captain of the detention camp. As Ray looked down at the quicksand a rock started to slide with him which might have given him a toss because it was a sheer drop right at that point.

"Hey, wait a minute, Ray," chaffed Mervyn Le Roy. "We need you a couple of weeks longer. It you must fall off a cliff, do it on a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture." Both Ray and Conrad Nagel were loaned by Metro to First National for the "Numbered Men" picture.

I was disappointed not to find Bernice Claire on the location. A change in the script took her out of the action and gave her two days' vacation. "But I had to have a costume fitted, my hair shampooed and my picture taken, so I was pretty busy anyway," this newest of the Warner Brothers' finds told me later. Bernice is little and has a most engaging personality. Her face is very changeable in expression. Sometimes she looks like a little girl who is listening with much interest to a conversation among her elders. There is a mysterious, mystic quality to her eyes difficult to explain. There is a turbulence about them, not of dissatisfaction, but as though a million different ideas were crowding into her mind seeking for expression and she didn't know which one to clear up first.

Mervyn Le Roy thinks Bernice has a great future. "I've directed embryo wows before—Colleen Moore and Alice White were two of them—and this girl has something. Besides a singing voice of unusual warmth and beauty she has dramatic ability that will adapt itself to a range of parts. And that adaptability is not to be sneezed at by any studio."

Captain Scott of the detention camp told me a little about the prisoners. "There are two good ways to win a man: one is through his heart and the other through his stomach. We try both ways. We give the men excellent food and treat them as kindly and with as much understanding as we are capable of. When their day's work is done the men play cards, read or listen to the radio. They are all on their honor up here and we seldom have any trouble with them."

The 'mike' had been acting up because of a stiff wind that made us all hang on to our belongings. Poor little Marie Branham, the script clerk, had a terrible cold and was vainly trying to keep her nose in place as well as manage the books and pencils and stop watches necessary to her work. While another 'mike' was being rigged up we looked about the landscape a bit.

"A nice drink of water wouldn't go badly at this time," said Mr. Le Roy.

"Water for Mervyn Le Roy," announced an assistant through the field 'mike' which was relayed to the loud speaker stationed down by the trucks. In a few minutes a 'grip' appeared with a five gallon bottle of spring water on his shoulder.

"Did you bring a canoe along, too?' grinned Irving Asher.

"Did you ever try to fill one of those paper cups from a five gallon bottle?" asked Mervyn. "Try it sometime. It's a stunt."

The loud speaker had been thundering in our ears picking up the conversation going on between the men at work on the crippled 'mike,' and now it began to record drama. "Well, I'm not saying you're not right. But we didn't expect this thing to go on the bum, did we?"

"If you're going to have an argument, turn off the loud speaker," laughed Irving Asher.

We had our box lunches sitting about in cars. Conrad Nagel had brought his own sandwiches but ours were very good, chicken on whole wheat bread, a tasty jelly roll, fruit salad, a bottle of milk or hot coffee and a small box of sardines if anyone wanted them, but nobody did. Raymond Hackett, Mervyn Le Roy, Bernie Williams (my escort from the publicity department) and Frederick Howard filled Mervyn's car to overflowing and later Ray sat on the running board of Conrad Nagel's car to have their pictures taken for this story.

It always amuses Mervyn Le Roy when people tell him he looks like a kid. "I'm not such a kid. I'm twenty-nine. And I began working when I was eleven selling newspapers in San Francisco. That's a good start for any youngster. You learn what things you are up against in the world of competition, and you understand how

to get a chance to do the things you want to do later. You don't have to go to college to acquire a well rounded education, but while you are in college the other boys are getting ahead of you. I know one Harvard graduate who is glad to have a chance to sell shoes, and that wasn't what he had been trained to do in college! I have nothing against colleges but it seems to me that they are not properly organized when they turn out so many young men with nothing to fit them in their struggle to get on in the world. They may be far more capable of holding jobs than many who hold them, but they don't know how to get a foothold because they don't know life or human nature. We could use a lot of college men in various branches of pictures and there are a lot of college men in pictures, but a good many of them are not getting the breaks they should."

When Mervyn decided he wanted to be a director he gave himself five years and at the end of four he was directing. He wants sometime to do a great dramatic picture, not such a great plot but opportunity for carefully worked out detail and business. "You know, one of those 'artistic successes,'" he kidded himself.

During the afternoon they worked with dynamite which made me a bit nervous until I saw one of the real prisoners coming down the hill with a box of it balanced on his shoulder and one of our men said, "Gee whiz, boys! There comes the real stuff sauntering down the path. One slip and we needn't worry any more about rent and taxes."

"Now when I give the signal for the blast, all you boys throw down your shovels and get out of sight," directed Mervyn. "Ah Yet, Young Foo and all the rest of the names you employ, that means you."

"Some of those guys would rather be blown up than hurry," philosophized a 'grip' solemnly.

Mervyn kept razzing Bernie Williams because he wore one of the berets that have become so popular out here. Next day Mervyn appeared in something that looked like a cross between a beret and a fireman's hat. "Just look," cried Bernie indignantly, "what Mervyn has the nerve to wear today after what he said to me yesterday about my beret."

The second day everything went quickly except when they had to build a parallel over the side of the cliff to hold the cameras. The mixer declared the second shot of one scene to be N.G. Sound is the ruling power in the studios now. If that is okay, it goes. "Darn the luck," wailed Sol Polito, chief cameraman. "He would N.G. that when it was a good shot for me."

Earl Sitar, chief of the sound equipment, told me that although it was more difficult to make sound pictures out of doors the recording was better. A hard floor makes echoes; if it is padded it gives too much; but the ground absorbs all foreign sounds and gives a clearer result.

As we drove home Mervyn said how extraordinary was the effect a well-directed picture had upon him. "If I see a poorly made picture I think, 'there is still room for me.' Every time I see a Lubitsch picture I want to hire out as a laborer." Raymond Hackett laughed and said he felt the same way about acting. When he sees Jannings or Arliss or any performance that is really outstanding in artistry he glories through the seeing of it and then begins thinking out a nice easy way to commit suicide.

"Well, you needn't hang your head," said Mervyn to Ray. "That performance

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you gave in 'Mary Dugan' was one of the finest I have ever seen on any stage or any screen."

By the way, this picture used to be called "Jailbreak" and the new title is from the fertile brain of the director. Mervyn is very careful about dialogue, too.

"You have to watch dialogue like a hawk," he said. "A perfectly commonplace sentence will seem unbelievably funny when spoken on the stage or screen. Bernice had a line that would have brought down the house had I not changed it. A laugh at that dramatic point in the picture would have ruined the whole scene."

When you see "Numbered Men" look for the doughnut scene. Those doughnuts were real, and great was the joy of the staff when scenes had to be taken over three or four times and more and more doughnuts were forthcoming. Everyone on the set was getting a break but the men in the world above the scenes. It is called the flies in the theater; I've just forgotten the studio term for it. The men up there looked hungrily on until they couldn't stand it any longer. Bernice Claire began to rub her eyes thinking she must be dreaming when she saw a nice brown doughnut rise from the plate on the stove toward the ceiling. "I knew they were good, but not that good," she told us afterwards. But there was nothing supernatural about the phenomenon, just that an electrician had let down a string and a real pal had tied a doughnut on the end of it.

The Stage in Review — *Continued from page 97*

toe to toupee and that the swellest sophisticate and the omnipotent Olympian of them all, George Jean Nathan, had fairly cracked his belly over "June Moon," by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman, I naturally expected to do the same, for I am hard-boiled, a sophisticate and something of an Olympian.

But I didn't. I was amused at his somewhat caustic satire on Tin-Pan Alley, its thrust at Gershwin, its slick unpeeling of the hokum, the illiteracy and moronity of these purveyors of the most sickening rubbish that ever got the name of 'music' and 'song' tagged on to it—but I did not get that laugh-bawling evening that I had hoped for. Probably because I am an idealist.

Mr. Lardner's characterizations however, are fine. These men and women of Hokum Avenue really live and talk and act naturally. The story is negligible. If I could remember what it is about, I'd have my head examined. It's a clean, honest show, too, Linda Watkins, Harry Rosenthal, Norman Foster and a perfect supporting cast aiding the chuckles and light hilarity.

"Josef Suss"

This is a glamourous, all-scenic, melodramatic vision of Lion Feuchtwanger's "Power," a book which I have not read.

The story concerns the rise of a Jew named *Joseph Suss* at the court of *Karl Alexander* back in the minuetting, pirouetting eighteenth century. The drama pivots on the fact that while race-venemous *Suss* to gain the highest peak of power at *Karl's* court has even become a procurer for his boss, the latter has, through the connivance of the father of the girl he has procured for *Karl*, tried to seduce *Suss'* own beloved daughter, who commits suicide rather than submit. *Suss* in revenge encompasses the downfall of the Duke and his own death.

Maurice Moscovitch as *Suss* is a newcomer to the American stage. He is an impressive, eloquent actor of the old school, but lacks subtlety and doesn't dig under. He reached the tragic grand manner in his scene over the body of his daughter, and throughout the play enacted with dignity and cold-blooded assurance the rôle of an aristocratic *Shylock*.

"Joseph Suss" is, however, just "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Fool's Revenge" done over again. Ashley Dukes did the stage version and a good company surrounds Mr. Moscovitch. There's a big costume picture in it, however.

"Many A Slip"

This comedy gave me many laughs and quite a few smiles. Of course, it will remind you of "It's a Wise Child," at the Belasco, which, as you know, is built around the new comedy theme called 'Ha! Ha!—I'm about to become a mother!' Nothing so indicates the way we have 'advanced' since the war than the way we kid the work of begetting kids.

"Many a Slip," by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin, is not only just comic; it hits a really pathetic note in the attitude of the Young Feller when he finds he has been tricked into marriage in the belief that there is a baby on the way. He was a ninny-idealist and didn't believe in marriage. But when he Hears the News he develops over-night a regular paternal instinct, buys toys, gets married, and all the rest—only to find he has been bilked in the manner that thousands of the Daughters of Eve used to put it over on the Midnight Sons.

But in order to end this little play nicely, a baby does get on the way, thanks to the authors and the demands of the box office. Sylvia Sidney is the fair snarer, with Dorothy Sands and Maude Eburne as a servant doing splendid work. The sap was Douglas Montgomery.

"The Boundary Line"

"The Boundary Line," by Dana Burnet, featuring Otto Kruger, Winifred Lenihan and Katherine Alexander, contains some of that substance as rare in the theater as radium is in the world of matter: Beauty. As a play it is distinctly out of Ibsen; therefore old-fashioned (while Ibsen is not). For imitation is the sincerest form of failure.

"The Boundary Line" tells the story of a high-brow bohemian writer married to a commonplace, cash-down wife and his sliding degradation till he reaches riches and the sinks of worldly success in two bathrooms. He can no longer stand the stench of respectability and babbittry that emanates from this town up-State and so leaves his tea-daffy wife to her canned-brain lover and takes a shirt and a toothbrush and follows some nuts from Hollywood who are going west on the Open Road.

It's all meant to be symbolical, and the moral is—it's better to be free in Hell than a slave in Heaven (curtain).

Somehow, the whole thing didn't jell with me, although I'm all for rebellion—that is, I was before I got bald-headed. It's Mr. Burnet's fault. With all his ingenuity, he can't do a Pop Ibsen. There was only one.

"Out Of A Blue Sky"

What came out of Leslie Howard "Out of a Blue Sky" (adapted from a German imitation of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," "Pagliacci," "The Spider," etc.) was plainly Reginald Owen's funny portrayal of an actor drafted from the audience to play a stage husband to a company also suddenly drafted from the audience because there was a misunderstanding about the production of "Camille" that night.

It all sounded and looked phony to me from the minute the curtain rose on an unset stage with the stage hands playing poker and the stage manager running around mad. For two acts a triangle play is played within a play, for, in the audience were a husband, his wife and the lover, and while the husband believes he is only acting, the wife and lover are pulling off the real thing.

Well, as Mons. Ripley says, 'Believe it or not.' The whole business was, to me, inane, although Katherine Wilson is a stunning looker.

"It's A Grand Life"

They threw a lot of dice and decided that Mrs. Fiske should be the star in "It's a Grand Life," by Hatcher Hughes and Alan Williams. She plays an elderly wife who has got on her hands some hell of a family: a libido-crazy husband, a daughter that my grandma used to call 'abandoned' and a son whose highest flight is a dancer. Enter our only living ex-*Tess!*

I do not know what kind of a picture this thing will make, but it's certainly a roisterous, skylarking bit of up-to-date sex-scrapery and sophisticated blow-outs. But Mrs. Fiske is the show. She's gayer, snappier, quicker, more *chablis mousseux* than ever. The way she receives the reporters!—but you must really see her, for, you know, the play is no longer the thing. Who's in it is the only thing of importance. All fine drama and comedy have almost disappeared from Broadway.

"Everything's Jake"

Don Marquis has a line of satire that is absolutely his own. This curious Marquisian line comes out again in his latest comedy, "Everything's Jake," which is in a prologue and three acts.

Once more we meet the Old Soak, *Al* and a new alcoholic cheer-leader in *Jake Smith*, who is a rich Long Island bootlegger. *Jake* takes his family and his cronies, *Clem* and *Al*, to Paris with him, and here we have some hilarious booze-jinks at the tables in the Boulevard.

A long list of first-rate players center around Charles Kennedy as the *Old Soak* and Thurston Hall as *Jake* and Edward Donnelly as *Al*. A woman tries to vamp *Jake* in Paris—here's where the drama slips in. It all ends as merrily as you could expect.

Don Marquis has already put over his "The Old Soak" and "The Cruise of the Jasper B." in pictures. "Everything's Jake" would make a good third as a laughie.

Polly Moran

Continued from page 63

is gone. One may be old at sixteen or young at eighty. That's our philosophy. No, I'm not trying to win a nomination for a 1930 Baby Star either for myself or Polly.

That Polly! Impractical, adorable female *Pagliacci!* She covers her wounds with a laugh.

Everyone loves Polly. Not just the thousands and thousands she has made laugh across the footlights or from the screen—but all professionals.

I happen to know that many stars whom the public adore are cordially disliked in intimate Hollywood circles. Not so with Polly. She makes a hit with her own kind, always.

She is always wondering which one of the many weekend invitations she can accept without hurting some one's feelings. And when our genial Irish Polly accepts a bid you can know she has turned down about six others. And always, she leaves her cares, troubles, and dignity at home. She bubbles like a veritable joke geyser—always dynamic, always moving about, never still for a moment and always the clown.

That's why Polly Moran is one of the most popular stars in Hollywood and one of the most popular on the screen: because she has a big heart, a big mind, and a talent for laugh-making. Not only that, she has the quickest brain in the picture business. That girl is never at a loss for a line.

She has saved more situations by her wit than anybody I ever heard of. Polly Moran is the greatest comic I know.

Marie Dressler

Continued from page 62

standing invitation awaits Marie at the finest, most exclusive estate in the country any time she wants to accept.

And say! You ought to see Miss Dressler off-stage, all dressed up—dignified, sedate, the perfect picture of a swell society dame. But there's always the 'comic' behind this well-poised manner and she sneaks up on you with a laugh when you least expect it.

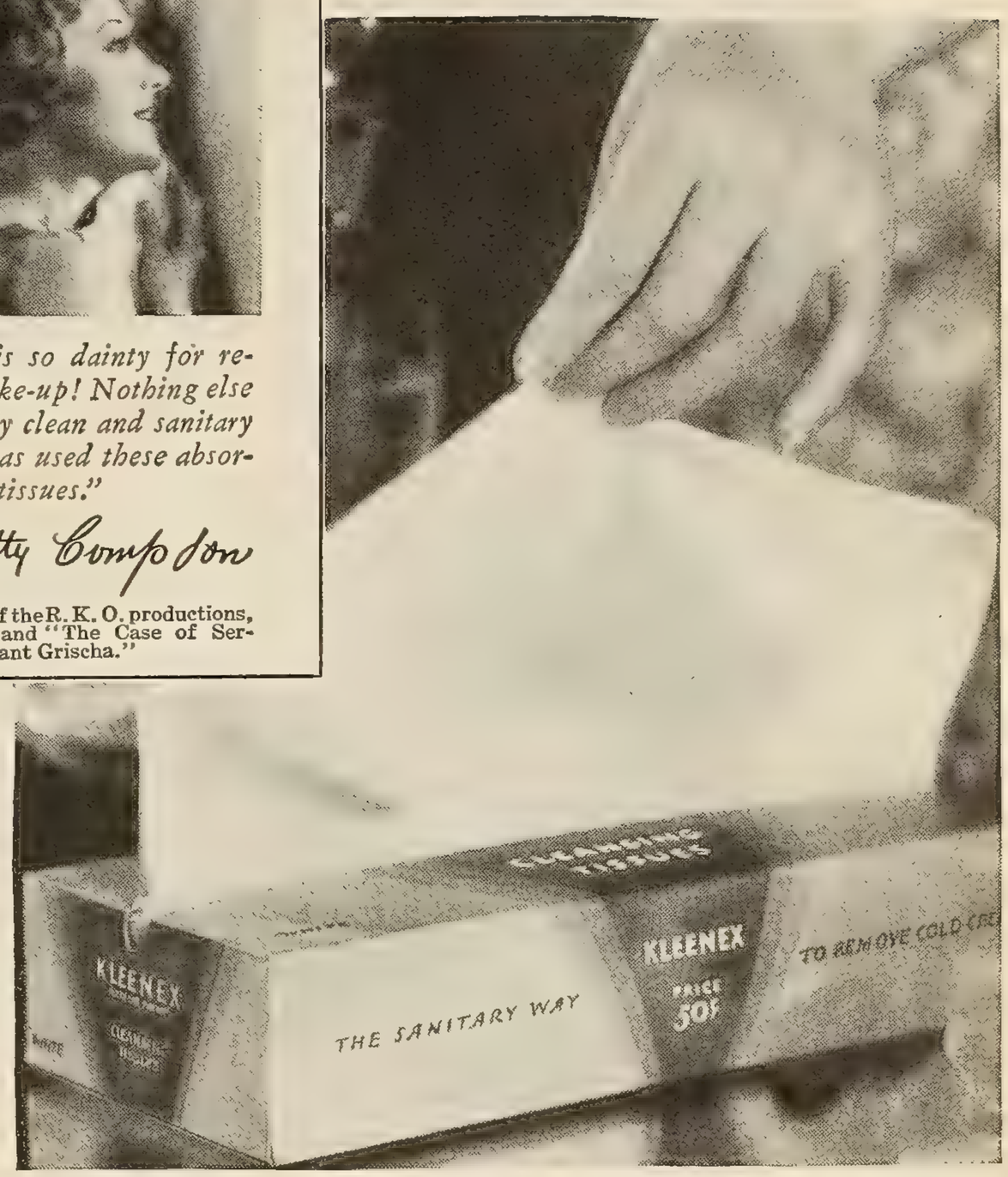
Funny? Ever since the days of "Tillie's Punctured Romance" Marie has been the funniest thing in pictures. And she gets funnier all the time. Did you ever see what she can do with a hat? That's all the props she needs. A hat, as Ted Lewis says, anybody's hat—even her grandmother's. And that face! I feel like nobody when I'm in a scene with her. I thought I could mug. But that rubber face of hers makes me look like Dead-Pan Keaton when I'm in a close-up with her. All she has to do is make the slightest grimace and everyone else in the scene fades right out of the picture.

I love to work with Marie. She is really a genius and I am honest enough with myself to know I never could approach her greatness. I consider myself lucky to drag along with her, no matter how far behind she leaves me. I know this comedy business, certainly, but when it comes to the real touch—well, did you see that scene of Marie's in "The Hollywood Revue?" Funny, wasn't it? And did you see her in "Anna Christie?" That wasn't funny, but to me it was the finest piece of acting I've seen. I'm a comic; but Marie, she's everything!

"Kleenex is so dainty for removing make-up! Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent little tissues."

Betty Compson

Brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions, "Street Girl" and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."



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NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the *safe* way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just *blot up* the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Bacteria, you know, start most complexion troubles, such as pimples and blackheads. And bacteria thrive on dirt.

There's still another way in which Kleenex protects your skin. Because of its amazing absorbency, Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary . . . the rubbing that beauty experts believe an important cause of large pores and wrinkles.

You'll find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. Use a fresh, clean tissue each time, then discard it. Thus you prevent infection . . . save laundry . . . and avoid reinfection from cold germs. Ask for Kleenex at drug and department stores.

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Hollywood Haters—*Continued from page 21*

Another New Yorker, one of the old Knickerbocker families from Terre Haute, Ind., declared that the whole town was just a movie set, and that some day they'd 'strike' it and move on to another location. Even Jack Dempsey, himself, associates Hollywood with hollyhocks, and will tell you that, in his estimation, they both belong in the same vicinity.

That eminent French sex-appealist, M. Adolphe Menjou, is louder than you'd think he could be in vocalizing vituperations against Hollywood—its words and deeds, its players and producers, its yes-men and no-girls, its cinema and its climate. When he finishes, one is almost convinced that he doesn't like Hollywood.

Just recently J. P. McEvoy had a bad dream for Screenland. It was that his slumbers were disturbed by a night-mare who trotted him willy-nilly back to the Sun-kissed City. Arthur Caesar's serpent tongue is never done hissing Hollywood, despite the fact that this very wit of his had to be taken West for appreciation, and has enabled him to swop a sweat-shop vista for a poppy-carpeted patio.

The eloquent silence of Max Reinhardt and William Locke, as each beat his dignified retreat toward the Santa Fe station, was more impressive than a theater-full of loud speakers. And the gutteral thunderings of Emil Jannings, really one of the Brooklyn Boys, and Conrad Veidt, and Pola Negri, could never, never have received the stamp of approval from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. Thyra Samter Winslow, more scened against than scene-ing, is transformed from a nice girl to personified tantrum at the mere mention of Malibu, the sub-division-by-the-sea as it is poetically titled.

To speak of Hollywood to Zita Johann or Eva Von Berne, is just to have a nice evening float away on their tears; and even Alice White, a New Yorker from Paterson, N. J., will talk longingly about the Hudson tubes.

The Hollywood Haters present a remarkable phenomenon. Had there been no Hollywood the vast majority of them would have lived to blush unseen, and to waste whatever they may have upon the desert air of kitchens, ribbon-counters, the rear ends of trolley cars and rush-hour subway crowds. But Hollywood has given them luxury beyond even a J. P. McEvoy dream. It has lavished upon them great estates, mile-long motor-cars, all that wealth may bring to beauty. And beside this, in many cases, the health to enjoy a life crowded with good things.

Then why the hate for Hollywood? Is it a pose? One wonders. The question asked the answer is generally the same. There is no cultural influence. They miss the theater so. The opera. Art. Mental stimulation. Night Clubs. The discussion of painting and sculpture and literature. And again one wonders.

One star was reeling off the ritual with special stress on the literature angle. Suddenly — quick like that — the questioner hurled a demand at her.

"Quick!" he snorted, "give me the name of a book!"

The Hollywood Hater stammered and stuttered for seconds before she could gasp: "The Bible!"

Yet with all the faults of Hollywood, it is a beautiful, a charming place. And with all the sham and pretense and fake pining for culture, even the Hollywood Haters are good fellows when they forget to put on the act. They still punch the time clock when the whistle blows. And that their full dinner pails are diamond-studded, doesn't disguise the beef-stew which is their probable dietetic preference. Even the delicatessen shop-keeper, happiest of men, will join Mr. Justice Holmes as a dissenter. And it is the delicatessen streak in the elite of Hollywood society, that leads it to hand the movie town a razz in accents which sometimes vary the broad A's with the patois of South Brooklyn, Oomsk or Ceskoslovensko.

The hating of Hollywood is just a part of the Big Show, the three-ring circus of gold-lined lavatories, ermine lap robes and ruby-stoppered hot water bags. It is all lots of fun, and not to be taken seriously. It gives the boys and girls something to talk about after a hard day's grind down at the factories.

Gloria Swanson Psycho-Analyzed

Continued from page 29

after victory over the introverted side. She has much extraverted feeling and intuition with which to battle her moods, her dream-life, her tendency to be 'up in the clouds.' But having such opposite things in her makes for crises of conflict, inner conflict, torn by opposing forces, and for this reason she lacks the one remaining thing which is the gift of the straight extravert. She is not practical, save in her work. It is in her work that she wins a crucial victory; but outside of it she is emotion, affection, the queen who orders others, the actress.

Most people who amount to anything have two selves that almost constantly war on each other. But it is this conflict, this constant need to have more strength than the run of people so that you may conquer your inner enemy as well as the world, that wakens ambition, that liberates energy, that is a sustaining challenge to go 'onward and upward.'

Gloria Swanson is a self-made woman. She has fought tooth and nail from the obscurity of extra parts, and with the greatest daring and courage has marked her own course to superiority of character and world-fame. She gambled her whole career on being her own producer, and almost went under; only to shine in victory by an even greater act of imagination and daring. "Rain" was banned as immoral; she changed the name to "Sadie Thompson," (which seemed somehow to lift the curse) and rode through the cities of the world like a triumphant procession. And, on top of this, she flowered out completely as one of the two supreme stars of the day, by meeting the challenge of the talkies not only with the speaking voice but with the singing voice. It is usually a cruelty to oneself to see a movie a second time; but it so happened that I saw "The Trespasser" twice and enjoyed it more the second time than the first. It is, in its way, a movie masterpiece, authentically American, of our soil and of our times.

Chicago throbs in it, and is almost per-

sonified by Swanson, in spite of the fact that she is also the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, a part she fits equally well. We see her in "The Trespasser" running, as they say, the gamut of emotions and experiences. It rings true. The competent private secretary who signals her lover in the other room while she stands behind the boss, for all the world, for a moment, a young girl in love, madly in love, laughter and tears; the honeymoon girl mussing her husband's hair and tickling him, a laughing child; the queen of women, casting him aside, and his father with him, a ramrod of pride; the broken woman because she cannot fight the world and support her child; the superb woman of pity and grief at the bedside of the dying boss who befriended her, making his unloved wife get the last kiss; the mother, all naturalness, playfulness, affection with her small son; the powerful Cleopatra-like woman who drives the reporters and photographers from her rooms and meets scandal with head up; the woman who meets her rival and sacrifices herself to her rival and her son's welfare. One can't help the pun. Great and Gloria Swanson!

And yet one feels that she made herself most of this; that the years behind her have been day-by-day battles to develop herself as a woman and as an artist. Wherever life challenged, she met the challenge; not only the harsh routine of diet, massage, exercise, dress, 'beauty'—the high fee demanded of the movie actress; but also those greater battles—over herself, against a hostile world, those struggles to gain mastery in her art of pantomime and of speech and song. She is one of America's assets, for her art is superb and her life is a challenge to the rest of us.

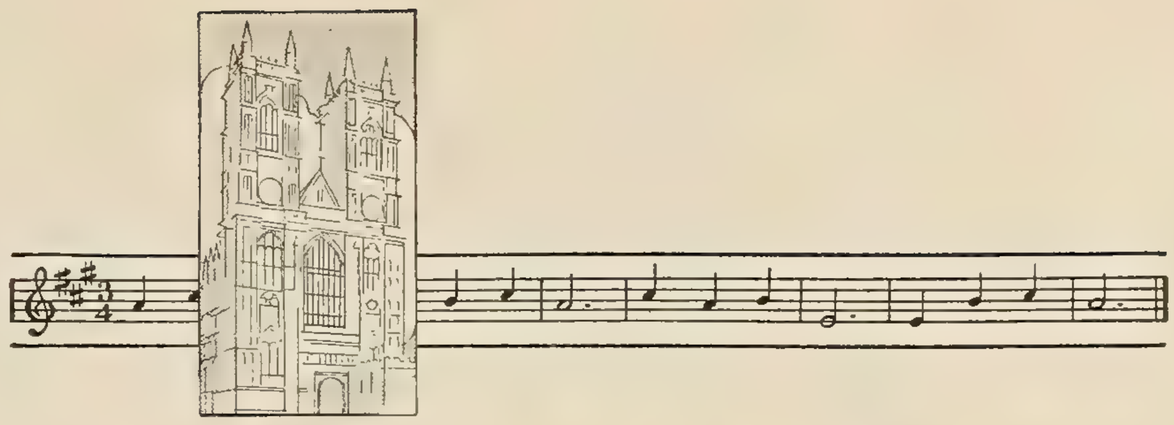
I Knew Them When

Continued from page 61

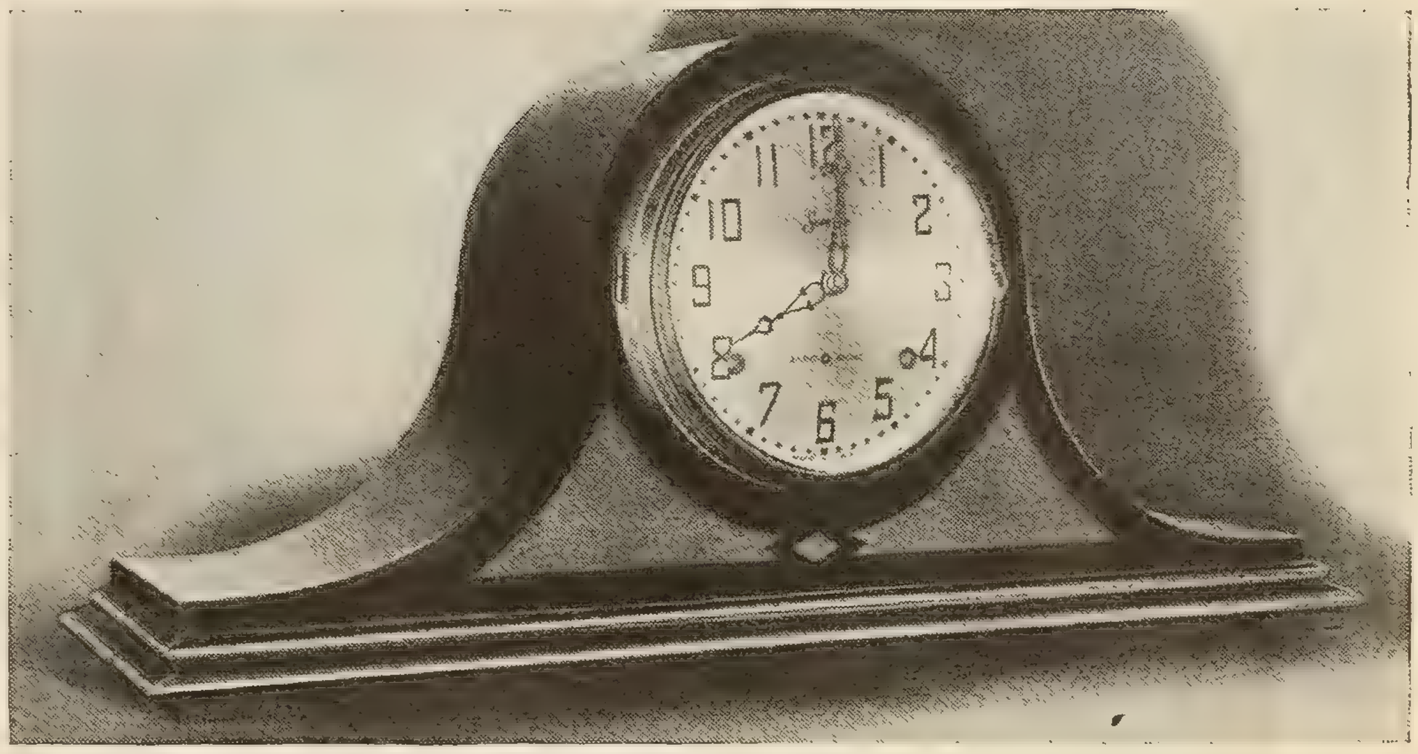
adorable, they were not for him. Later, this same person answering numerous telephone calls from adoring women would swear loyalty to each one. Jimmy left for the Coast to try pictures, saying goodbye with an enigmatical smile on his face after requesting us not to write, as he'd be back to Broadway soon. A chap with a twinkle in his eyes though never a crease in his clothes.

And let me tell of Joan Crawford, who was once known as Lucille Le Seur. The perfect showgirl because she never took a show seriously. She loved two things: life, and pictures of herself. That girl could find more ways of having herself photographed than Grover Whalen and could give the most naive and astonished looks when her room-mates suggested she leave enough room on a dresser for at least one picture of theirs. She, who never had a penny at the end of the week but who was sure to have a new pair of shoes she didn't like. A wonderful dancer and in great demand with members of the opposite sex, whom she didn't give a hoot about. Never took movies seriously, though sincerely admiring them and having, together with a thousand other showgirls, a vague desire to enter them herself. Joan, always on the go, vivid, alive, eager, ever seeking some peace for a restless spirit. We all liked Joan.

I remember! How can I forget? Lights and names! Names and lights! All of them shining. Most of them new. To you old friends I bow in admiration, and my heartfelt wish is that you may have happiness together with your success.



"OLD WORLD WITCHERY"



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This is the clock Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., offer as a prize on pages 54 and 55 of this magazine.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE
(See local program for time)

In the EAST, WBZA Boston, WBZ Springfield, Mass., WOKO Poughkeepsie, N. Y., WHEC Rochester, N. Y., WIP Philadelphia, WRVA Richmond, Va., WWVA Wheeling, W. Va., KDKA Pittsburgh, WAPI Birmingham.

In the MIDDLEWEST, WTAM Cleveland, KYW Chicago, WORD Chicago, KMOX St. Louis, KMMJ Clay Center, Nebr., WDAY Fargo, N. D., WRBQ Greenville, Miss.

In the WEST, KGO Oakland, Calif., KOL Seattle, KOA Denver.

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Sessions Clocks
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

Come Into the Kitchen with Lucile Gleason—Continued from page 93

and cook books, she gives Margaret the afternoon off and prepares the dinner herself.

She remembers that Jim's favorite dessert is spice cakes with sauce, so she gives him that. Russell, the 21-year old son of the Gleasons, has been heard to declare his adoration for chocolate roll with chocolate sauce. Lucile gives him that.

"Yes, I know I humor the family when I get in the kitchen," admitted Lucile. "But they enjoy it and so do I. And Margaret never complains if I use up every pan in the cupboard catering to the boys' appetites.

Jim Gleason doesn't reveal it to many people. But he loves to make doughnuts. He turns them out like a seasoned chef. Often, in the evening when the servants are all gone from the kitchen, he and Lucile will wink at each other. This wink is the signal for a doughnut party for two. Jim says the trick in making doughnuts is to be able to repeat glibly the line about "Sufficient sifted flour to make a stickish dough." By the time you repeat this five times without stumbling, your doughnuts are done, says Jim.

Lucile Gleason's insistence that each menu shall be just as perfect as skill and knowledge can make it is based on more than an epicure's enjoyment of food.

"The dinner table is where we discuss the plays and stories we are working on, and the rôles we are playing," she explained. "I think our biggest inspiration comes through the discussions around the dinner table. So you can see what a big part the stimulation of a perfect meal plays in our lives."

Here are some of Mrs. Gleason's recipes, including the dessert about which Jim says: "And may Allah help you if you don't like chocolate!"

BAKED BEANS

Soak four cups navy beans over night. Drain and boil in fresh water until beans are tender but not broken. One hour is usually sufficient. Place in bean pot with two and one-fourth pounds salt pork. Mix one teaspoon baking soda, two teaspoons salt, three-fourth teaspoon pepper, two teaspoons dry mustard, one-half cup molasses and one cup water. Pour mixture over beans and bake four hours, basting occasionally.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

Mix thoroughly one cup graham flour, one cup corn meal, one cup rye meal, three fourth teaspoon soda, two teaspoons baking powder and one teaspoon salt, being careful to see that salt and soda are free from lumps. Stir in three-fourths cup molasses, one and three-fourths cups sweet milk and mix well. Fill greased molds three-fourths full and steam for two and one half hours.

CHOCOLATE ROLL

Beat whites of three eggs until stiff. Add one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar. Add gradually, one-fourth cup sugar. Beat yolks of three eggs until lemon colored. Add one-fourth cup sugar. Sift two tablespoons cocoa, two tablespoons flour and one-eighth teaspoon salt and add to yolk mixture. Beat thoroughly and add one-half teaspoon vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Line oblong pan with white paper well buttered and pour in mixture. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes. Take out of oven, place cake on towel, spread with sugar and roll like jelly roll. Just before serving, unroll and fill with sweetened whipped cream. Roll back and slice. Cover with hot chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Melt two squares bitter chocolate in top of double boiler. Add one cup sugar, one and one-half cups of water and boil until it thickens. Add lump of butter the size of a walnut. When cool, add one teaspoon vanilla.

ORANGE LOAF

Mix two cups strained orange juice with the juice of two lemons. Sweeten to taste and let stand one hour. Whip one pint cream to a stiff froth and add one cup of chopped walnuts. Place juices in mold with cream and nuts on top. Do not stir. Pack in ice and salt and let stand three hours.

Stars Who Never Saw Hollywood—Continued from page 31

the men is approximately two hundred and fifty dollars a week, with two and sometimes three men in each unit, you get a gentle idea of the outlay the film company puts out each week, just on the chance of something exciting happening.

Nobody enjoyed making his short talkie as much as the King of Spain. He was very democratic with the camera men, laughed and joked, and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. King Alfonso loves people, life, light, gaiety. The King loves to dance and to drive his racing car very fast. In his talkie, he spoke of how anxious he was to show the beauties of Spain to the world. It seemed wonderful to him, he said, that this invention had come about whereby he could talk to us in America.

King Alfonso was not paid for making this talkie. His permission was procured through the courtesy of our then American Ambassador, Mr. Hammond.

But the life of the talking camera man is not all champagne and caviar even with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, which in francs and lire is enough to lease a castle. Some have even seen the inside of the hoosegow, at Rome. The Pope is not to be trifled with—as even Mr. Mussolini can tell you.

When the Pope quit the fastness of the Vatican for the first time since he entered it to go to St. Peter's to celebrate mass, in gratitude for the peaceful solution of difficulties which had existed for many years between the Vatican and the Italian Government, he said, first, last, and all the time that no camera men should be permitted along the route of march.

But several hardy sons of democracy set up their cameras on roofs, hoping to snatch a shot of this most historic pageant. But they were discovered, their film confiscated, and themselves invited to spend the night at the expense of the Italian government in the jail at Rome.

However, after the Pope returned from St. Peter's, he permitted himself to be photographed on the balcony of his apartments in the Vatican.

There was a little sadness connected with the photographing of Clemenceau. The camera crew made its way after great negotiations up to the secluded home of the Tiger of France.

Out into the flower garden which he tended with his own hands, stepped the man who upheld the morale of France during the war. On his head he wore his little round cap, and he leaned but slightly upon his sturdy peasant stick. He seemed to feel that he had many things to accomplish before the last sunset fell for him, for while the preparations were being made, he said: "Vite, s'il vous plais. Le temps est court," or "Hurry, if you please, my time is very short."

His time was indeed very short, for a few weeks later he passed on to his warrior's reward.

Of all the colorful figures photographed recently, to my mind, Hindenburg, the President of Germany, stands out.

What a grand old man he is! At eighty he governs post-war Germany with a balance that is almost unbelievable in so old a man. His step is still strong and firm. He still enjoys the pleasant things of life: the laughter of his grandchildren, a glass of good Munich beer, and a strong pipe in a still garden. Recently when the crack steamship Bremen was launched, he was photographed for the Fox news reel.

He gave his permission for this freely. He objects not at all to publicity. He does everything in his power to bring his beloved fatherland back to the good economic and social repute it enjoyed before the war dogs of 1914 were let loose on an uncomprehending world.

But Kings and Queens have no option on exclusiveness. Our own John D. Rockefeller who has given seven and one half millions to charity and science held out for many years. He absolutely refused to be photographed by movie or still cameras in intimate surroundings.

However, one man won his friendship. And one man won the right to photograph him.

C. E. Engelbrecht, a former officer in the German army, spends many of his winters in Florida, taking moving pictures of the winter festivities there. One day, he snapped a picture of John D. emerging from church.

But he did not rush out and publish it. Instead, he showed it to Mr. Rockefeller and asked: "Will you give me your permission to use this?"

Old John was surprised at such consideration. He not only gave his consent, but assured Engelbrecht that he was the only cameraman who had ever shown a disposition to play fair with him.

Since that time Mr. Rockefeller has given Mr. Engelbrecht permission to photograph him many times: on the golf links, in his automobile, laughing at Will Rogers' jokes and distributing dimes to children. He is the only cameraman who has direct access to John D. And last year on Rockefeller's ninetieth birthday, when a hundred cameramen were sweating for an opportunity to photograph the nonagenarian, Engelbrecht received the coveted permission.

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Read the Rules of this Remarkable Opportunity

1—Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking a girl, residing in the United States, to portray the role of Miss Columbia. To this girl, chosen by judges announced herewith, Columbia Pictures Corporation will award a contract for one week's services at the Columbia Hollywood Studios. All expenses for the week will be paid by Columbia Pictures, and an additional payment of $250 in cash will be made for such services.

2—Miss Columbia will be asked to pose for a motion picture to be used in conjunction with all Columbia production, features and shorts, such motion picture being known as a curtain leader.

3—Should the voice of Miss Columbia be deemed suitable, she will be permitted to make this motion picture a "talking" motion picture.

4—SCREENLAND is helping Columbia Pictures Corporation in this search for Miss Columbia. If you enter the contest through that magazine, you will be entitled to compete for the elimination prize as well as for the Miss Columbia role. The elimination prize, the beautiful Majestic Radio pictured on this page, will be awarded through the magazine to its choice made from among all the contestants who enter into the contest through the magazine. The editorial staff of the magazine and two executives of Columbia Pictures will act as judges for this semi-final choice.

5—The only requirements made of contestants is that they submit their photograph, (or photographs) and other information listed under "Directions" to Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th St., N. Y. City, N. Y. or direct to Columbia Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue. But contestants making such submission direct to the Corporation will not be eligible for the elimination prize.

6—The editors, or their representatives, of recognized motion picture fan magazines, two executives of Columbia Pictures Corporation, and one motion picture director will act as judges in making the final decision for the award of the Miss Columbia role. In both the semi-final elimination contest and in the Miss Columbia Contest, the decision of the judges will be final. Contest closes Midnight, May 25th, 1930.

7—No photographs or other material submitted for the purpose of these contests will be returned unless sufficient postage is included for such return.

Would you like to take the place of Miss Revier, beautiful Columbia star, at this Majestic radio? We are giving you a wonderful opportunity to do so. Read the rules of this contest carefully.

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You must also submit the following information, which will be considered in determining the winning girl:

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and the measurements of your
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It happened this way: Rockefeller had consistently refused to be photographed. However, on the morning of his ninetieth birthday at eleven thirty, Engelbrecht telephoned to ask permission to make a picture, from his home in Lake Hopatcong, sixty miles to Pocantico Hills, where Mr. Rockefeller was staying at his summer place. "If he refuses," Mr. Engelbrecht said to Rockefeller's secretary, "tell him I won't bother him any more. I don't want to annoy him because there isn't enough money in the world to pay for my friendship with Mr. Rockefeller."

Those last words made a big hit with old John, and he telephoned personally to Engelbrecht to come ahead and be there at two-thirty.

By that time, it was eleven-thirty, and Engelbrecht had no raw film stock. But he telephoned to the editor of Fox news to have men meet him in New York with the film, and also with a birthday cake with ninety candles.

The Fox offices don't bake birthday cakes and you can't gather ninety candles in the twinkling of an eye.

By the time Engelbrecht reached Nyack ferry with cake and film, it was three o'clock. Knowing how punctual Rockefeller is in the slightest detail, Engelbrecht was sweating blood. When he reached the gates of the estates, he was stopped by guards, refusing him permission to enter. But a judicious telephone call opened the gates. Perspiring but happy, Engelbrecht hurried through the vast estate grounds, arriving to find John D. waiting in a new suit, with a white waistcoat and with a flower in his buttonhole. He gave Mr. Engelbrecht a cordial welcome and offered him luncheon.

For an hour John D. permitted Engelbrecht to take pictures of him, putting off his daily three-thirty motor drive which to him is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It was the taking of these silent moving pictures which gained permission recently for the Fox news to take talking pictures of Mr. Rockefeller at Ormand Beach to be shown at Cleveland on the sixtieth anniversary of the Standard Oil Company.

Scarcely any celebrated person has been neglected by the talking news reels. We have watched Lindbergh swaying through the skies. We have seen King George of England on his way to open Parliament and at the inauguration of the Bridge over the Tyne. The Prince of Wales and Prince George have many times been vocally recorded. The Prince of Wales is always affable and agreeable and never seems too bored or hurried to give the camera men a break.

The Emperor of Japan, the most secluded monarch in the world, permitted himself to be glimpsed and heard at a review of the Japanese troops and school girls in a recent athletic celebration. We have seen Queen Marie of Roumania, in her lovely long veils, with little Prince Michael on one side of her, and the sad Queen Helen on the other. We have heard Conan Doyle talk of *Sherlock Holmes* and of psychic research. We have observed Thomas Edison speaking of his rubber discoveries. We have admired the King of Sweden entering his place of worship. And last of all, we have viewed the ill-fated Prince Carol of Roumania at an open window with Magda Lupescu, the beautiful dark-eyed woman, whom he has loved above mother, child, wife and power.

This great invention, the talking news reel, brings all the colorful figures of the world down to the level of our understanding and within the reach of our sympathy. We watch them. We weigh them. And as our eyes follow their fleeting figures, we realize that the same joys, fears, despairs and loves which so beset our days are the same loves, despairs, fears, and joys which follow them. The news reel has given them all the common touch. It has helped to teach them and us that all men are created equal.

Chaney Comes Back — *Continued from page 33*

and between times act as stage manager and keep track of costumes, scenery and props.

"I remember once, in a little town in Canada, we played a wild melodrama, and I played three different desperadoes and one English tourist, all in the same play. I was afraid they'd play 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' some day, and I'd have to fill in for one of the bloodhounds.

"There was nothing remarkable about all this doubling in brass, as they used to call it. It was the regular job of every stock actor. I have seen Landers Stevens, for instance—he's in pictures now—play four separate rôles in a play night after night, while rehearsing about as many in the play they'd put on the following week. George Marion used to do it, Willard Mack—all of the old timers. You see, traveling companies had to keep expenses down, and wouldn't carry extra people if they could get players who'd double.

"And doubling, of course, meant cultivating different voices and dialects. I remember hanging around a saloon in San Francisco for a week, to get the dialect of the German bartender down pat, and used it many a time afterwards for Dutch comedy parts. I picked up the Irish from the brakeman on one of our show trains, and the negro from one that played in a vaudeville bill with us long ago.

"Another time I traveled clear across Canada with a musical comedy show. We did great business at first but the further East we went the worse it got. We kept dropping members of the company to keep down expenses. Finally, I was acting as stage manager, transportation man, playing as many as four parts, and helping in the box office as well.

"I used to have costumes and make-up stuff laid on chairs off-stage. Then I'd play a character, rush out, and make up for another in time to take that cue, and so on. They talk about rapid change artists in vaudeville, but I don't think any one changed faster than we did in that little company. It came handy later on, that practice in making up.

"Another thing—that sort of work trains one in many voices, for one has to keep switching. The old-time stock actor had to know almost every dialect, pitch his voice for different characters, and usually do a specialty between the acts. I guess I've danced a million miles doing specialties.

"It's funny how you lose sight of things through habit. I've been playing in silent pictures so long that I had almost forgotten about speaking lines, and people don't seem ever to associate me with the old Chaney of the stage. But, as a matter of fact, I was really speaking lines all the time. In every silent picture I spoke lines in all the action—only, because they didn't record

'em and called them titles, no one realized that it was being done. Lionel Barrymore pointed that out, when he first began to direct.

"When I first started in pictures, I had the idea of playing characters as I had on the stage, and ran against the type idea. It was easier, directors argued, to get actors of the type desired, and let them simply play themselves, than it was to let players make-up and act characters foreign to their own selves. I had many an argument over that in the old days, and finally in 'The Miracle Man' got the break that permitted me to go ahead with my theory.

"In the talking pictures this style of acting—the real acting, I have always held, is coming back. Willard Mack donned whiskers and played a rôle in a picture not long ago, and nobody even suspected that it was he. Lionel Barrymore did the same trick, just to show that an actor could hide himself behind the personality he played. I won't tell what they played, but everybody's seen both the rôles I speak of, and nobody recognized either man. That just goes to show that it can be done, and I think that when a man can completely don the identity of another until he can't even be recognized—that's acting.

"That's going to be my idea in talkies. I want to talk in at least two voices or dialects in every picture. I want to talk not as Lon Chaney would talk, but as the character he happens to be playing would talk. There is no sense in making up a face for a character, then using one's own voice. Instead, I want to use the character's voice."

"Won't you have to practice a bit?" he was asked.

"Yes, it was quite a few years ago that I used to jump around from voice to voice on the stage, but I did it for pretty nearly twenty years, at that. Of course, I've had a lot of tonsils pulled out since, and the old pipes got a bit rusty. But I don't worry much about that, I've done quite a bit of talking, you know, even though I've been silent in pictures. Gosh, I even used to sing in the old days, in comic opera! I suppose they'll want me to sing a theme song some of these days. Imagine one of my tough characters singing a theme song. And at that—perhaps I'll fool 'em all, and do it!

"I can still do a buck-and-wing or a soft shoe dance. If they want me to dance and sing I guess there's no reason why I shouldn't—take in a play like 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh,' for instance. The only thing I don't want to do is sing theme songs in some of the dramatic things I do. Imagine singing 'I kissed her where East is East,' or 'West of Zanzibar is Home Sweet Home to me!'

"It all comes to this—show business is show business, today just as it was in the days when Sophocles invented the first sextette number in a Greek theater, back around 400 B. C."

The combination Victor orthophonic and radio and fifteen autographed records which Rudy Vallee offered in the January SCREENLAND have been awarded to Miss Pearl Hopkins, 2966 Lothrop Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The winner of the Richard Arlen gift offered in the February SCREENLAND is Mrs. George D. Morgan, Iris Lane, Westhampton, Richmond, Va.

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The girl whose murder baffles the most skillful detectives is an ex-Follies girl, an exquisite dancer, who was glorified into the movies. The tragedy occurs after a gay party where she was the feature of the entertainment. All screenland is horrified. Then Clay Brooke, the great criminologist, as fascinating as a movie star, enters the case and Hollywood waits breathless while more sensational events take place.

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THE PHOTOSCRIPT COMPANY
Dept. 51, 6333 Germantown Ave., Phila.

Won By a Voice—*Continued from page 51*

herds out on the beach at Guadalupe and we tried to tie 'em up and capture them alive. But they woke up and raised the merry devil before we got 'em bagged."

Leading Bickford away from whales to moving pictures is a hard job. He gives you the impression he'd just as soon have never started on it.

"What you heard is right," he says briskly. "I thought movies were all bunk and my opinion wasn't greatly altered when I landed out here and began working. Only one thing has changed my mind and that's 'Anna Christie.' It's the only worthwhile picture made.

"I say that picture is a worthy effort because it was not sacrificed on the Box Office altar. It was filmed just as it was written and acted just as intended without any hokum being injected. It is real and grim, so grim I'm not sure the movie public won't be displeased at its sordidness. It is done just as it should have been done and as a lot of other pictures should have been done, preserving the drama and playing it straight. I hope the critics realize the greatness of it and help to educate audiences to appreciate such pictures. It's all up to audiences. The producers are going to give 'em what they want.

"In 'Anna Christie' you don't look at it and then say that so-and-so gave a great performance. You say it's a good picture and that's what counts. It is the thing as a whole that is splendid. If you have a good play and a good cast you can put it on in a barn and still hit your audiences. This picture had the first perfectly-balanced cast I ever saw in a motion picture. And the story was equally balanced as well. It started out with a slow momentum, just like starting a motor. Then it began to pick up speed steadily and smoothly until it reached that big climatic scene where it hit the high spots of drama and emotionalism. There isn't a flaw to be found anywhere.

"Yes, that's true, too. I didn't want to play in the picture because it was a starring vehicle for Garbo. No, I didn't know Garbo and hadn't even seen her. There was nothing personal in it whatever. I just didn't want to be stuck in to support a star. As I say, I didn't know Garbo. I know her now. She's a great trouper and a magnificent artist who regards the play as the thing above all else. It was great to work with her.

"Tonight I'm shoving off for Mazatlan, Mexico, to make location scenes for 'The Sea Bat.' My whaling boats will be in port while I'm down there so I can combine both my business affairs. Perhaps they will let me make the return trip on one of my boats—they say the whales are running fine down there now and I'd like to keep my harpoon eye in practice. Well, sorry to have to go but you know how it is—stop in and see me when I get back if you like whale steaks."

Again as he strode across the lot we could hear him singing:

"Strike up the band, here comes a sailor,
"Cash in his hand, fresh from a whaler,
"Stand in a row, don't let him go
"For Jack's a cinch but every inch a sailor!"

In New York—*Continued from page 91*

said: 'Auntie, what's an easterner? The kids all say I'm an easterner.'

"He used to spend most of his time in our hotel room. One day he set off some fire-crackers and burnt a lot of little holes in the carpet. I didn't know what to do. But I thought it best to call up the hotel clerk and offer to pay.

"The clerk said he would come up and look it over. But just before he came into the room, my sister found another terribly big hole which we hadn't seen before. Hastily she put the waste paper basket over it.

"The clerk came in, looked at the holes which were mostly small and said: 'This won't cost much. We can fix it up for very little. It's nothing, really nothing.'

" 'Humph,' said my little nephew who was taking it all in, 'if you think these holes aren't anything, you should see the one mother covered with the wastebasket.'

"I'm sure when I go back to Hollywood to make my next picture I'll feel a lot more at home. I love talkies. It's wonderful to be able to stay one place a long time and not be changing from city to city every week. I've been a trouper a long time and this is the first time I've ever been able to sit down and draw my breath and not have to think of packing my trunk and hopping a train every Friday night."

* * *

He's the new laugh man of the movies, and he's as funny off stage as on. His name is Stuart Erwin, and now, of course, you remember roaring at him as *Axel* in "Sweetie," as well as in other pictures.

Stuart plays opposite Helen Kane in "Dangerous Nan," and Mal St. Clair, the director—who is himself by the way, quite a tall, handsome, distinguished gentleman—says they're one of the nicest gangs with which he ever worked.

On one of the hottest spring days New York has seen since 1879, Stuart was walking around the Paramount lot in a raccoon coat, raccoon hat, fancy sweater, thick trousers and high boots, which he wouldn't lace up no matter how hard Helen Kane's sister tried to persuade him. Mr. Erwin played in stock in San Francisco and Hollywood for several years before the talkies decided they couldn't get on without him. He is extremely popular with movie folk—both men and women. He talks very slowly, refuses to be hurried, and pulls a wise crack out of the corner of his mouth every ten minutes.

Stuart took me into the large fifty thousand dollar truck which contains all the mechanical equipment for making outdoor talkies and explained the gadgets.

"How did you learn all about this?" I asked, knowing most actors have no technical sense at all.

"I never did know anything about these sound trucks until one day in Hollywood when the temperature dropped twenty degrees in a couple of hours. Suddenly we all developed a burning interest in the technical side of the outdoor talkie equipment. For the first time in three years, the actors actually found out how the cameras were recording their voices because every time the director would stop shooting, the whole cast would crowd inside the sound truck—*to get warm!*"

* * *

"If you think actors live the life of Riley, you ought to meet Norman Foster," Al Wilkie said the other day.

"Norman Foster?"

"Yes, Claudette Colbert's husband, you know—he plays in the stage show, 'June Moon.' And that's not all!" Wilkie continued. "He's the new male lead in the talkie of Katherine Brush's *Saturday Evening Post* serial, 'Young Man of Manhattan.' He also sings over the radio, and writes plays as well."

Norman Foster is an exceedingly likable young man, and needless to say, one of the hardest working men in the profession. He's tall and slight, with a fine sensitive face, long nervous hands, and a deep flexible voice.

When I met him, Norman was about to go out and get all soaked up.

No, he doesn't drink. At least not on the lot. But he was about to get soaked all the same. In the talkie, Norman plays the part of the young newspaper man at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia —the young man who is in love with a newspaper girl, played by Claudette Colbert, the star.

Well, we all know that Philadelphia put on an epic storm the day of the Dempsey-Tunney fight just to make the visitors feel welcome. Monta Bell is directing this picture and he decided to make it the last word in realism. So he has had reconstructed a section of the stadium and an exact replica of the street and houses facing the huge arena. Over it all many dozens of water pipes have been installed. And at a turn of the tap, at the crucial moment in the tenth round, Bell gave the signal and the rain came down in torrents. Inside the ring, the actors playing Dempsey and Tunney hammered away. The gong sounded. Tunney got the decision. The crowd roared. Norman and Claudette breathed a sigh of relief, mopping their faces and thinking of home and hot coffee —but acting's only a dog's life after all. For Monta Bell decided to shoot the fight, rain and all, over again. So once more for art's sake, Norman and Claudette got soaked, putting them, no doubt, in the same mood Goethe was in when he wrote: "Ah, but Art is long, and Life, alas, is fleeting!"

* * *

If a straw vote could be taken in the United States of the most popular character actress I believe Louise Dresser would win the election. She's an old timer who has kept up with the times. A former stage actress, a present day screen player who at forty-four possesses a freshness of mind, body and spirit which seems to defy time. Louise has been my favorite player for years. She still is. Because she possesses a loyalty to the finest traditions of stage and screen.

The other day she gave a party at the Savoy Plaza. It was a grand party with all sorts of things to eat and drink, a fine orchestra to play dance music, and several artists who sang.

Primarily, this party was thrown for the New York press, but Louise had not forgotten her old stage friends. All of them were there. Actresses you haven't heard of for twenty years. Actresses whose names are in Broadway lights today. And actresses who are standing on the ragged, frayed edge of oblivion.

Some of them were pathetic, others gallant, one or two a little bitter in their reminiscent moods—but all of them have for Louise a friendship that has nothing to do with money or fame. They have a friendship which has endured for so many years because before Louise Dresser is a creator of dramatic illusions, she is first of all a woman with a big, unselfish heart.

Vive La France! — *Continued from page 23*

"I was in vaudeville. I played here on the coast in 1928. It was good for me, the time I spent in vaudeville. It's the best training you can have for the talkies, unless it is burlesque."

No wonder Mademoiselle Dorsay has had so many successful engagements. She trained like any good soldier. First in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies," then with Gallagher and Shean, then in vaudeville, and lastly "They Had To See Paris" and "Hot For Paris." Yes, you will probably make those topmost shining towers, Fifi. So Vive la Fifi! *Et Comment!*

Look! That gay and gallant figure in the handsome military regalia. Can that be—yes, it can be—the debonair Marshal Maurice Chevalier. With war medals for valor and medals of song and laughter collected from the amusement centers of Europe, he now gathers a few more medals from his rapidly growing army of American fans. With his first picture, "Innocents of Paris," he advanced the cause of the French, and with "The Love Parade" the keys of Mikeland are practically his. He has only to finish "The Big Pond," his next, and he will be firmly entrenched in the favor of the American public.

Who is that charming leader of the shock troops, with the roguish smile and deadly Big Bertha beam of flashing eyes? Is there anyone who saw "The Cock-Eyed World," who does not remember that telling barrage of high voltage accent? But, alas, Mademoiselle Lily Damita has deserted to the stage. *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!*

There's Irene Bordoni who laid claims to the French talkie victory in such a big way. The potent flash of those naughty eyes, that luscious voice, those *ooo la la* gestures—it would be a pretty poor fort that would put up any resistance to the Bordoni onslaught. Encore to "Paris."

Claudette Colbert may not be so strictly French—but why strictly anything—but the Gallic flavor is there. This talented young actress, long popular with New York audiences, now adds several more victories for France. She has stepped right along for La Patrie, first in "The Lady Lies" and now with Maurice Chevalier will gain further honors in "The Big Pond."

Then there's Georges Carpentier, who has proven himself not entirely a man of 'socks' appeal. Georges can use his feet as well as his fists and sing a ditty that registers with the best of them. Remember him in "The Show of Shows?" Now, there was a victory for France and the 'mike.'

Watch those reserve troops in the background, groomed and shining, waiting to take their place in the battle. There's Renée Adorée, long one of our favorite French ladies, yet to be heard from; and there's Yola D'Avril who has already done her bit for the freedom of the wild 'zees'.

So, on they come, these invaders of Hollywood, and there can't be too many of them. With their charm and supreme artistry, with their songs that bring a new brand of gaiety to the screen, with the bubbling champagne of their zest for life, they have found a conqueror's place in cinema land. Vive la France!

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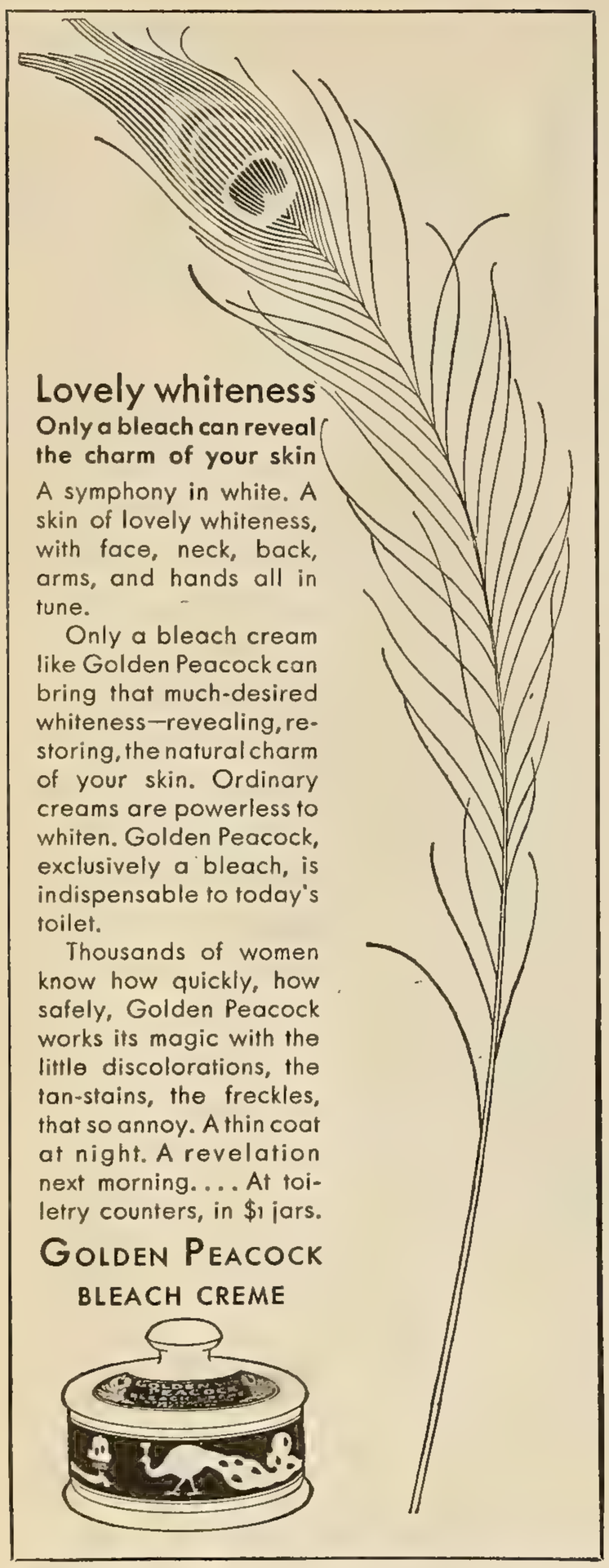

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The Girls Behind the Stars

Continued from page 25

rugged. Here's where another clever young woman demonstrates her skill and artistry. On the slim shoulders of Margery Prevost rests the task of decorating many of the modern, the English and the Spanish settings.

Margery, a younger sister of the film-famed Marie, had her fling as an actress and as a Ziegfeld girl. But the lure of draperies and *bric a brac* was stronger than the fascination of grease paint. Margery spent her spare time assisting her friends in the decoration of their homes, finally drifting into that department in one of the smart Hollywood shops. The next step was into the studio. There she is.

"I have been here just a year and a half," Margery smiled. "I think I have the most fascinating job in the world. I wouldn't change places with any girl I know."

This unfailing enthusiasm for their work is one of the secrets of the success of these young women.

After the settings have been made ready, the feminine players must have clothes to wear in the rooms. Henrietta Frazer is one of the clever young women who take care of this colorful part of picture making. Mrs. Frazer is assistant to Joseph Rapf, wardrobe manager.

Mrs. Frazer really drifted into her job. Not so long ago she was famed as one of the best-dressed women of her home town, Chicago. She came to New York where she dabbled in interior decoration and music. But clothes, their designing and their wearing, were always of paramount interest to her. So she drifted into the studio and has stayed there.

"I came out here three years ago," Mrs. Frazer explained, sitting in her office in one corner of the huge wardrobe building, "and I never want to leave. It is the most interesting work in the world."

But before the Garbos, the Shearers and the Swansons can put on their gowns, they must make up their faces. A frock may be a dream of joy, but if its wearer's skin is not the right tint, if her eyes are not shadowed correctly, her lips not shaped in their proper magic line, the gown fails of its purpose.

A striking Russian-Italian brunette, Lillian Rosini, is responsible for the make-up of many feminine players. She knows how to make plump cheeks delicately rounded, dull eyes gleamingly bright, sagging lips voluptuously tip-tilted.

Born in New Haven and educated in Russia, Miss Rosini has been a singer, an actress and a screen player. Strange as it may seem, this young woman who spends her daytime hours making up others' faces, was given her own first screen make-up by Lon Chaney, the master. It was Chaney, too, who advised her to go into business of screen make-up. She created the first studio make-up department and has become one of the screen's leading authorities on the photographic values of powders and paints.

Before the cameras can start to grind an army of typewriters must do its work. These typewriters must be manipulated by skillful feminine fingers. Which opens another field of endeavor for the girls who have hit the Western trail.

In a sunny office just inside the gates of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, Edith Farrell directs the activities of a large force of stenographers and typists. She is manager of the personnel and script department, engaging all newcomers and promoting them from her offices to various places of importance in the studio machine.

Miss Farrell, a native Los Angelan, has been working in studios since she was graduated from business college.

"A studio offers unlimited opportunities for girls with good educations and backgrounds," Miss Farrell stated across the shining glass top of her desk. "It is a case of the survival of the fittest, of course. Those who are capable may go up and up. The unsuited one will inevitably drop by the wayside."

One of the most important secretarial positions on the screen world is held by an Indianapolis girl, Vivian Newcom, secretary to Irving Thalberg, vice-president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Miss Newcom went to Hollywood for a trip, found a job in a studio and stayed.

"The fascination of studio work lies in its constant variation," Miss Newcom said, "each day is different and you are given the opportunity to meet so many interesting people."

Being a script clerk on a picture is sort of a sister job to being a secretary. One of the best known script clerks in the business is much-traveled, black-haired Josephine Chippo, who has accompanied Director W. S. Van Dyke on his sojourns to foreign lands.

'Joe' was born in San Francisco but the lure of the movies brought her down the coast to Hollywood after she had finished business college. She has always worked behind the scenes of the pictures. She has gone with Van Dyke to Wyoming wilds for the filming of "Wyoming," to Tahiti for the making of "The Pagan" and has just returned from ten months in the heart of the African jungle where she assisted in the filming of "Trader Horn."

Finding players to fit the parts is another big job in the making of movies. There's where the casting offices and Marcella Napp play their important rôles. Miss Napp is assistant to the casting director. Before her all-seeing eyes pass the hundreds of eager seekers for screen fame. Marcella knows and is known by every actor and actress in Hollywood.

Three years ago Marcella left her native New York to venture into the wilds of Hollywood for a vacation. She liked the sunshine and decided to stay. For a short time she played extra parts in the pictures. One day she happened to be in the casting office when one of the girls was leaving. Marcella decided that she would never be a great actress but that someday she might be a great picker of great actresses. So she asked for the job of the departing girl, got it and has been working at it ever since.

Another branch of the movie game which is little known beyond the studio walls is the cutting department. Much is written about the players but little is told about the people who decide the fate of the players. In the cutting rooms the actors become either faces on the floor or pieces of the completed reels.

Among the few successful women cutters are Margaret Booth and Blanche Sewell, girls who have really grown up with the business.

Miss Booth left high school to start as

a film patcher in the D. W. Griffith cutting rooms. Today, she puts together some of the biggest films in the industry. Miss Sewell, a minister's daughter from Oklahoma City, began her career by cleaning and splicing negatives during high school vacations. To her skill with the scissors belongs a large share of the credit for the beauty of many of the largest pictures which have come from Hollywood.

Peggy Coleman, a Philadelphia girl, is chief nurse for this studio. With a long record of overseas war service, Miss Coleman drifted into studio work when she came West for her health. She directs the studio hospital and looks after the ailments of the famous folk of the films.

There is a place for every sort of training, for every kind of intelligence in this far-reaching movie field. It is little wonder that Hollywood has proven a Mecca for ambitious girls from every country in the world.

The stars may come and the stars may go, but the girls behind the stars go on forever.

'Gally' Grows Up—*Continued from page 66*

Broadway can spend most of their time on the 'Gay White Way' and no one gives a hoot. If a motion picture star spends more than one night a month in such places, there is a yell of scandal. Dad told me I couldn't mix such pleasures with a career and I believe him. I want a career. The pleasures can come afterwards."

Despite her antipathy to night life, Joan is no prude. She early learned that things of which she did not approve might be acceptable to others. Abhorring gossip, she is always ready to sympathize with anyone who has been slandered or made a victim by Dame Rumor. 'Little Gally' does not mince her words in defending friend or foe and frankness of speech has lost her several acquaintances, but never a real friend. Those who know her best respect Joan's sincerity. For the others, she cares not one whit.

There has been no scandal connected with her name. Furthermore, she is one of the very, very, few young girls in pictures who has never been reported engaged or madly in love with some man. For this, Joan is thankful as she believes that men, like pleasures, should come after her ambition.

A wonderful transformation has taken place in the timid little blonde I met when she came to Hollywood for Ronald Colman's first talkie. The shyness which caused her first interviewer to proclaim Joan 'dumb' has been superseded by wonderful self-poise. Even then she wasn't so dumb. He simply scared her to death by asking that she speak of herself. There would be no trouble in obtaining a whiz of an interview now for Joan discourses fluently about her past, present and future in approved Hollywood fashion. There is no more brilliant conversationalist in pictures than 'Little Gally'—when she wants to be. If not disposed to talk, no clam could possibly close up tighter.

Through her screen characterizations, 'Little Gally' has moulded her private self. She adopted her motion picture walk for the street and thereby added to her gracefulness. In "Bulldog Drummond" she stalked on and off the screen, but since that picture Joan glides into a production in a way that would do credit to Alice Joyce. Mannerisms none too becoming have been dropped and others more suitable adopted. Even 'Little Gally's' original bob has been made over and she now wears her tresses coiffured to suit her individuality. Really the three P's—Push, Pluck and Personality have made Joan a woman well worth knowing.

Although her screen characterizations are usually of the 'clinging vine' type, there's nothing 'clingy' about Joan. She is the most independent little person you ever heard of. Even icemen take off their hat in her presence and tender the proper change. Although she likes everybody and hopes everybody likes her, 'Little Gally' asks no advice in running her business. It is always welcome—provided it suits her to take it. Otherwise the advice goes into one ear and rapidly out the other.

By signing the contract she has with United Artists, Joan proved her business ability. Under its terms she is allowed to sell her services to other companies when not making pictures for her own. All she is able to get in excess of the salary paid her by United Artists is split fifty-fifty between that company and herself. As she has made several productions on foreign lots, this amounts to no inconsiderable amount.

Being economically inclined, 'Little Gally' budgets her overhead. One servant takes care of everything about her house and she drives her own modest little coupé. There are no expensive parties held at the Bennett home. While she entertains her friends frequently, the refreshments are inexpensive though wholesome. Her one extravagance is bridge and, as she plays the game rather well, it costs her little.

There is nothing high hat about 'Little Gally' although she might easily have become so. Thanks to her good common sense, she is everything else but. Joan doesn't even take all the credit for her success, claiming the great players with whom she has been cast deserve most of it. Probably they did help her a lot, but no one could convince me most of it is not due to her own efforts. Whoever gets it can congratulate themselves for she has come to the front faster than any girl in pictures.

I have tried to write something of what I know about Joan but there is a lot which could be added. For instance, she is not a shining example of luck or pluck, but just one of the kind of girls who are now coming into pictures. The day of riotous living is past and those who come to Hollywood thinking to combine pleasure with business had best return home on the first train. They are not wanted in pictures and have no chance for success.

It usually takes years to train a star, but that honor has come to Bennett's 'Little Gally' within fourteen months. United Artists have announced her stardom and the title of her first vehicle. Joan's screen history belongs to the public, but her future belongs to herself. She has the ability and I, for one, believe she will take advantage of it. Ronald Colman, George Arliss and Harry Richman, all of whom she has supported as leading lady, are willing to gamble her first starring vehicle will be a pronounced success.

Meanwhile her dad is pulling for her steadily. Though she is now a grown-up, deep down in his heart he still thinks of Joan as 'Little Gally.'

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Yes, It's A Movie Conference

Continued from page 27

asks if everyone has read the available material on the adaptation of the story which has been in the process of preparation by Messrs. Josephson and Perez. Pencils and note paper rattles, note books come to view, and loose-leaf books filled with typewritten sheets, sheets of music and other literary effects are arranged.

"Now," Mr. Baker begins, "I will give you the story as we have developed it last night and this morning."

Subsequent inquiry by your correspondent revealed that the story of "Mlle. Modiste" at this stage had been given a two thousand word 'treatment,' and that at various stages of its progress the dialogue and stage directions were in their final form. At other stages there was much that was incomplete, numerous points and sequences which must be ironed out.

Baker very clearly and definitely began outlining the story from the beginning. Almost instantly there was an interruption by Director Seiter, and the first change was made.

"I'd save the introduction and the song until later," he suggested. "How do you gentlemen like the idea of commencing with a song? We have a plot which is going to be more or less dramatic throughout, but it should start on a light, lively tempo."

"I don't like the idea!" was the frank exclamation coming from Crawford, which was a bit surprising, coming as it did from a musician who supposedly would demand music and more music in the picture.

"I'm for it!" cried Perez, the scenarist.

"So am I!" seconded Julian Josephson, also a story expert. "We must realize that this story isn't air-tight, coming as it does from a musical comedy. The sooner we establish its musical nature, the more story latitude we have for later sequences."

Baker quietly interrogated the others. Then Wallis deftly summed up the proposition. Heads nodded in the affirmative and negative. Cigars gone out were relighted. Cigarettes came from silver and gold cases.

Result: "Mlle. Modiste" opens its story with a song instead of plot action and dialogue—unless a later conference changes the matter!

As the conference went on, there were frequent references, as might be expected, to what other pictures had done in the way of experiments with a musical background.

"I am of the opinion," Paul Perez remarked, "that Lupino Lane's song at the beginning of 'The Love Parade' was one of the good features of the picture, and I'm sure that the story would not have appeared as logical as it did even without that sort of introduction."

Another characteristic of the conference was the simple method of designating the sort of character they were discussing or creating by temporarily 'casting' a movie type to represent him.

"That's the Claude Gillingwater type," one of them would say. "The girl is a Fazenda type, and the fat comic is a Frank McHugh."

This did not mean that Louise Fazenda, Claude Gillingwater or Frank McHugh would necessarily appear in "Mlle. Modiste." Casting was to be gone into at a later conference, in which the casting director and others are present. The names were merely verbal conveniences of a descriptive nature, representing definite pictures in the brains of movie-trained story experts. The whole world to them may be cast from actors and actresses whose every trick is familiar to them. At the time this conference was called only Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton had been assigned to the leading rôles.

Suddenly the conference confab branches to the subject of music, Leonardi plays and sings a number. It is the Algerian song. Robert North and Larry Ceballos sing with the pianist and heads all along the table nod in time with the music. As the number is finished, Robert North discloses the not generally known fact that the lyric for *Kiss Me Again,* as sold in the popular song editions and hence most familiar to the public, is not the same as in the famous old operetta.

Then there is a dispute. The subject concerns the indiscriminate use of dances. The scenario experts want to use striking types of Frenchmen in the modiste shop. The dance and musical specialists want chorus boys so that at a given cue they could quit shopping and performing action for the camera and begin dancing.

The scenarists, Director Seiter and Robert North win the argument adjudged by Arbiter Wallis. Dances, is the verdict, will not be performed illogically and without reason. A ballet was also voted down. As it was developing it was evident that the story of the little modiste is to reach the screen without all of that quaint carelessness of realism which the musical version gloried in.

The musical maestros of the conference saw, of course, that *Kiss Me Again* is to be the backbone of the musical score, and it was decided that many of the original musical numbers will be retained. Then the question came up on the advisibility of retaining practically all of Victor Herbert's music, or of eliminating enough of it to give the studio songsters and composers an opportunity to supply some original tunes for the rich old score.

This subject was decided by a process of elimination. Leonardi played each number of the score of "Mlle. Modiste," and each number was discussed and analyzed as to its cinematic values. Each number was accepted or rejected and its place in the story was decided. *Love Me, Love My Dog* was played for its very life. Temporarily its life was saved and it was retained.

"Now, here's a regular David Garrick scene," Baker suddenly announced, with his knack of abridged description which his listeners grasped readily. The scene was discussed, improvements were suggested, notes were taken, and the final decision appeared to be satisfactory to everyone.

That "Mlle. Modiste" will be strictly modern and up to date was made certain when radio music was voted as a part of the story. The old song, *Hats Make the Woman* will probably become *Gowns Make the Woman.* New lyrics are being written for other of the Victor Herbert melodies because of the necessity of modernizing the words.

An interesting observation of your correspondent was that the influence of music in the production was shown roughly at this mahogany board of cerebration by the fact that musicians out-numbered writers of plot and dialogue by two to one. Numerous times their points carried the day. Perhaps the knights of the typewriter were awed by the melodic magicians.

But it was C. Graham Baker who deftly laid the story before them so that their story-trained minds saw it evolve in a series of vivid mental pictures. And it was Hal Wallis who would listen attentively to excited disputes, and lend his own opinions; then deftly sum up the results and pronounce them in a decision as definite and clear as a baseball umpire's gesture which means "Yer out!"

The conference broke up in two hours without a casualty, except, perhaps, for your correspondent, who was as weak as a rag. He left with a new respect for movie conferences and for the minds which function in the picture production field.

Hollywood Party Nights

Continued from page 59

"That music makes you wish you were young and wicked, doesn't it?" demanded a certain director, rather noted for his affairs of the heart, as he came by.

"It does make you young and wicked!" Thelma Todd, who had paused a moment at our table, retorted.

We found out that Whiteman's band was preparing to present him next day with some lovely sapphire sleeve-links with his face in diamonds on one side.

"That's the face you'd love to touch!" remarked Natalie Kingston.

Joan Bennett was there, in a big party, looking very sweet and pretty, and other notables managed to squeeze in later, including Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford.

We chatted a moment with Marion Harris, and she said that Rush Hughes, her former husband, is coming to Hollywood soon, but that she doesn't expect to be reconciled to him.

Miss Harris sang, in that perfectly fascinating way of hers, some of those songs about 'being crazy about her baby, and he's crazy about me,' and the crowd wouldn't let her go until she had given half a dozen encores.

Nobody went home until morning, and everybody voted the evening a huge success.

"MARY PICKFORD is inviting us to lunch with her up at Pickfair to see all the lovely things she brought home from the Orient," Patsy told me, and I was, of course, as delighted as Patsy.

Verna Chalif, Mary's cousin, was there when we arrived. She is a dancer, you know; and we all sat down in the bright library to chat.

Mary is looking very lovely following her trip, and with her bobbed hair, but we fancied that there is a shade of sadness all the time in her eyes—those violet-hazel eyes that are keen without being hard, but that are always kindly and friendly as well as magnetic and beautiful.

We spoke of her mother, who passed away just before she went abroad, and she told us she couldn't bear even to drive past her mother's old home.

But she hasn't lost any of her quiet humor, at that, and soon asked us in sprightly fashion if we happened to 'overhear this green and orange sport suit of mine as you came in?'

It wasn't nearly as green and yellow as it sounds, but was very smart, as, of course, it must be since it came from Paris.

Mary told us how she missed Gwynne, Lottie's little daughter, whom, you know, Mrs. Pickford adopted, and whom Mary had just left at school in Switzerland.

"She is tall and dark and all the things

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I wanted to be," Mary explained. "And she isn't going on the stage nor in pictures, I think. In fact, she is a very practical miss, who likes to mess around in laboratories, and when she gets home in July, I'm going to see that she has a laboratory of her own. She has an inventive turn of mind."

Mary had a lot of pretty things brought in for us to look at. Among them was a plain little Japanese sandal, and we asked her what on earth she had brought that home for.

"Oh, that," she said, "was thrown under Doug's and my car as we left the station at Kyoto, in Japan. You see, there were a lot of them thrown. That's the greatest compliment a Japanese can pay you—throwing his shoes under your car to be crushed."

Lunch was served in the bright little library where we sat, and Mary told us how, in the Orient, filling up on spinach and potatoes had caused her to miss an elephant hunt!

"You see, I was so run down from not being able to eat the food we found in the Orient that I was afraid to brave the heat of the interior. Anyhow," Mary smiled, "can you imagine me chasing an elephant?"

Mary and Doug, it seemed, had been invited by a Maharajah of India to witness an elephant hunt on his domain, but Mary had not been able to go, and so, of course, Doug wouldn't go either.

Mary told a story on Doug.

"When we got to China," she said, "he insisted, one day, that he must have a dinner of native food. Nothing else would do. He ordered sharks' fins and bird's-nest soup and eggs a hundred years old. And then it was brought on. I could see he was rather appalled, but he ate his way right through it like a man. I contented myself with nibbling on the side."

Mary, we found, isn't half as fond of travel as her husband is. She is a home loving little body.

"Besides, I told Doug that if he had had to rattle around on trains as much as I did when he was little, he'd not be so crazy about travel either," she explained with a little rueful smile.

"But we were treated wonderfully," Mary said, "and, of course, that made us very happy."

We asked about the dress of the Chinese women, and whether it was much modified among the higher classes.

"Want to see a dress such as a Chinese lady would wear to an embassy ball?" Mary asked.

Of course, we said yes, whereupon she had a maid bring in a red velvet gown. It was a sort of modification of the old Chinese feminine dress—a long, narrow frock in one piece, with a high collar which clasped on one side, and trimmed with gold embroidery.

"The Chinese women of the official classes and the older, more staid circles won't yet wear the low necked gowns," she told us.

The gown had been given her, and Mary declared she meant to wear it some time to a theatrical opening.

There are lovely treasures all over Pickfair, things brought from Doug's and Mary's many trips abroad; but after lunch was to come the big treat of the visit—a trip into the attic with Mary to look at the gorgeous jade and coral and crystal Buddhas, the cloisonnés and enamels, the rare vases and other lovely things, which they brought home, but have not yet arranged.

"What a gorgeous time Gwynne or maybe her children will have in this attic some day!" Patsy exclaimed.

Mary picked up a lovely amber vase, but we noted that it was broken.

Mary smiled wistfully as she gazed at it.

"There's a story about this," she explained. "See this other vase, this broken cloisonné? Well, I bought the cloisonné because of this other one. You see I broke the amber vase one morning. I felt very badly about it. Then, in the afternoon, came a Japanese, bringing a load of things for us to look at. Suddenly this vase rolled off his load and broke. He just looked at the floor and tragedy was in his gaze. I spoke up and said, 'Never mind, I'll take it!' He brightened like the dawn, looked incredulous, then exclaimed, a bit breathlessly, 'Missy big man!' That was the only way he could express that he thought me generous."

There were a couple of rose quartz Buddhas that were the loveliest things of the kind I have ever seen.

And there was the humble looking little china drinking cup!

But that cup turned out to be one of Mary's most choice possessions.

"It is about three hundred years old, is fine porcelain, and was given me by Chu Fong Lee, the diplomat, in Shanghai," our hostess told us. "It's a trick cup."

We noted in the center of it a little figure of porcelain.

"You see it's this way," Mary said. "If a man drinking wine filled it just moderately full, it would be all right. But if he was greedy and tried to fill it to the brim—watch—" and she turned some water into the cup out of a pitcher. Sure enough, when the brim was reached, the water fell out of the bottom! There was some sort of siphon arrangement that let all the water out when the cup was over-full.

"Imagine a Chinese trying to keep face with that happening!" exclaimed Mary.

There were some wonderful carved screens, too, and bits of ivory—and a Buddha's wife, the arm of which moved! You see the very best Buddha wives always have either an arm or a foot that moves.

There were two perfectly exquisite kimonos that had been given to Mary in Kyoto.

"The Japanese women love to copy us," Mary said. "They will examine you as minutely as you will let them, if you go to their homes or their geisha houses.

"We went to a geisha house where a party was given us, and the tiny little geisha girls swarmed around me, after they had danced, gazing and gazing at my clothes. They were very much interested in the polish on my nails. It's pink, you see. They wanted to know if it was the same pink that I used on my lips, and they tried to rub it off my nails!"

There were many other interesting old things in the garret, some good, some trash.

"Whenever Robert Fairbanks gives us anything, he always writes on it, 'Many happy returns to the garret!'" Mary laughed. "In our family we pass things around, and frequently something comes back to the original donor, but there's an understanding there's to be no hard feeling! Why, that old lamp there—" pointing to a not too handsome floor lamp—"has belonged to everybody in the family at one time or another."

That brought to Mary's mind the old horse that had been in the family for years. When he grew very old his only work was

once a year to be dolled up and take a trip to some member of the family. One Christmas he wore overalls on his front legs, Boston garters on his hind legs, a straw hat on his head, and was delivered by Jack Pickford to Doug's front door!

Mary showed us some relics she had brought from Egypt, and told how she had ridden a camel to the pyramids.

"But I had been on camels before, and was wary," she said. "I made sure before I mounted that I was going to ride the very Rolls-Royce of them all."

They visited the museum where King Tut-Ank-Ahmen's relics are kept, and found them most impressive. Of course, Mary was sorry for the poor little king, who had to take on his job at fourteen.

"Why, his shirts, even when he was grown, wouldn't have fitted a young boy of today," she said.

Then she told us how Howard Carter, who went into the tomb at first, you remember, has the legal right to commercialize the monarch's belongings.

"He told us," she smiled, "that he meant to have a cold cream made up like that discovered in the king's tomb, and furnish it with a slogan, 'Tut, tut! I have used it!' "

Down in Doug's suite, Mary showed us the dozens and dozens of silk shirts which Doug bought while abroad. And the dozens of ties, too.

"And pretty often," Mary told us, "I'm called in of a morning to see whether the ties are right for the shirts and socks!"

It took the cleverness of Mrs. Neil Hamilton to surprise her guests as well as her husband, the other evening, when she gave Neil a birthday surprise party!

You see, the party was to be at the Biltmore Hotel, and Patsy and I expected that, of course, it would be held in the big ball room or the dining room, instead of which we were shown into a handsome private suite, which has even its own tiny private elevator.

Mrs. Hamilton welcomed us at the door of the period French drawing room, looking lovely in a long, white silk evening gown, in which she said she felt delightfully helpless and feminine.

Neil wasn't there yet. He had been told that Henry Kolker was giving a little party, but that he needn't hurry, because, working during the day as he was doing, it wouldn't matter if he was late.

A crowd of guests had already arrived, and we found a group of people we knew gathered around the fireplace, the women's bright dresses making a pretty spectacle against the delicate colors of the drawing room furnishings.

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston were among the guests, and Thelma Todd, who had arrived with Emory Johnson. Thelma wore a long pale blue silk dress, and the long black gloves which are now so smart with evening clothes. Alice Todd, Thelma's sister, was there, too. Josephine Dunn had come with Theodore von Eltz.

When Neil Hamilton arrived he was greeted at the door by his wife and Henry Kolker, and then told that the party was for him, he took it all big, as they say on the set, much to everybody's gratification, because we never do get over our delight in being able to give a surprise party that is really a surprise.

Bob or Grow?—Continued from page 53

note in that Italian head-dress, though.

Corinne Griffith likes to wear berets, particularly at the beach, so she prefers her hair bobbed and will keep it this way. Berets are uncomfortable and give the head a bad line when there is a knot to deal with. In the studio she prefers to wear wigs for parts demanding very long hair. It is easier on her hair. She thinks the constant dressing and oiling made necessary by modern lighting is very bad for the hair. Although a wig keeps the air from her scalp for long hours Corinne declares there isn't any air on the sound stages, anyway, so her scalp isn't missing a thing!

Although many women dye or touch up their hair—well, just ask the hairdresser in your town if they don't—few will admit it except to their closest friends. But Fifi Dorsay speaks right up in meeting and says that since she has been in professional work she makes her hair 'As black as black.' "You won't believe it but I am really almost blonde. But not really blonde and not really dark. So I make me black!" Perfectly simple. Fifi must, for the sake of her work, have her hair of such length that the hairdresser can give her an individual coiffure with each picture. But it is pretty short, at that. The texture of it is such that it waves and swirls into almost any shape it is supposed to be without actually being it! Try it sometime and keep your temper. It takes temperament to manage it. And that Fifi has, and to spare. Her personal preference is to have her hair done in a pronounced French style, whatever happens to be the vogue at the moment, and just now she is affecting a hairdo she likes very much, with 'funny little curly-cues and curled points over the ears.'

Mary Pickford has enjoyed a short bob, but long skirts are making her grow it, just how long she has not decided, but long enough to permit her to make some semblance of 'doing up.' "But I'll never let it grow very long again," says Mary. "It isn't comfortable and it makes my head look too large." If she plays a part requiring very long hair, Mary will wear a wig.

Dolores Del Rio feels that the modern tendency is so much toward comfort, she prefers to be one of the sufferers for a tradition. Besides, she tells me that her hair gives her no trouble. "It is just this —and this. And it is done!" I watched her do it. She parts it right down the center back and twists the two divisions into separate coils, then puts them together. They twist into one and then she winds it into a simple knot at the base of her neck or over on one side or right up the back, whichever way happens to suit her mood. When she does a picture requiring her to let her hair flow down her back—and it reaches below her waist—it amuses her to see the effect it has upon the men. They come up and talk about it, take a bit of it in their hands and run it through their fingers. The mischievous ones even have the temerity to kiss it, making at the same time some wise-cracking remark that robs the familiarity of any offense. "You would think a woman's hair was a buried treasure the way they go on," Dolores laughed.

Kay Francis finds herself in the embarrassing position of wanting long hair and not having the time to grow it. "Just as I get to the place where I think another week will find it long enough to turn up, I am called to the studio. For comfort give me the close bob, but for my work the neck-length. You can do so much more

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with it and it helps to give one individuality. For evening wear with these long skirts it is almost essential for smartness." In "Raffles," starring Ronald Colman, Kay wears her hair just a little longer. It gives a softer expression to her face and she is able to swirl it about in the back which takes away the very sleek personailty Kay has become identified with.

Ruth Chatterton is going to hang on to her loose, rather short bob which is cut just a little below the ears. Ruth likes to wear close-fitting hats and doesn't want any knots or bumps to be in her way. Also, short hair is much easier to care for she thinks; and as she spends much of her time at the beach during the summer months she likes the freedom short hair gives her. The only thing she is careful to do is keep it covered from the sun. Extreme exposure to the sun dries out the scalp and makes the hair brittle, particularly out here where the light is very strong.

Sue Carol thinks the wind blown bob, which she was one of the first to wear, most becoming to her in pictures or out, and she will continue to wear it. Sue can't imagine herself wearing her hair any other way. "I wouldn't feel like myself," she smiled.

Fay Wray feels the same way about her hair, that regardless of what others will do, it is short hair for her until the end of the chapter. She likes to play tennis, swim and motor, and thinks short hair indispensable to comfort in our modern mode of living. Her hair is trained into waves so that for evening wear she manages to sport a considerable 'coiffure,' very neat, very sleek, close to her shapely head. In a picture, if one must have long hair, a wig or part of a transformation blended with one's own hair is much better.

Little Mary Brian finally fell for the bob when she started in on "The Marriage Playground." She sacrificed her soft brown locks on the altar of her art, and declared she was going to let it grow long directly the picture was finished. After three weeks of shorn tresses, she decided she liked a bob very much, but because of the long dresses she has let it grow enough to make little ringlets at the base of her head, and it is a puzzle to know whether it is bobbed or long.

Bessie Love is all for the bob, too. Long enough on the sides to fluff up a little so that it is becoming under a hat. It is nice for evening wear but too much of a nuisance, and anyhow, Bessie doesn't think the long haired eruption will have a healthy life. The bob is too comfortable. "Long hair wears one out trying to keep it brushed," she declared.

Anita Page is going to let hers grow anyhow, trouble or no trouble. She thinks it is much more flattering to a woman's neck to have it turned up in a soft knot at the back. "Oh, but it's awful while it's growing," Anita giggled. "I have to wear part of a transformation in this picture and I'm lucky to be playing this sort of a part and can wear a transformation because I'd have had to cut it again, just when it had a good start. I've tried to let it grow several times but never had the courage before, and this summer I'm going to. At home I have a terrible time. Lucky I don't go out much—only on Saturday nights because I can sleep on Sunday." Even as the rest of us, one of the most popular girls in Hollywood indulges in a little fling only on Saturday nights because she 'can sleep late on Sunday.'

Leila Hyams fussed with short hair and long and has decided upon a medium length bob. "My neck is too long for a short bob—I look much better with a long one that I can catch back in little curls." And Leila thinks the short bob much more trouble to care for than a long one. "Always having to fuss to keep it trimmed and waved just so."

June Collyer thinks long hair is coming back, particularly for the screen. A girl has much more of a chance to give individuality to her characterizations if she can dress her hair differently. If it is always bobbed she feels like the same sort of girl in every picture. June did fancy bobbing her hair not long ago but just before she made up her mind she contracted for two pictures that demanded long hair, "Mlle. Modiste," and "Sweet Kitty Bellaires." "And I'm glad, because I didn't really want to bob it, anyway," June laughed.

Olive Borden used to affect the long haired bob and wore it in luxuriant waves over her shoulders. Then she went boyish and now wears it sleek and smooth over her tiny head. It makes her look very smart but she threatens to change her style again because of the long evening dresses. "They seem to cry aloud for long hair," Olive smiled. But, she is only going to grow a long bob and doesn't think she will pin it back very often but let it flow as she did formerly. "Never will I let it grow very long," she said decidedly.

So the consensus of opinion seems to be, "Long for work but short for play," and if that's the case it will probably be reflected in feminine America. The younger ones still like to experiment; the older, more sophisticated girls are satisfied with things as they are, in their personal lives at least. People not engaged in professional work and not having anything but their personal desires to consider will probably adopt or maintain what most of the Hollywood girls term 'solid comfort.'

Meet the King—*Continued from page 57*

proud of. They are his two sons—he is one of the rare film stars who are willing to acknowledge that they have offspring—and his ability to portray rôles in an unconventional manner. It is the electric crackle in his voice that abets him in keeping his impersonations from being stereotyped—a sparkle that is carried over into his singing tones, for the experts have pronounced King's voice to be exceptional in that it is a baritone with the lyric quality of a tenor.

He is also aided in making his characterizations unhackneyed by his incessant zeal for intensive study—the zeal that only true craftsmen have. That has given him interpretations of characters that are far from routine.

"I have pored over every line of 'L'Aiglon' for years," he says, "and I should like to be the first male star to play Rostand's famous part. I should give him an embodiment far different from that given by Sarah Bernhardt and Maude Adams. They made the son of Napoleon a despairing weakling with his wings clipped by fate, an eaglet who recognized the futility of his efforts to fly. I should like to make him a great soaring spirit, rising above his frail body and undaunted in his

constant efforts to scale the heights, a virile rather than an effeminate character.

"In the same way, I should like to do *Romeo* in a vein that's different from the accepted one. Usually, he's presented as a young Nordic. I should like to make him a true Latin type, fiery, impetuous, ardent. The great difference would be shown in the tomb scene, when *Romeo* takes the poison himself beside the bier of *Juliet* as she lies supposedly dead. This could be made a much more dramatic and tingling moment than it generally is. Ordinarily *Romeo* is shown taking the poison in a spirit of utter dejection, baffled and beaten. I should like to depict him leaping with gusto for it, because this would re-unite him with the women he eternally loves, and he would run to this life in the hereafter as a man runs forward to something happy and compensating."

King paused, while a deprecating smile circled his face. "You see, I'm essentially a man of the theater. I'm not really much good at anything else. I ride a bit, yes. But my real absorption is the world of acting."

To do him justice, he is much better at his recreational hobbies than he acknowledges. He is a good swimmer, an accomplishment which started his day regularly at the Hollywood studios with a plunge into his swimming pool, giving him that vital energy which shows so brilliantly in his work. Likewise, since he took up fencing for the sword play of "The Vagabond King" and "The Three Musketeers" on the stage he has become an admirable expert with the foils, one of the first duelists of the theater. And like so many Englishmen, he plays a good game of tennis.

It was likewise the spirit of 'take a chance,' characteristic of so many roving Anglo-Saxons, which set him off on his histrionic career. It was while he was a schoolboy in England that he decided to run away and hop into a theatrical career before old age overtook, as the years were passing fast and he was then sixteen. So he scampered off, unknown to his family, and made his way to the repertory theater which John Drinkwater, who was later to win stage fame with "Abraham Lincoln" and the current "Bird in Hand," was conducting at that time.

He interviewed Drinkwater, who told the very aspiring youngster that he had nothing for him in the way of an acting engagement.

"We can, however, use you," said Drinkwater gravely. "We have a position open as callboy."

King heard Destiny's voice speaking. "I'll take it," he said. He guessed at a possibility of possibly squirming his way into a part in that fashion. So for two years he gave a very active impersonation of a call boy about the theater. And sure enough, he was able to tuck himself away in several minor rôles. Thus he entered the theater by 'wriggling under the tent,' so to speak. But his was the unquenchable spirit that would not be kept out. And he was gaining valuable experience.

All this, however, was rudely terminated by the war. His adventurous spirit forbade him to stay safe at home, playing at heroics while other men were doing them. So he enlisted by the simple process of adding several years to his age. In this way he went to the front, saw action and was wounded—very severely. His face was badly torn, the worst place of all for an actor to be injured. But by the miracles of modern surgery evoked by the war it was patched together so that it was not noticeable. King himself makes light of his war wounds and his services, but he was decorated for valor.

Undaunted by his war experience, he kept from showing signs of either the moral or physical shell-shock which other soldiers sometimes displayed, and plunged again into theatrical work. But his dynamic spirit seemed for a time to be check-reined. Engagements were hard to find, especially in view of the parlous state of English theatricals following the war.

It was only when he appeared in a special performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" that he won enough notice to achieve a London hearing. After a short period on the English stage he came to America, and here his success has been unquestioned. He even received the distinction of being included in a Theatre Guild presentation, that of "Back to Methuselah," which stage stars now regard as an accolade.

It has taken him an even shorter period, to judge by the acclaim given to "The Vagabond King," to achieve an even greater accolade on his first bow with the talking screen.

Jazz, Gershwin and Me

Continued from page 19

for the stage. The ideal Vitaphone light opera when it is written will be, in my judgment, exactly like the ideal stage light opera, save for the wider scenic scope afforded by the motion picture camera. That, of course, is a difference of considerable importance; but it does not affect the composer's share in the matter.

The thought that constantly amazes and delights me is that these operettas of mine which I shall write in the future will not be confined, when produced, to six or seven of the great cities of the world, but will go literally everywhere.

It is the greatest of modern miracles.

Two years ago, I saw the United States for the first time. I was here only for a fortnight, in New York and its vicinity. Now I have come again and have crossed the continent to that unbelievable center of production whence have come so many pictures that I saw in Europe. To find myself in California, in Hollywood, is like a dream.

For I have always been what you call a fan. I have regularly gone to the cinema since the early days, before the Great War. And, as the motion pictures are unquestionably Americanizing the world, they Americanized me years ago. Thus, I do not feel that I am in a foreign land.

There are only two things that I wish were otherwise in the United States—and both these matters are quite personal. I wish that people would not spell my name with two esses at the end; and I wish they would not compliment me on "The Blue Danube Waltz," which was written by Johann Strauss, not by me. At a luncheon which was very kindly given in my honor in New York a famous bandmaster and composer made a graceful reference to this celebrated work.

I could only blush in silence.

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The next issue of SCREENLAND *will be on sale May 1*

Fantastic Hollywood—*Continued from page 34*

cheeks really are pink and white and that her hair really is as soft and silky as you dreamed.

"Marion Davies is far and away better off the screen than on. She has a tremendous attractiveness. I think the way she speaks, with that slight stutter, is absolutely fascinating. And she is infinitely more beautiful off the stage than on because on the screen her make-up hides one of her best features. She has lovely almond-shaped eyes but when they are made up they look quite round, like goo-goo eyes.

"Alice White, to me, is the Spirit of Hollywood. She's a real little cutie. Absolutely made by Hollywood; you would not see her anywhere else on earth. She's a little blonde who puts on this delightful doll pretense and with an unusual sense of humor laughs at herself even while she's doing it.

"Now, as to the men. There is Ronald Colman, who is amazingly shy. It is so uncontemporary to-day to be self-conscious. In the Edwardian days it was all right.

"For instance, at Bessie Love's wedding, great crowds of fans had gathered outside. When Colman stepped out after the wedding, the crowd was thrilled to see him and they cheered tremendously. But Colman didn't show any enthusiasm for the crowd. He drew himself up straight as a ramrod and looked neither to the left nor to the right. I think that was a mistake. He could just as easily have shown in some way that he was glad they felt so enthusiastic about him.

"However, two other men far exceeded my screen impressions of them. Gary Cooper was the first. His off-stage personality is so much finer than what the camera catches. Now, don't mistake me, I think he is splendid on the screen, one of the best there is; but off the screen—well, you will just have to meet him yourself and then you can judge how interesting he is.

"Jack Oakie is absolutely stupendous off and on the screen because of his amazing vitality. He cracks just as wise off the stage as on. He seems the best sort in the world.

"One of the things I did in Hollywood was to photograph nearly all of the stars with the mechanical part of the studio as background. I loved doing that—taking them back-stage. I liked watching the workmen in all seriousness making a balustrade out of canvas or making a sea out of net. I loved, too, having an exquisite breakfast with a screen star who had grown a tremendous scraggly beard for some he-man part, and then watching him rushing away from the silver service and the old Crown Derby dishes to the studio where he would put on a sweaty garment and begin portraying a beggar rôle.

"I love the complete recklessness of Hollywood. They never count the cost of anything if they think it will bring them a good cinema rôle.

"Mothers dip their children's heads into the dye pot—even though it may mean that the child will be entirely bald at twenty—if there's the slightest hope of their developing into a Baby Peggy.

"I have never seen so many beautiful people. Everyone there is beautiful except those blue-faced song-writers. But on Hollywood Boulevard there are few intelligent faces. I saw more blank countenances on the Boulevards there than I ever saw congregated in any one place in the world. The people in Hollywood are so photographically beautiful they fail to register anything else.

"Going to Hollywood is like reading 'Alice in Wonderland' for the first time. It is one of the most glorious experiences in life. But it is an experience that can come only once. Fantastic, mad, crazy, incredibly faulty in good taste—as this city is—nevertheless, I loved Hollywood!"

Ask Me—*Continued from page 104*

inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. Virginia Lee Corbin was born Dec. 5, 1910, in Prescott, Arizona. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Eddie S. of Cliffside, N. J. Be seated, gentlemen, while we recover from the usual round of applause. I thank you, Eddie, for your appreciation. We aim to please. You can write to Nancy Drexel at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow is on contract to Paramount.

Curly of California. You little peppermint, your well-flavored comments on my department were delicious and not hard to swallow and I'm ready for another dose. James Murray was born Feb. 6, 1901, in New York City. He has green eyes, brown curly hair, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. His latest picture is "The Shanghai Lady" with Mary Nolan. Jimmy shared honors with Lon Chaney and Betty Compson in "The Big City." Mathew Betz was *Red*, the naughty crook, in the same film. William Haines' new picture is "Navy Blues" with Anita Page. You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Helene M. of Havana, Ark. An old pal of Gary Cooper's of Sunnyside Ranch in Montana! Gary's home address is unknown to me but he will get your letter if addressed to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

A Sargeant Girl from Cambridge, Mass. Nancy Carroll and Anita Page will be thrilled when I tell them what favorites they are at your college. Anita is 5 feet 2 inches tall though she looks taller in some of her films. Nancy Carroll is 5 feet 4 inches tall and has auburn hair and blue eyes. Nancy was born in New York City and Anita in Murray Hill, Flushing, L. I. She is not married. Since playing in "Broadway Melody," Anita has appeared in "Our Modern Maidens," "Speedway," and "Navy Blues."

Evelyn of East Providence. If a serious thought ever entered what I laughingly call my head, I'd devote pages to thanking all my girl and boy friends for their appreciation of this department, but words fail me so let's get down to the usual business and consider everybody thanked. Neil Hamilton was born Sept. 9, 1899, in Lynn, Mass. His wife is Elsa Whitner, nonprofessional. You can write to him for a

photograph at Paramount Studios.

Miss F. M. F. of Santa Ana, Cal. How does one get by the gate man at the Hollywood studios or does one? That's the answer, does one? Lily Damita, Bebe Daniels, Lupe Velez, Alice White, Margaret Livingston and Mary Nolan are not married. Colleen Moore is the wife of John McCormick, her manager. Phyllis Haver is Mrs. William Seeman and has retired from the screen. Dorothy Mackaill was the wife of Lothar Mendez but is now divorced. Constance Talmadge's first husband was Mr. Piageliou, a millionaire tobacco merchant; the second was Capt. McIntosh and the third, and present, is Townsend Netcher.

Amy S. from Valley Stream, N. Y. You're right, I'm the informational lady of the great and near-great stars of Hollywood, giving you value minus cost of production. How's that? Janet Gaynor sings, talks and dances with Charlie Farrell in "Sunny Side Up" from the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywod, Cal. Billie Dove and Richard Barthelmess can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Brian of Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., appears in "The Marriage Playground" with Fredric Marsh, Philippe de Lacy, Anita Louise and Little Mitzi, the new cutie that bears watching. Lillian Gish will be seen in her first talking picture, "The Swan," from the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorothy of Indianapolis. How long does it take a star to answer a letter? Forsooth and what not! You've got me running fast on that one. Write to Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and ask for his photograph—he may send you one and surprise you. Stars are funny that way.

Belle of Broadway, Missouri. No, I do not give advice about adopting the long skirts—consult your nearest upholsterer or let your figure be your guide. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy. Nils Asther's last release was a silent picture, "The Single Standard," with Greta Garbo. Nils uses his own name on the screen. He was born in Malmo, Sweden, on Jan. 17, 1901. He is reported engaged to Vivian Duncan, one of the famous Duncan Sisters who appear in "It's a Great Life," a talking, singing and dancing picture with Lawrence Gray.

Tim Brady of Vancouver. How do I like our new paper money? Whose money? Marie Prevost has very dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and is 31 years old. Mary Brian is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair, hazel eyes and was 22 years old on Feb. 17, 1930. Joan Crawford has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 120 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and was born on March 23, 1908. Lupe Velez has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and is 19 years old.

Two Florida Nuts. Step up and meet the Georgia Crackers. Your confessed admiration for this department is welcome but now that I have it, what am I going to do with it? Evelyn Brent was born in Tampa, Fla., Vera Reynolds in Richmond, Va., and Olive Borden in Norfolk, Va. Olive's latest picture is "Dance Hall" with Arthur Lake. Ivy Harris was born in New Orleans, La., about 21 years ago. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has blue gray eyes and dark brown hair. Ivy is no longer in pictures.

A Questioner from Chicago. Don't take life so seriously—you'll never get out of it alive at that. You can write to Conrad Nagel at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Conrad was loaned to United Artists to play with Lillian Gish and Rod La Rocque in "The Swan." Evelyn Brent, William Powell and George Bancroft can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. George Bancroft was born Sept. 30, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His wife is Octavia Broske, a retired professional. They have a daughter who is about 10 years old.

Bess of Shreveport, La. What do I know? Sounds like a theme song. Write to Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. You'll be seeing him in "Happy Days," the Fox revue. His next picture is "Playmates" with Janet Gaynor. Charlie has brown eyes and hair, weighs 175 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall. His hobbies are golf, tennis, swimming and sailing.

Lill from Tampa, Fla. I'm no soothsayer, magician or what have you so I'm not the one to say if Clara Bow will answer your letter but don't be scared—go on and write her. "The Humming Bird" will be her next picture. Gloria Swanson made this film several years ago; now Clara will do the talking version at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Catherine S. of Sebastpoal, Cal. You want me to tip off the editor of SCREENLAND to devote more space to your favorite, Ramon Novarro—now I ask you, have we ever sallied forth without Ramon among those present? His singing and talking with just a wee bit of an accent is one of the high lights of his latest picture, "Devil May Care." His leading lady is Dorothy Jordan, whose fan mail will swamp the postal authorities in Hollywood since the picture has been universally released.

Little Nell and Angel Eyes. With a song in my heart and a smile on my pan (just a flash, you know) I never take any of you seriously. If I'd tell my age I might give the wrong number. Sue Carol is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Evelyn Brent is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Marion Byron, who appears in "The Forward Pass" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Loretta Young, is a native of Dayton, Ohio. Birthday on March 16, 1911. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 95 pounds.

Mrs. H. S. of Washington, N. J. Life is just one question mark after another with me for no special reason but it's a great break for ye fan friends. Agnes Franey was born in New York City about 18 years ago. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has blue eyes and waved gold hair, if you know what I mean. She appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies and in the stage production of "Rio Rita." Marjorie White from the musical comedy stage is a new screen player who clicks right merrily in "Sunny Side Up" with Janet Gaynor.

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thanks, vanity fair, for proving the smart set's interest in screenland

DEAR SCREENLAND readers, all those of you who gave up reading VANITY FAIR when that brilliant publication omitted capital letters in its titles, take heart and return to the fold. A great, important and momentous decision has been reached. The noble experiment has been tried and by demand of its readers, a referendum perhaps, *those capital letters will be restored!*

¶ But hark, listen to the mocking bird. The 'swankiest' magazine of them all seems to have 'gone movie' and has sensed that its blue-blooded and aristocratic readers are interested in pictures, screen stars, Hollywood and screen magazines, "even as you and I." Now that makes it unanimous, and that's why SCREENLAND, at the head of this page, takes off its hat (and capital letters) to VANITY FAIR.

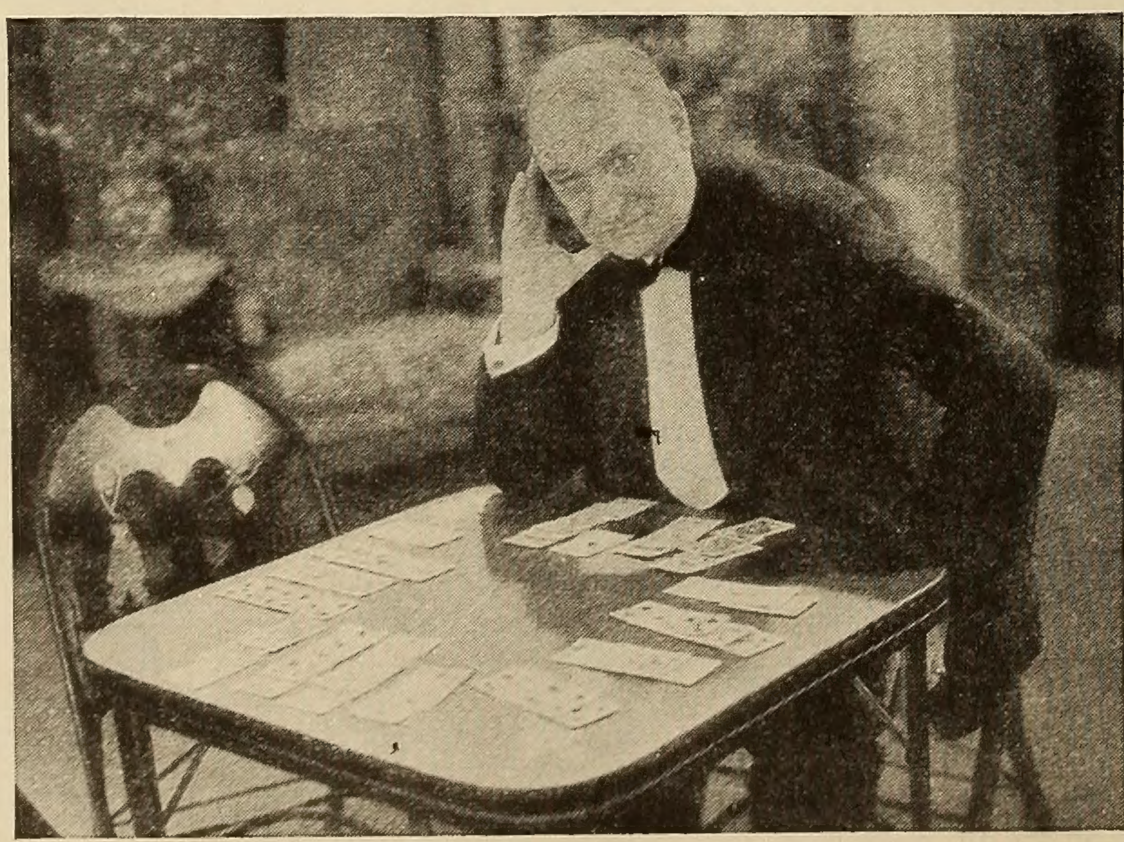
¶ Yet there's more to it than that. Birds of a feather flock together and VANITY FAIR's astute editor has doubtless noticed that under Delight Evans' editorial direction SCREENLAND has become "America's Smart Screen Magazine" and that it's not at all unlikely that thousands of VANITY FAIR readers may now be counted among SCREENLAND's remarkable circulation growth.

¶ We're ready to root for any brother publisher—and no charge for the advertising — whose magazine brings entertainment into the lives of SCREENLAND's readers; and because you've 'gone movie,' VANITY FAIR, we hope that *all* of our readers, when they go to the newsstand, will say: "SCREENLAND *and* VANITY FAIR."

¶ We would have done this much for the two excellent features in your current issue: "Art in the image of Gloria Swanson," by Miguel Covarrubias, and "Hollywood, a Minority Opinion," by George Abbott. If we were hesitant, all doubts would have been removed because of the artistic portraits of Dorothy Mackaill and Ilka Chase; but the one big thing that makes it impossible to resist boosting you is that priceless fun-poking contribution entitled: "My Love Life—By Dulcimer Dear, as told to 'Delight' Morgan." Oh, Vanity, here's another golden opportunity: Show us a writer named 'Delight' Morgan and SCREENLAND will be 'delight-ed' to give you another bouquet.

¶ One magazine cannot take all the honors for recognizing SCREENLAND, however. There's a little pocket-size periodical called *Current Reading* that has become quite the thing among folks seeking an open door to mental growth. It's on sale at all newsstands for twenty-five cents and contains selected gems from all the leading magazines, usually thirty articles of general interest, sort of a composite magazine of magazines. Its selecting board of editors aims to pick the cream of publications and writers, condensing the articles without sacrifice of original thought or style. Since hundreds of daily newspapers throughout the country are now quoting SCREENLAND, it has been selected as the standard of excellence among screen publications by the editorial board of *Current Reading*.

THE PUBLISHERS



Milton C. Work, authority on bridge, as he appears in a Vitaphone Varieties film, in which he illustrates some of the fine points of the game. Many screen devotees are also bridge addicts.

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